MUSIC, HEALTH & CHARACTER

BY AGNES SAVILL

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By AGNES SAVILL M.D.

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"Gymnastic will hold the place next to music in the education of our young men. . . . A careful training in gymnastic as well as music ought to begin with childhood and go on all through life. . . .

"To correct then . . . these two exclusive temperaments, the spirited and the philosophic, some god, as I for my part shall maintain, has given to man two arts, music and gymnastic."—THE REPUBLIC (*Plato*).

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

AFTER the publication of this book I learned that several of the suggestions made in the final chapter, On Practical Considerations and Applications, were already being tested, and others have been followed within recent years. Thus, for example, the stronghold of those who are indifferent to music is being attacked on many sides; the unmusical man now has abundance of counsel, guidance and education offered him. Experts provide pamphlets and books on the appreciation of music; the subject is approached from many angles, and explained in the simplest terms. The lectures broadcast by Sir Walford Davies afford delight to many of the musical as well as the unmusical listeners. Converts have been made by the fine music so often supplied by the British Broadcasting Company. However artistic the wireless reproduction may be, the listener must not forget that it is but a shadow of the reality, and should therefore try to attend the concert itself.

Various musical competitions, choral societies and community singing give opportunity for

Music Making, the healthiest form of musical activity for the majority. Education by means of the player-piano is aided by the recent enterprise of the Aeolian Company, which manufactures music rolls containing the chief themes, with analyses and notes arranged by prominent musicians. There is much in the musical training of the modern child which holds rich promise for the future; the orchestral concerts for the young are cementing a firm foundation. With all these proofs of a living interest in music at the present time, a higher level of musical taste will surely be evident in the coming generation.

The healing effect of music is being systematically examined with individual cases, and in a limited number of clinics. Accurate investigation is urgently required. I welcome all reliable reports from my readers.

I rejoice that the narrative of my conversion has encouraged others to follow my example. Further acquaintance has brought about no disillusionment, but has deepened my enjoyment of music and strengthened my conviction of its value to the community. The years have made me pity still more the plight of those who, imagining that they are unmusical, remain obstinately outside the doors of the opera and concert halls. Deliberately, but in ignorance, they are shutting out from their lives one of the chief sources of happiness available in this world.

AGNES SAVILL.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE wholly unexpected kindness of the reception given to this book has afforded me much pleasure and encouragement. I take this opportunity to thank those readers who have been interested enough to send me information regarding various fields of musical activity already in existence—Societies, Clubs, Missions, Asylums, and Educational systems—activities which have proved to be of practical value to the community, aiding the sick and the unfortunate, stimulating and disciplining the undeveloped and the young. The material accumulated cannot be arranged in time for this edition. I shall be grateful to those who, in the near future, obtain for me reliable testimony, whether favourable or damaging, concerning the medical and educational uses of music.

After having recorded my impressions without reference to authorities, I felt free to consult the work of experts in other than medical spheres. The most important psychological as well as medical studies appear to have been carried on in France. A colleague drew my attention to

Ribot's "La Logique des Sentiments," with its highly suggestive section on music. Bergson is not the only philosopher of weight who attributes high value to the emotions. Ribot, considering the subject from quite a different angle, writes of their practical tendency and their creative power in the domain of æsthetics. He describes how exalted states of feeling, unrelated to anything in the material world, are shorn of much of their strength when confined by word or form, and obtain adequate expression only by means of the rhythm and sound of music. Ribot analyses the music which endeavours to imitate sensory impressions, and concludes that its exponents scarcely realize the position of music as the sole art which is independent of material chains, and hence unique in its ability to express and to convey the inner significance, or emotional value, of ideas aroused by the external world and by intellectual activity. Chapter VII., and the concluding paragraphs of Chapter V., written long before I had heard of Ribot, prove my sympathy with this point of view. The average untrained listener seeks from music only the consolation, encouragement and delight which are the inevitable accompaniments of beauty. I have been deeply touched by the letters from unknown correspondents who thank me for having voiced their inarticulate feelings on this subject.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

A RECENT writer, calling himself a musical pilgrim, has described how he passed from a stage of mild interest in music to one of keen affection and understanding. In my initial stage the ignorance was more complete, the sensation caused by music being that of boredom, usually amounting to active dislike, and an impatient scorn of the musical temperament—as I conceived it. This condition of mind lasted till long after the age of thirty. Since then I have developed the vigorous enthusiasm which characterizes the convert. Such a change is, I am told, very rare. I recite my adventures in the hope that I may stimulate others to follow, and thus to find a totally unexpected and wonderful world awaiting them. Although I have hesitated to relate these early stages of my ignorance, it seemed to me unavoidable: that the sole method by which I might hope to persuade the unmusical to approach the field of music was to trace, step by step, the path of my own initiation.

So novel an experience could not pass without arousing a scientific as well as an emotional

interest. A study of the physical effects induced in a number of people by certain types of music led me gradually to become aware that I was in the presence of a phenomenon of much greater significance than the merely personal pleasure given to one convert by the art of music. Slowly, and with increasing certainty, I realized its importance to the community as a healing agent, restorative alike for body and mind. The more I know of music the more am I convinced of the practical value of this immaterial art. Far-reaching indeed is its influence. Rightly used, it can be employed to improve the health, to increase the working capacity, to provide companionship, to strengthen the character and enrich the mind. In the second part of this volume are set forth the reasons which support these statements—simplified and compressed as far as is consistent with the due presentation of the argument. The general reader may omit them, and by so doing will lose no record of the musical conversion. As, however, the sole justification of this narrative of my personal adventure is contained in the final chapters, which survey the field and attempt to estimate the value to humanity of sincere and strong emotion, it is hoped that the attention of some readers may be held, and that they may be stimulated to further excursion in the world of music and to deeper consideration of its purpose in the life of the individual and the community.

October, 1923

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PART I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MUSICAL CONVERSION

CHAPTER I

Period of Active Antagonism

IN the preface I have frankly stated that my object in writing on music is to stimulate those who at present have no interest in, or actively dislike it, to seek to understand it. My remarks on composers and their works can hold no interest for musicians, and must, to those versed in the subject, appear profoundly foolish. Yet, if one desires to convert, one must not hesitate to expose one's ignorance. Confession, to be of any value or assistance to one's fellow-beings, must be thorough and unashamed. I therefore begin at a beginning which to some must seem very far back. Yet it must be recorded, because many an adult believes he or she is so unmusical by nature that it is useless to attempt to cultivate an interest in the subject. I was one of those adults for so long that I begin to hope the majority of people in a similar position resemble me in that they have the sense of music lying dormant, not absent. There is a key which will unlock the door and allow the sleeping gift to awaken and develop. How to find this key is the problem in the individual case. If only one could persuade the unmusical that the door, once opened, leads to untold and indescribable joys, they would surely take some trouble to discover a method of entry. When I look back upon the many friends, richly

endowed in musical gifts, who endeavoured to help me, and in vain, I realize that in the end it was by the merest chance the door to a new world was opened to me.

In the cold northern town where my youth was passed, life was a more serious business than is the case with most modern young people. Duty, truthfulness and work were the three main guiding principles inculcated by our just and hard Scottish upbringing. Duty was ever with us, hovering as it were over every thought and deed. Truthfulness was taught by precept and example ; departure from its narrowest confines was visited by condign punishment, usually of a corporal nature. Work was hard and long ; lessons starting at 7.30, even on dark winter mornings, and not finished till school preparation study had been " heard " by our father in the late evening. School hours were long ; 9 to 3.30, with only twenty minutes of freedom for a hasty midday picnic lunch. Games and other amusements were practically non-existent. In such an atmosphere childhood was passed, as Milton described, " as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye."

Music meant merely the practice of scales and tuneless classics on cold winter nights or early mornings in a fireless room. In all the years of school days, I do not recall one single incident of pleasure or interest in connection with music. I exclude from that indictment the old Scotch songs which our father insisted that those of us who had " voices " should sing. I remember my surprise on finding that some of my school companions apparently had some difficulty in singing in tune ; for in singing, as a whole, there was a sense of power and pleasure. " Annie Laurie," " Mary Morison," " Robin Adair," " Auld Robin Gray," " The Flowers o' the Forest," " The Auld

Hoose," "The Rowan Tree"—how these old well-beloved names come back to me, rich with associations of childhood, of Scottish literature and Scottish strict ideals of duty! Far as I have travelled since those days, these songs still for me retain the same attraction. My love for their melodies has remained unaltered by time, or by acquaintance with other music. They were never mentioned in our hours of school instruction. Teachers of music in those days seemed to regard it as a duty to instil only difficult and dull music; nothing had a melody or a tune which caught and held the ear as did the old Scotch songs. And so it came about that before I was sixteen I gave up all piano playing except the simple accompaniments to the Scotch songs. In after life, for twenty years more, I would reply, when asked if I like music: "Nothing except Scotch songs." And no one, hearing that reply, realized that it meant that the musical sense was there, but starved, because no one knew how to give it life.

In the later school years, friends of our parents used to subscribe to a course of concerts given during the winter months, but, as our father held that no music except that of the old Scotch songs was worth listening to, we agreed with him, and enjoyed a feeling of superiority over those who went to concerts. Two of my younger brothers learnt an early sonata of Beethoven, and I recall how visitors remarked on the "feeling" they put into their playing, and that I also enjoyed hearing them practise. That, however, made no lasting impression.

At long intervals, perhaps thrice a year, there occurred amateur entertainments connected with church or college festivals; music played a large part in such functions. I have a vivid recollection of the intense dislike with which I regarded the solo

performances on piano or violin on these occasions. Each year, two of my school friends endeavoured to expound to me the beauty of the violin, and in vain essayed to extract from me an expression of sympathy with their enjoyment. More than weariness these caused me; real discomfort described more accurately my unhappy sensations during solo works on any stringed instrument. The dislike was so strong that it almost extended to the performer! As chance ordained, during many years no one of our intimate circle of friends could play in other than amateurish fashion; hence nothing occurred to necessitate a revision of my prejudice. Musicians as a class were presumed to be highly emotional and unpractical in character, long-haired and otherwise odd in appearance. They remained as completely outside one's sphere of interest and experience as the Esquimaux. In a sense, all forms of artistic activity were outside our experience. Beauty of colour and line, in dress or house furnishing, was a subject as unknown and as little thought about as music. Substantial Victorian furniture and heavy draperies surrounded us and, in connection with such matters, beauty was not considered by the average young Scot. Horsehair and thick plush upholstering, dark paint and papering, plain nourishing food—all these things were accepted as unquestioningly as the unchangeable and inevitable conformation of the hills. Pictures, and the world of art for which they stood, were never thought of nor discussed. Yet art as represented in good literature was a tradition duly taught and eagerly received by us, even during school life. The high claims of fine poetry and prose were unanimously admitted, even loved, probably by a majority of my Scottish school friends. The beauty of nature also received enthusiastic appreciation, even

in our childhood, accustomed as we were to look upon a loveliness of scenery probably unsurpassed in the world.

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!"

Sir Walter Scott's patriotic lines find ardent echo in the breast of every Scot who from his mountain peaks surveys the expanse of purple springy heather, the racing peat-brown burns, and the glint of the sun on the red stems of the dark pine forests.

Music was a mysterious branch of art, never mentioned, never thought of, except during the brief periods of exasperation caused by being obliged to listen to it. That I enjoyed singing did not denote the presence of any musical taste. The exercise of any natural gift yields pleasure similar to that accompanying the free use of the muscles in walking or in games. Possessors of a good voice often remain entirely unmusical. As years passed, I ignored the fact that music appeared to cause intense enjoyment to several admirable fellow-students and professors, and even to two of my brothers. I realize now that I was an adept, like most young people, in refusing to see what I did not wish to see. Music, therefore, was quite simply, and yet studiously ignored. During the rare occasions when it was impossible to escape a musical performance, it was quite easy to detach the thoughts and work out some class problem. We had been trained from early childhood to concentrate during noise; each child studied his respective lesson book whilst our father "heard" the others say aloud what they had learned. This discipline stood me in good stead in after life during dull lectures and concerts.

During my second year at the University, in my

eighteenth year, my native town was stirred by the fact that Paderewski was coming to play for a whole evening. A friend of my own age begged me to accompany her to the concert, and reluctantly I agreed to do so. I remember looking forward to the evening with distaste and some annoyance ; it appeared to me to be such a waste of the valuable evening hours always devoted to study. I took the precaution to put in my pocket a small anatomy cram-book. After the first piece of music had been loudly applauded by a crowded hall of people, I cautiously pulled out my little book, and for the rest of the evening kept my eyes glued to its pages without the slightest temptation to be distracted by the music. I believe that for a score of years after that evening my friend referred to my conduct as that of a barbarian ; but at the time I was so absorbed in my University work that I paid no attention to her. The matter for me held scarcely a passing interest.

It was perhaps a year later that music was destined to play a part in my life, a part that I did not soon forget nor forgive. To my attitude of mind in those busy student days, music spoiled an Easter holiday which otherwise would have been perfect. A college friend and I had taken rooms in a lovely Highland village near the home of my uncle and aunt, who had a large family of sport-loving sons. One of my cousins had brought from Oxford an English fellow-student who had a rare musical gift, and an ability to play almost any music without the score. My cousins and my college friend sat round the piano enraptured whilst he played whatever they requested. So it happened that instead of the hot arguments and discussions, the games, long walks, and hill-climbing, it seemed to me that most evenings and many precious afternoons were worse than wasted. I sat silent amidst a delighted

crowd ; I alone wearied by the meaningless sounds. One day, on receiving the usual invitation to return, I begged them all to come instead to our rooms. Some one cried, " But there's no piano there ! " and so dragged from me the frank admission that its absence had been to me the reason of the invitation. Then, to the reiterated question, " You don't like music ? " I unhappily and reluctantly confessed that it bored and therefore tired me, and that I preferred evenings with an amusement of living interest. Fortunately the young musician appreciated my position, and saved me from further merciless teasing by remarking that he for one would be jolly glad to go where he would be given a rest from the piano. Arguments followed on subsequent days, by noon and by night, in pine-woods, on hill-tops, and by streams, as to the exact position and use of music. All I remember of these painful discussions was my obstinate advocacy of the superiority of literature, poetry and philosophy.

It is proverbial that the Scottish University student takes to philosophy like a duck to water, and I was no exception to the rule. During that year I had begun to attend the class taught by the late Sir (then Professor) Henry Jones, and was reading up the subject with all the enthusiasm that was excited in the majority of his pupils by his remarkable personality. Throughout life I have realized, and with greater certainty as the years pass, that it was a wonderful privilege to come in contact in early youth with so great a man, so inspiring a teacher. In those far-away days I searched my memory and my books and exhausted every device to twist my scant knowledge of psychology into bolstering up a case against music. With a thoroughness and ingenuity worthy of a better cause, I proved, to my own satisfaction, that music appealed to a lower

rank of intelligence than did any of the other arts. Poetry, I contended, made a similar appeal to the hearing by the beauty of its rhythmic cadences, and in addition it possessed a quality which affected the higher thinking and reasoning faculties of man. Reason was man's highest attribute : who could maintain that music had any connection with that proud possession ? On those who appreciated it, I argued, the effect was solely emotional. Those who have never passed through a course of study at a University can have no conception of the wealth of scorn poured upon emotion by the very young student.

Though I would not admit it even to myself, I felt baffled and depressed when my arguments produced no converts. Bewildered, unable to understand the spell which held victim my friends and cousins, I was thankful, when I returned home, to be able at last to dismiss the unprofitable subject from my mind. I never forgot the impression of unhappiness associated with that holiday, spent amidst the loveliest scenery of Scotland, and all the joy in the exquisite beauty of the hills and pine-woods permeated by an understream of consciousness seeking methods of escape from the boredom of the piano hours to follow. Again and again I endeavoured to find some rational excuse for evading the next meeting for music, by inventing new walks, new outdoor engagements—anything to avoid what most delighted my companions and caused so much real suffering to me.

Similar suffering was spared me for many years. These were the days when a budding University gave instruction to mixed classes for the medical students. In my year there were two women and perhaps a dozen men. An excellent spirit prevailed ; we worked together as a contented family. It was necessary to

proceed to Glasgow to complete the course of medical studies. Unremitting and strenuous work characterized the women's college. Certain classes started at eight in the morning and the underground trains and tramways stopped nearly a mile from the hospital door. So much time had to be spent in travelling that none remained for relaxation. On summer evenings we bicycled, and during the winter our recreation took the form of debates, and an occasional concert arranged and carried out by the students themselves. One of the most interesting students of our year was a Norwegian girl, and at these concerts she took a prominent part. She had a strong and beautiful voice, and sang Norwegian songs with dramatic intensity. There were two which were especially beautiful, or perhaps it is truer to say that at that time I was able to appreciate two, and to place them on the same pedestal as the old Scotch songs—" Solveig's Song " was, I remember, one of these. Her singing was the expression of a singularly generous and noble spirit. The genuine emotion she aroused in her fellow-students was a tribute to her power of realistic interpretation of song in a language foreign to her hearers. She took pains to teach me telling points in singing the old Scottish airs, and the vivid experience of student years lent depth of emotion to these pathetic and haunting melodies. She told me of the beauty of " The Ring," which she had heard at Bayreuth. My attention wandered ; a quarter of a century was to pass before I could understand her.

As the years passed, study occupied more and more of one's spare hours. During the active day so many hours were spent in the practical work of hospital that evenings and Sundays were devoted to the necessary reading for examinations. The news that

the late Sir Henry Jones had been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the place of Edward Caird, had created a furore amongst the students. Although his class was held at 8 a.m., and philosophy was not a compulsory subject for the Arts degree, his lecture-room was crowded with enthusiastic and cheering men, and a sprinkling of women. Students of engineering and medicine were alike attracted, and attended when they could spare the time.

A friend, reading these lines, asked me why this subject was introduced into a book purporting to deal with my conversion to music. On thinking it over, I believe that the answer lies in the fact that I now realize that music can give the same inner glow as was communicated to the receptive young minds who listened to Sir Henry's eloquent oratory. He was a man in earnest ; he conveyed the impression of genius on fire with enthusiasm for the glory of God, the Right and the Moral Law. He succeeded in carrying along with him his audience as he toiled up the path of intellectual proof and, as it were, held a torch to show the radiance and the alluring beauties of the moral world. What to former teachers in this line of thought had appeared in the guise of a hard, difficult and stony way was by his magic transformed, so that it held the attraction of adventure, the enchantment of an abiding joy. Although I have read nothing about music except concert programmes, I know that from great music the same lesson is to be learnt that was taught by the most inspiring of Scotland's long line of great lecturers on moral philosophy. I return to this point—the moral force of music—in the last chapter ; it is a subject which it is impossible to ignore.

During the six University years I went to one concert (already described), one play, and one opera—

I believe it was " Tannhäuser." I was by no means unique in thus avoiding concert halls and theatres. Few Scottish students in those days had any spare time nor the nervous strength available for understanding and appreciating more than already absorbed their lives. By the time I took my degree my youthful " voice " had gone, dwindled to a mere piping reed. Neglect had killed it, so that there could no more be captured the sense of freedom and power in singing—only memory and painful comparison, as of a past glory. Indifferent health for many succeeding years destroyed completely all remnants of a " voice," and with it departed the slight remaining link of interest in music.

Left to myself, I should never again willingly have read of music or listened to it. Life held then such entrancing interest and adventure that there really was not space for it. During a too short married life, my husband, a profound student and one of the original workers in medicine, surprised me by mentioning his love of music, and by taking a party of friends, as a great treat, to a carefully selected concert. Long before an hour had passed, for me the old inevitable boredom and fatigue set in. I realized now that there was something lacking in me, that some unknown sense required development. I experimented again, with the same sad consequences. I was taken to a popular grand opera, and it was hoped that the combination of music with drama might entertain me. Alas, I found it so dull that even the name of that opera was soon forgotten ! Next I was tempted with some light musical play said to be humorous. Roars of delighted laughter from the audience appeared to confirm its reputation. To the critical ears of the early twenties, it seemed so extremely silly that wild

horses would not have dragged me to another. I could understand that grand opera must belong to an ennobling art, whilst this "musical" performance seemed to appeal to idler minds, to afford a means of passing away the time for those who had no resource within themselves.

How I failed to become initiated during the next experience is to me, looking backward, more difficult of explanation. During the early summer months we spent two week-ends as guests at the hospitable and lovely country house of Madame X——. Coming from the strenuous north, I was deeply impressed with the dignity, the beauty, the atmosphere of repose and serene culture. Our hostess, radiant in her beauty, with inexpressible charm of voice and manner; our host, equally unique; the wit and culture, the store of rich memories and interests evidenced by their conversation, the loveliness of house and garden—all made a novel and entrancing appeal. The combination of a high seriousness with beauty of form, of speech, and of environment was such as I had never before encountered. The seriousness was to the dweller of a northern clime a natural element; that it should be accompanied by a beauty which appealed to every sense was till then an unimagined possibility. Music occupied the evenings; a distinguished young musician played. My defect could not be hidden. Boredom, however, I explained, could not on this occasion occur; there were so many lovely things to look upon, to think about, that I should be perfectly happy. They tried to explain to me. "La Fileuse" was, I was told, exquisitely played. The explanations did not help me; I could not see that the musical notes in any way resembled a spinning wheel. The soft lamplight, the dark panelled wall, the gallery spanning one end of

the beautiful old hall, the glowing hues of the rugs harmoniously blending with the rich tapestry of the chairs and the warm ruddy brown of the old oak—all made an exquisite and perfect whole, steeped in an atmosphere of culture, charm and spiritual repose, to which the music, to me, was but a gentle and scarcely noticed accompaniment.

Certainly the first music which made any real impression on me was Mendelssohn's " Spring Song " and the Chopin waltzes played to the woodland dances first introduced to London by Maud Allan. The impression she created cannot be forgotten by those who saw her early work. As she glided before the dark-green stage curtain and stood motionless a moment, a delicate statue, the filmy garment half revealing the slender form—she was indeed the very replica of a Grecian figure on an ancient frieze. At other times one imagined one saw stealing from the heavy velvet folds a forest nymph, an elf or a faun—call it what you will, but a creature only half mortal, such as one sees in childish fancy or in later dreams. For a second she stayed hesitating, as it were, with wide wondering gaze, lips parted, listening. Startled into life with the first note of the violins, the slender figure broke into motion, leaped, danced, played as in a fairy woodland, every movement an exquisite loveliness, reflecting the ethereal harmonies of the music. The timid air developed confidence, the rapid gestures of excitement, wonder and joy were succeeded by a slower motion, representing realistically the thoughtful mood of reluctant sadness indicated by the altered minor key of the delicate orchestral melody. She was music made visible, translated into movement and gesture ; never a false note, never a mistake in the material rendering of the accompanying sound. At

that date, such art had never before been seen in London. Anna Pavlova and the Russian Ballet had not been heard of. Maud Allan's name was on every lip. The music hall where she appeared became crowded every evening as the hour of her brief performance drew near. Amongst her audience one could distinguish leading figures of the literary, political and artistic circles of the day. Unconsciously I made progress in knowledge of much music until then entirely new to me. The beautiful sounds which the dancer depicted in rhythmic motion haunted the memory for days. At that date, such a memory for me evoked only a vision of ideal grace and beauty, and held no meaning apart from that which appealed to the eye. The association of music with movement had, however, a subtle influence, though at the time unrecognized, and created a dawning appreciation of the beauty of sound which hitherto had not existed.

Months and years passed ; life unfolded so many adventures and attractions besides the increasing experience and love of work that there was as yet no place left to be filled by music. New interests could obtain no permanent foothold.

Time passed ; life changed, and for several years became a battlefield with stern realities and grim material obstacles. The day came to part with the piano, a beautiful instrument which had scarcely been touched. A friend suggested it should not be sold, but exchanged for a player-piano. She played to me, explaining to me the beauties of " The Ring." I found it all as dull and incomprehensible as I had expected, but I was infected sufficiently by my friend's enthusiasm to decide to exchange my unused piano. The new instrument was duly installed in my room. For six months the only music played upon it was that

to which Maud Allan had danced. The association lent charm to the melodies—several of the loveliest waltzes of Chopin, a Schubert Moment Musical and the Peer Gynt Suite. The novelty wore off. The lack of acquaintance and knowledge of music soon told; in a few months the pianola became as silent as had been the piano. Yet the pianola, even silent, was regarded with affection. The mystery embodied in every marvellous invention makes a strange appeal; the affection I have for my X-ray tubes and other electrical apparatus, and that some feel for their bicycles and motor-cars, is a real, not a feigned emotion. There was still to be obtained from the generally silent pianola an occasional pleasure, as in reeling off a difficult waltz to a mechanically minded visitor.

At Maud Allan's next visit I was much impressed by gradually realizing that beauty of movement cast a mysterious spell. It was indeed an influence as potent to calm and restore the fatigued and troubled spirit as was the beauty of nature in setting suns and quiet woods. On the most varied types of humanity beautiful motion appeared to produce the same effect of enlargement of the personality, an attitude of serene repose and happy courage. I was greatly puzzled for a time by this novel and unexpected discovery. Religion, duty, love, work, ambition—all had a definite place in the world's evolution to a final goal. But beauty? I met no one then who could give me even the semblance of a reply. Not that I devoted much time to the problem: material realities were too insistent. With renewed zest the music of the dances was played over on the pianola till all were thoroughly known.

Increasing overwork and lack of time, due to the stress and anxiety inseparable from public and private

life, again led to a shelving of the problem of music. Books were devoured in the hours of enforced physical rest, and amongst the biographies which I found most captivating was that of Herbert Spencer. Here one read the confessions of a profound and careful thinker, compelled to lead a quiet and secluded life ; who, owing to his indifferent health, had been cut off from the recreation and exercise common to normal humanity. His scathing comments on opera delighted one who had similar recollections of two unpleasant experiences of music combined with drama. It ought here to be recorded that about 1913 I was taken to one of the Russian Operas, to see if the personality of the great Chaliapin would suffice to arouse some musical sense. So little did this attempt succeed that I had soon forgotten the very names and incidents of the opera. All I remembered, and still remember, of that evening, was the exceeding heat of the atmosphere, the discomfort of the unattractive, unshaded space, its bareness, and the ugliness of the rows of chairs in the heights of Covent Garden. The Russian Ballet I saw once ; the same distant warm position from whence it was viewed marred its effect. The music I enjoyed in a very mild way, and without realizing that I was gaining further acquaintance with the Chopin waltzes which were being interpreted in dance and movement. I attended two concerts of piano music the same year, but found it so difficult to follow, and so tedious, that I reluctantly assumed it was impossible for me to understand it ; hence only a waste of precious time.

Amongst my intimate friends was a physician of masterful personality and powerful intelligence. It not infrequently happened that on the way from hospital or on the way to a medical conference, we passed when a crowd was leaving the Queen's Hall.

He never omitted the opportunity to utter some disparaging remark: "Those who attend concert halls belong to a degenerate class"; "Look at that group of long-haired, weak-chinned, self-indulgent men, typical of a musical set!" or "How these musicians have been wallowing in a surfeit of emotion!" I would quite indifferently assent to his scornful remarks, and resume the scarcely interrupted thread of our conversation.

It was not until the year before the war that there came the initiation into the beauty of piano music; the power of the orchestra was not revealed to me till long after peace had been declared.

CHAPTER II

Awakening to Piano Music

IN March, 1913, came the unforgettable day when I learned that piano music was capable of communicating not merely a passive state of pleasure, but an active experience of vivid and creative joy. There came about a change in my whole attitude of mind, a change so radical and so sudden that it can only be fitly described by the word "conversion." It happened very simply. For so many years friends had essayed to educate me, and their attempts having always terminated in failure, I had ceased to take any interest in their kindly efforts. One lady belonging to the musical profession was a patient whose gratitude took the form of sending me tickets for concerts. Discovering at length that I never made use of her gifts, she took more active steps. She persuaded me that, if I would give up an afternoon hour for a Busoni recital, I would hear one of the masters of the piano who would be to me a true revelation. On the chosen day he was to play the twenty-four *Études* and other Chopin music. Though I knew the name of Chopin, and had heard a few of his waltzes and nocturnes, I had never heard of any music entitled *Études*, nor of the pianist Busoni. A week before the momentous day I ordered the rolls of all the *Études* to be sent from the music library of my player-piano firm. I

tried them over, but I could make nothing of these records. On the last day I frankly and disconsolately confessed to myself that I could find nothing in them but meaningless trills and scales ; no trace of melody, no rhythm or beauty did I succeed in evoking after many patient repetitions of these masterpieces. It was therefore without the slightest interest that I entered the concert hall on the fateful afternoon.

The Queen's Hall was crowded from floor to ceiling ; the platform was invaded by the overflowing numbers. I remember how, even then, there came into my mind the thought which in college days I had advanced in my case against music—that people who were musical were of poor intellectual calibre. Did that explain why the hall was so full ? Was it indeed, as Carlyle had said, that the majority were " mostly fools " ? Because of an entire lack of interest, I felt very tired, and hoped the music would not continue late. I wondered if I should offend my kindly friend if I slipped out after an hour ; work offered a ready excuse for an early departure. I carelessly scanned the programme. It was excellently arranged. As introduction there appeared a eulogy, written by Anton Rubinstein, which duly impressed me in my stage of extreme ignorance. I reproduce part of it in the hope that it may likewise affect other beginners :

" The Pianoforte Bard, the pianoforte rhapsodist, the pianoforte mind, the pianoforte soul, is Chopin. Whether the spirit of this instrument breathed upon him, or he wrote upon it—how he wrote for it I do not know, but only an entire going over of one into the other could call such composition into life. Tragic, romantic, lyric, heroic, dramatic, fantastic, soulful, sweet, dreamy, brilliant, grand, simple, all possible

expressions are found in his compositions, and are all sung by him upon the instrument in perfect beauty."

The first bars of each short musical study were reproduced at the head of a paragraph containing a brief outline of the historical incidents connected with its composition, the contemporary and later criticism and valuation, and the leading idea which was represented in its music. This scheme made it possible to see at a glance that each of the twenty-four studies embodied an individual thought. Just as the imagination might take flight and a poetical idea be embodied in a sonnet, so, I at once realized on studying the very uncommon programme, it might also be materialized in notes occupying five minutes of musical sound. This awakened my interest. The explanatory paragraphs were throughout so concise and so clear that a beginner could understand. They contained more than a mere survey of incomprehensible musical technique, and yet none of the wealth of narrative and emotional gush so repellent to the reader of a practical turn of mind. I have never since seen a programme arranged in a way so helpful to a beginner.

The audience sat up to keen attention when the distinguished pianist appeared. Busoni, the great Italian, was at that date of tall and commanding appearance, with a mass of fair hair tossed back in thick waves from an imperious and intellectual face, distinguished by a somewhat tragic and brooding expression. Without any perceptible preliminary hesitation he began to play the first *Étude*, and from the first decided phrase revealed his greatness and individuality. His interpretation of Chopin suggested strength, dignity and power; he had a perfect command of technique; his tone was masterly and resonant. It

all sounded to me superb. I knew no pianist with whom to compare him. From the first firm notes he claimed and he held my attention. I could follow the early bars from the programme and at once was startled by the quality which, in the absence of a better term, one calls "expression." This effect could not have been deduced from a simple reading of the notes as they were written; herein lay his originality and individuality. Herein, too, lay the explanation of the failure of my pianola practice to find beauty in the *Études*. The beginner uses the pedals monotonously and regularly, plodding unhesitatingly through the entire work, evoking no music in the process. With Busoni's rendering of the same notes, what a contrast! Dominating power and the gentlest caress; strange pauses and hesitations; unexpected alterations of rhythm and intensity of sound—through all these marvellous modifications I could from time to time recognize clauses that were not unfamiliar. In my subconscious memory something stirred; cadences which with the pianola practice had moved on without variety, devoid of all meaning or expression, appeared now in an altered guise, transformed so that the whole was re-created, full of beauty and significance.

In spelling games the letters are placed one after the other, but no meaning is conveyed to the mind till of a sudden a word is recognized. Then the individual letter falls into its proper relation and contains a reason for its existence. So, that afternoon, Busoni gave life to the notes which hitherto had seemed dead; brought into being, with alterations of rhythm and touch, sounds of unimagined beauty, and even, to my unbounded surprise, melody most exquisite. These enchanting airs could be heard in the sustained louder notes which came and went, hovering, descending,

and flying away again, with a butterfly lightness, from the mass of rapidly moving background notes. As the minutes passed more and more loveliness became audible ; a long melody contained innumerable brief inner melodies, leaping out, now from the high notes, now from the deep notes, and again as if tossed like a ball from hand to hand.

The *Études* are not long, and the pause between each made it easy for me to follow the programme descriptions. At previous concerts—and indeed I must admit at many subsequent ones also—the length of certain musical works and their subdivisions had made it impossible for me to understand when one part ended and another began. Thus, for example, one read and tried to hear the description of a waltz when the pianist was playing the third part of the previous sonata ! Since that date, I have seen many members of an audience suffering from similar ignorance, not allowing for the brief intervals between the different parts of a sonata, concerto, or symphony, and believing that after each pause an entirely new piece of music has begun. Hence the bewilderment when they read the description of a funeral march and hear quick, gay music. More grievous still is the plight of the unhappy beginner when the programme of the recital contains nothing except the title and key of each item. Sometimes I have imagined that the concert was over and found that the performer was only half-way through, and smarted with confusion at the failure of my conscientious endeavour to follow. Such humiliation and exasperation could not occur with the brief *Études*. Hence there was unalloyed pleasure and surprise that afternoon in finding that the descriptions tallied with what was heard by the ear.

The usual boredom and fatigue I was so accustomed

to associate with music did not appear during that first hour. On the contrary, there was a sense of exhilaration and the renewed strength which is created by enjoyment. Each *Étude* represented a characteristic mood, contained an individual meaning ; each had an outstanding melody that sang in the memory ; many had subordinate melodies which can be brought out only by the master pianists. Each had so uncomplicated an outline, and was so brief, that even a novice could not become lost in a maze of interwoven " themes." I had not dreamed of the existence of such beauty of piano sound. What had seemed dreary scales and trills during my ignorant practice became revealed as ethereal harmonies, and resonant, real, old-fashioned " tunes," with imperious, fascinating accompaniments. Tales told in notes instead of words, fancies and idylls expressed in music instead of verse ; such, I realized, were the *Études*—Chopin's fairy visions and poetic dreams. Just as Keats spoke in verse, Chopin spoke in musical rhythm. The bewitching charm of the more delicate airs, the nobility and grandeur of the stronger harmonies, the enthralling loveliness of the whole created for me that day a till then undreamed of experience. I knew at once that I had been given the key of a new language ; the vista of possible novel experience dazzled me with its wonder.

When Busoni played the more complex Barcarolle and a Ballade, there came a suggestion of my accustomed lack of interest and inability to comprehend and follow. Looking back on the programme of that day, it seems almost incredible that impatience or brooding could have for a moment set in, that indeed any feeling other than extreme delight could have existed. Yet it must be admitted that I felt lost and puzzled for

a time, when the four longer pieces were played by the great interpreter—the Ballade in F Minor, the Barcarolle, the Nocturne in C Minor and the Polonaise in A Flat. The Nocturne he played with the vigour and solemnity of a conqueror's funeral march. The Polonaise, as I learned in after days, is one of the most stirring, majestic compositions of Chopin's more vigorous style. In these longer works I made out, here and there, certain bars and successive notes which had been practised on the pianola, and could more or less follow the programme description. This of itself was a new and reassuring experience. During the greater part of these works, however, the predominating sense, though not amounting to the accustomed boredom, was certainly one of resignation, accompanied by impatient endeavour to detect any consistent melody or meaning in the apparently endless sequence of rapid notes. This ignorance and bewilderment must be fully confessed, because I cannot otherwise convince those who at present dislike concert halls that it is not long since I also shared their feelings, that I, too, suffered that sense of fatigued and puzzled irritation which is not far removed from pain. There is no doubt that had Busoni played that afternoon nothing but the longer works of Chopin my conversion to piano music would have been postponed indefinitely, and probably for ever. I can still remember my relief when the third part of the programme began—twelve further *Études*, each a vignette in itself.

Seeking the cause of the distaste for music which is so common in England, I believe it lies in the fact that good music is so rarely heard in childhood. Poor music, like indifferent literature, is constantly in evidence ; wherever crowds are gathered together, indoors and out, the lilting strains of popular airs pass

by the ear to the brain, are transferred to the subconscious sphere and recognized when heard again. Even by the trained musician good music is often not fully understood at the first hearing. For the average individual, music requires to be frequently repeated, and the longer a composition is, the more often it must be heard before its beauty can be in the least appreciated. Only by dint of patient perseverance and after many repetitions can the untrained ear recognize the beauty of the classics. Here it is that a player-piano becomes an invaluable possession ; I shall frequently allude to its merits.

On returning from that memorable concert, the same evening, so soon as necessary work had been completed, all the *Études* were tried over on the pianola. Over and over again, for many evenings, they were tirelessly repeated till I succeeded in imitating as far as possible on the instrument the Busoni rendering. Every day there were found new beauties in the form of inner melodies, harmonious chords, combinations and sequences of melodies interwoven into the substance of the main theme. It was only gradually that I developed consciousness of all these factors ; the existence of the majority of the lovely details had been, even in the concert hall, quite unsuspected. Only after frequent repetition did I learn to know and to await the appearance of each beautiful harmony.

Normal recreation was forbidden all that year ; complete rest had been counselled by wise advisers. That being impossible, I obeyed in so far that I cut off all social and outdoor interests, and all the leisure left from the working day was spent alone with my beloved new possession. I exchanged my first pianola—whose muffled notes exasperated me after having heard Busoni's clear crispness—for a sweeter-toned

instrument. It became my most cherished possession, my most constant companion, indeed my most helpful friend. Strong as is that term when used in speaking of a lifeless machine, I can find no word more truthful or descriptive. Words are indeed inadequate to explain the companionship it afforded during that long year before the war. Looking back on that year, I see that it marked a turning-point in life, in which a so-called mechanical instrument played a decisive and important rôle.

From the *Études* it was but a step to the Nocturnes. Every child has some grown-up relative who has played a Chopin Nocturne with more or less expression. Several of these mournful but fascinating melodies came back with a haunting familiarity as I tried them over with the pianola records. They had been submerged and forgotten as far as my conscious memory was concerned, but bore obvious traces of having lain long years with the subconscious associations of childhood's days.

My next big step forward was taken after I had heard Pachmann play. In a few brief months I knew all the *Études*, the Preludes, the Berceuse, the Ballades and most of the Nocturnes, Polonaises and other dance music of Chopin. Some one had advised me to go to hear Pachmann, the extraordinarily gifted pianist, whose name to me then was as completely unknown as had been that of Busoni. I found again a crowded hall, and as I waited I heard people near me remarking that no one in the world played Chopin as perfectly as did Pachmann, that he appeared to be a veritable reincarnation of the dead composer.

This chance overheard conversation impressed me greatly, and I awaited the arrival of the pianist with much interest. I had carefully prepared beforehand

by practising the items of the programme on my pianola. I had rendered many of them as strongly and loudly as possible, modelling my interpretation on my recollections of the masterful style of Busoni. A very different type of humanity occupied the platform of the Queen's Hall that afternoon. I saw an elderly man, short, neatly dressed, with smooth grey hair brushed back from a broad brow and falling in a thick cloud around his kindly, smiling face. Finely marked features, bushy brows over dark eyes shining with merriment and good temper, with the air of a happy grandfather humouring a band of children—such was my first impression of Vladimir Pachmann. Then came the usual by-play which, all unprepared as I was for it, was original and, to me, highly amusing—argument with the attendants, repeated alterations in the height of the stool and the position of the piano. After a prolonged discussion on the subject with the audience collected on the platform, the old man persuaded the attendant to arrange these details to his liking, then addressed the amused crowd, and in broken English, audible only to those sitting in close proximity to the platform, explained what he was about to play, its history and its meaning.

After that first day I never missed an opportunity of hearing Pachmann's music ; he gave frequent concerts during that summer and autumn. His by-play infuriates certain of his audience and delights others. I invariably enjoyed it. I appreciated the chance of hearing perfect music, perfectly rendered, by one who showed delight in explaining it all as he went along. It was precisely the combination I required at my stage of ignorance. He enables those of his audience who are not profound students to enter into the spirit of the music as he plays it and illustrates it, by gesture and

even by voice. To those who are beginners, who do not object to becoming children again, his joy is infectious. His simple delight is communicated to all about him ; he becomes for the time being the favourite grandfather, taking us all into his confidence as he teaches by making us follow his appreciation and enjoyment. I realized in no time that his peculiar delicacy of touch, his pearly tone, his clear as crystal notes, interpreted Chopin as did no other living artist. Even now, the highest praise a critic can give to the delicate work of any pianist is to state that the tone produced resembles that of Pachmann.

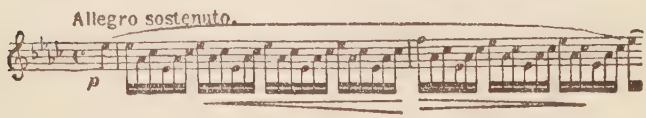
Pachmann always gave brief programmes, and when the last item was over he would heave a sigh of relief. Then began his real concert, when all the remaining audience flocked around him in a close crowd and petitioned for favourite works. For half an hour or longer, all smiles and with many a diverting gesture, the old man would accede to most requests, and play to us as if we had been a band of beloved children, deserving and receiving all he could give us, in a leisure hour, of his priceless gift. Another and yet another exquisite melody would be given—so rapidly, so gently, like the breath of a summer breeze in the twilight. Sometimes he would continue to play till the hall attendants were obliged to indicate that the closing hour had passed. At other times the summer sun streaming on the platform would appear to fatigue him ; he would suddenly remark that he was very tired, or that the sun caused a headache, and quite impatiently he would hurry away. Or again, some fancy would unexpectedly lead him to rise up with dignity, and with an air of solemn deliberation he would silently march off the platform. Drawn back by persistent applause he would break out again into

delighted smiles, and resume the interrupted concert. When he had played an item with unusual care, and received the usual round of applause, he would sometimes draw attention to the fact that it was a musical gem and, observing that he could do it justice as could few others, he would play it twice or three times in succession. The *Étude* in F minor (Op. 25, No. 2)

he is fond of repeating. He plays it very rapidly, and very softly, with a delicate rise and fall, as one might imagine the breathing of a fairy would sound to human ears. Sometimes, as he interprets it, one seems to hear the gentle rustling of the poplar leaves in the breeze of a summer hour. Once I heard him play it five times during one afternoon. Is not that what we all desire to hear on concert platforms ? But who, except Pachmann, ever thought of giving an audience of strangers the intimate musical treat they so keenly desire ? How many of the " unmusical " public have learned, thanks to Pachmann's unique, good-natured methods, that they can appreciate classical music when they are allowed to hear it more than once !

One day Pachmann had played with even more than his usual rapidity. To some question he replied in his broken English that he would play for us, as a great treat, one of Liszt's most difficult works. " Difficult, yes, but not for me. I have heard Liszt play, more than forty years ago. I tell you that I have better technique. What was difficult for him is easy for me ! So ! I will show you ! " And, seating himself hurriedly, he dashed off at lightning speed one

of the most complicated of Liszt's Rhapsodies. Not only so, but during the whole of the time of this firework performance he appeared to be supremely detached, smiling, nodding his head now to this, now to that member of his audience, and kept up a running, if only half audible, commentary of explanation and criticism. It was as if the amazing work of his ten fingers and the masterly management of the pedal were carried out by some subconscious part of this gifted personality, the while the conscious intellect stood aside and quite independently considered and approved. It was a remarkable and unforgettable performance of scintillating brilliance; and the surprising old man, with a most mischievous air, succeeded it with an exquisite rendering of Chopin's "Berceuse"—an interpretation so delicate, so gentle, that it was scarcely audible to those on the outskirts of the crowd standing closely around him. So hushed, so soft the caressing notes that one shared the anxiety of the mother singing so gently lest the sleeping infant should be disturbed. The last tender chords died away; in a moment the player darted off, shaking his hands above his head to indicate that nothing further could be given to destroy the marvellous memory of the contrasting works he had so generously given at the end of a long afternoon.

Pachmann's usual interpretation of the exquisite *Étude* in A flat (Op. 25, No. 1) gives me more pleasure

than that of any other pianist. He plays it more rapidly than does any other whom I have heard, the singing melody of the shepherd boy for the greater

part of the time soaring clear and high above the rich accompaniment of summer wind and rain, and every now and again becoming submerged in the sounds of the surrounding shower. Strange that so gentle and so lovely a work can arouse enthusiasm, and stimulate a degree of emotion as profound as that caused by some of the great orchestral performances. The fact puzzles me more and more ; the years do not destroy the spell of that *Étude*, so brief, but so supreme. Unfortunately, Pachmann does not always play it in precisely the same way. Some slight variation in time and accent suffices to decrease its value ; its magic departs ; it becomes merely a beautiful melody, no more potent than the versions given by ninety per cent of able pianists.

Forms of recreation which entailed several consecutive hours passed in a warm or indifferently ventilated atmosphere, such as that of a theatre, were completely debarred for the year after my conversion. Concert halls were, for the most part, more thinly populated, and it was therefore readily possible on the way home from work to turn into one of these for half an hour, or even an hour, and to leave on the slightest sensation of weariness. Gradually I could not but notice that appreciated music in small quantities had an invigorating and healthy effect; it actually diminished fatigue. It was possible to search the lists of concerts in advance and to choose those containing the particular works about which something already was known. Sometimes I would go to hear one work alone, and leave immediately it was over, so that it could be practised on the pianola before the interpretation had faded from the memory, or been modified by recollections of subsequent items of the programme. Before the summer of 1914 I believe I heard most of the leading pianists of the day. I recall with most delight the fine,

sensitive beauty of the interpretations given by Leonard Borwick.

My awakening took place in March; by July I could tell, directly the first bar was played, the number of every *Étude* and every Prelude of Chopin. It never occurred to me that it would have been more useful to learn the keys! To this day these briefer works retain for me all their original charm. They have more vigour and variety than the more well-known Nocturnes. I should have liked to point out, for the assistance of the beginner, the beauties of several of these sonnets in music, but where to begin? Where to leave off? The popular "black key" study is not my first favourite. Its brilliance is surpassed by the F Major (Op. 25, No. 3); its beauty is commonplace in comparison with the exquisite Op. 10, No. 3, in E Major. And what of the mournful duet, in which two voices are distinctly heard—Op. 25, No. 7? It is of interest here to state that when the *Études* are played on the player-piano, I have observed that even "unmusical" people are charmed by their beauty, and also that they have never heard them before, nor realized that so much pleasure could be obtained from listening to a player-piano. I therefore always advise the novice to begin player-piano practice with the *Études* and Preludes, and to follow with the mazurkas, polonaises and waltzes.

Of the Preludes, some mention must be made of the dainty No. 23 which Pachmann always accompanied by lively dance movements on the piano-stool; the mournful numbers 4 and 6; and the last, the 24th, which recalls and rivals the masterpieces of Beethoven in the storm of its passionate appeal. I have heard a dozen different readings of No. 15, the so-called raindrop Prelude. I prefer the interpretation given by

Pachmann to that of every other pianist. It is one of the very few works to which Pachmann elects to give an interpretation full of strength and vigour. As I have heard no other performer introduce such firm qualities into that Prelude, this unusual reading is either an original idea of Pachmann's brain, or the tradition of an older school surviving in Pachmann. The Prelude gains beyond all belief by this rendering; played slowly and solemnly, it rivals the composer's well-known funeral march. The gradual working up to a noble *crescendo* adds to its accents of grief a great dignity and majesty; the music assumes a totally different character from that represented by the rapid patter usually heard, the outcome probably of the idea that it is desirable to convey, in quick staccato notes, an impression of falling raindrops.

During that first year there were months in which no progress whatever appeared to be made; long periods when a concert only spelt the familiar boredom or a despondent sense that at last one was faced with a world as incomprehensible as mathematics, that headway could never be gained, that here was an art with which one could never win the acquaintance that came effortless, as if by instinct, to those who had grown up in an atmosphere of musical culture. At several concerts (as mentioned before) I found it impossible to follow the programme, to recognize whether the pianist was dealing with the beginning, the middle or the end of a sonata, or whether the ballade or the waltz had been reached which succeeded the item called a sonata by the programme. It took me some time to grasp the fact that there were pauses between the parts of a sonata; that these intervals could at least be surmised, punctuated as they always were by applause!

A friend having mentioned that orchestral music was infinitely preferable to that of the piano, I immediately decided to investigate the point. On several Sunday afternoons, therefore, I endeavoured to enjoy, but without success, orchestral music. I attended performances of four of the Symphonies. Beethoven's Fifth—I made most strenuous effort to delude myself into believing that I shared the sensations of suffering, despair and final triumph which were so graphically described in the programme. In vain ; I did not repeat the attempt when the music was performed again that year. The Seventh and the Eighth Symphonies shared the failure to arouse any lasting interest. The Ninth—I declared to myself courageously that I really did enjoy some parts, especially towards the end. Never for a moment, however, did the orchestra convey that sensation of being carried aloft with utter forgetfulness of self which in those early days of my progress could be gained only by certain music written for the piano. Early in 1914, I chanced to attend a performance of Tschaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony. The title attracted, and a perusal of Mrs. Newmarch's commentary, in the programme familiar to all Queen's Hall concert-goers, led one to anticipate musical entertainment of a most unusual nature. The deep rolling of the drums, the gloomy and reiterated accents of despairing melancholy pleased the mood of the day ; the contrast of this mourning with the gay strains immediately following, the reckless and rollicking infectiousness of the would-be jovial march music, caught the ear at the first hearing in a way quite novel to me. I left the hall feeling I had at last reached a stage of almost liking an orchestra. The thunder of the drums and the blare of the trumpets were beyond the power of the piano.

I wish to state here that whereas, with subsequent years, the greatness of the Beethoven Symphonies became more evident, the more obvious attractiveness of the Pathetic gradually diminished, until, after weeks of diligent practice on the player-piano, and more especially after the real tragedy of war had set in, its despair rang false and its pathos seemed a hollow mockery.

One evening I ventured to attend an orchestral concert where Paderewski was announced to play a Beethoven Concerto. Nine years later, I came across the programme of that evening and was astonished to find that the orchestra had been led by the celebrated Nikisch. In 1913 I had not heard of him, nor did the orchestra that evening give me any pleasure ; it seemed only a troublesome interruption to the piano. Even the Concerto appeared a very long and tiresome piece of music ; it was all novel, and therefore incomprehensible, because it had not been obtainable for the pianola practice in advance. The full rich tone of Paderewski's special piano awakened interest, but no real enjoyment was experienced until the great artist acknowledged the applause by playing as an encore a Chopin Prelude, the 17th. Very deliberate and solemn was his beautiful rendering, entirely unlike any other interpretation I have heard. Artists tell me to-day that at symphony concerts a piano encore should never be given. In those days, and for many subsequent years, the gracious response of the pianist formed for me the sole bright interlude during a long, dull evening of orchestral music.

It must have been about July, 1913, that I first made the acquaintance of the great sonata of Beethoven —the Appassionata. I had been advised to learn it, and had ordered its two large rolls from the library.

After trying it over several times I found I could make nothing of it. I therefore scanned the list of items in concerts advertised in daily papers and soon found the Appassionata announced. As I heard it for the first time, I now realize it was a most inadequate performance. Unsatisfactory as was that rendering, it gave what was required to set the pianola practising with some glimmering of its meaning. By the time it was again heard on a concert platform I knew it well enough to be certain that the second interpretation was a noble one, and at subsequent performances I was a keen critic. Many a time I have known it could be played with more sincerity on my player-piano than by the pianist to whom I was listening. I found that, even with a player-piano, one could not do full justice to the emotional effect of a great work until one could play it by heart; that is to say, without looking at the perforations of the roll, and without having to think out any of the details during the time of the performance.

No pianist whose experience of life is shallow can do justice to that powerful sonata. With the best musical technique and knowledge, with a life full of interests and vivid years, the anguish and the divine peace alike portrayed in the Appassionata remain beyond the ability of any average good pianist to understand and therefore to express. Speaking of that masterpiece the late Sir Hubert Parry once said to me, "Yes! there the human soul asked mighty questions of its God, and had its reply." Beauty and charm are there, which attract the admiration of those tuned to that level of appreciation; but by those who have been tested by the depths of suffering so much more is realized that few other piano works make so moving an appeal.

This great sonata led to much meditation on the difference between Chopin and Beethoven. Chopin rarely touches the profound problems so constantly raised by Beethoven. The tragic depths reached by that strong and tormented genius are expressed in a music such as none before him (I am told) had dreamed of uttering. Chopin has indeed glimpses into the world which contains both the despairing anguish and the heavenly peace so uniquely expressed in music by Beethoven. For the most part, however, such vision is not vouchsafed, such knowledge is not given, to those whose lives are passed in the over-civilized and highly cultured society of a large capital. It is by the solitary spirits who lead lives close to nature, who too frequently have but few human friends, that the voice of the Infinite is heard and can be translated into a music which evokes ready response from those who have been initiated by similar experience of intense suffering and joy. In the Appassionata the wonder of the symphonies (for many years to come unknown to me) is anticipated. Here, at last, was found the same genius as that of the great poets, philosophers and students of humanity. Here was communicated, by a new medium, that of sound, the same high rapture ; here was satisfaction for the finest idealism, hopes and prayers. Here one had certainty that the misery and the wrong could be transformed and beautified, rather than glossed over or ignored as an ugliness too painful to be faced.

The beginner will be puzzled when he hears the exponents of a modern school who interpret Chopin with an almost savage strength, who communicate even to the lightest idylls a rude, frank vigour. As such an interpretation appears to me to deprive this music of its elusive charm, its fragile, exquisite melody

and all its languorous, exotic loveliness, I prefer to believe that it is but a passing fashion, merely the modern outspoken spirit expressing itself through the notes, but not the music of the delicate composer. The reflections and conclusions formed during my first year of acquaintance with Chopin were based upon the more old-world readings of his genius. Chopin expressed to perfection, and with inimitable charm of style, the lighter feelings and facts of life—the wit and gaiety, the elegance and fine social grace, the moods of petulance and of grief, the embitterment and mournful disillusionment, the whimsical fancies and dreams, even the fairy tales and the momentary glimpses into a spiritual world. Rarely did he touch on the deeper or the elemental regions. Rarely does the town-dweller come into contact with crude realities. Life, for a civilized state of society, means protection from all actual knowledge of hunger or thirst, of poverty and humiliation, of rude, coarse facts, of real responsibility. Such men may cultivate the fancy and the intellect to the highest pitch ; they may feel affection, marry, suffer illness and disappointment ; yet, with all these, they may never once know a sincere or unselfish emotion. Passion, noble or ignoble, never enters their experience. To those people, Beethoven says nothing. All highly civilized nations reach the stage where wealth and material comfort bring about an intellectual overstimulation which starves the true emotions that impel men to mighty deeds. Great poetry and great music appear at a period of civilization when men are sincerely interested in life and the outside world, when their feelings are so deeply in earnest that they are, as it were, inspired to express themselves in verse or music. At these times the current of life in the community is wholesome and vigorous ; men do

not then indulge in introspective analysis. The fact is well known to all students of literature and history. The passionate flood of Elizabethan literature was but a reflection of the great men who led lives of rich experience in that age. The graceful sonnets of the succeeding period of cavalier lyrics reflected the over-cultivation of the mind, with its consequent highly developed critical faculty, paralysing to effort and to generous, adventurous action.

Similarly, the music of Chopin mirrors the fine culture of his day. Chopin was no sentimentalist; the too luscious interpretation frequently given of his music, by an older generation, does him much injustice. At times indeed he touches great depths with a severely masculine strength; as, for example, in the G minor and the F minor ballades, in the famous sonata of the funeral march and in parts of the more stormy polonaises, where the sufferings of his country touched his patriotism to the heart. He reveals also a strain of vivid romance; those wild cries and mysterious whispers in the mournful dance music of his country could not have emanated from the brain of a dweller of the plains and a native of luxurious cities.

Beethoven was at once a stronger and more primitive personality, unhampered by the intellectual and subtle introspection which fetters, and often strangles, the roots of real emotion. Beethoven was at home with the little and the great things of life, but when he touched the little things he cast on them some shadow from his own greatness. True, he has long, dull periods of uninspired composition, pages Chopin would have consigned to the flames; flat stretches, music resembling the drab days of some of Wordsworth's verse. In spite of such drawbacks, he towers as only genius can. As Meredith and Browning in

literature, so was Beethoven in music; gifted with wide knowledge and strong feeling, they found it impossible to attend to niceties of style in the endeavour to express in words the mighty flow of their thought. The narrow boundaries allotted by custom and convention disappeared, unregarded by a genius which resembled the great tropical torrents that overflow all banks.

Such were the opinions I was gradually forming during the first year of my initiation into the mystery of piano music, and after many years have passed I feel no inclination to modify that estimate. Chopin—supreme in his special sphere of exquisite polish, grace, and beauty—retains the same fascination to-day as in the early days of my acquaintance with his work; Beethoven—rugged, powerful, consumed with the thirst for divine truths—becomes more satisfying as more of his later music is learned and understood. The surprising thing to me about music is the comparatively few occasions on which one's judgment or appreciation is altered by the passage of time. Once a musical work has been heard frequently enough to have become familiar, if it is then deeply appreciated, the enjoyment it yields is enhanced at each subsequent performance—provided it receives adequate rendering by the artist. With the exception of the Pathetic Symphony, this has been true in all my experience. The reason is, in part, that the love of music developed in me so late in life. Or it may also be due to the fact that as work of necessity fills the larger portion of life, great music cannot be heard so frequently that custom can "stale its variety." Yet another explanation is probably nearer the truth—that great music, like great literature, stands the test of time. In life it is the trivial, the insincere and the baser things which pall; and this holds true alike of music, of literature and of personality.

CHAPTER III

Progress with Player-Piano Music

DURING the crowded months which followed the day of the Busoni awakening (March 12, 1913), new light was shed on all the music heard at rare intervals in childhood and youth, and on the exquisite works to which Maud Allan had danced. In every life there come strange pauses, when destiny seems to hover, hesitating ; when momentous decisions have to be made ; when of several paths one must be selected in ignorance of the final outcome. The strenuous anxiety of the period of fate-laden uncertainty is succeeded by relaxation of effort and a sense of numb bewilderment, for the wisdom or error of the final choice cannot be known till after the passage of years. It was immediately after such a crisis that the unexpected new interest arrived, as a heaven-sent visitor indeed, for the chosen road was encompassed with obstacles, devoid of all companionship. On the warm summer evenings, door and windows open and lights extinguished, the G Minor Ballade of Chopin, and, later, the Appassionata, resounded with that whole-hearted surrender that could be unreservedly yielded only with solitude and twilight. I have never heard nor read any high praise of that Ballade. To me its plaintive repeated phrases, rising to a climax of distress, and the final torrent of responsive

notes, afforded a solace and a sympathetic understanding beyond all human power. Day after day when I left the instrument it seemed possessed of supernatural life, so wondrous was its healing gift. Again and again there arose the thought—illness, effort, loss and solitude, all could be endured so long as there was available this resource.

I had just begun to master the Appassionata—which presented great technical difficulties for the player-piano rendering—when the late summer holiday month arrived. I remember vividly my sense of distress at parting with my pianola, and my fruitless endeavours to arrange for the hire of one in the remote Highland village. I made strenuous efforts to master a brief prelude, said to be easy to play on a piano by a beginner's clumsy fingers. After weeks of stumbling endeavour the notes could be hit, but rhythm and expression proved hopelessly beyond my powers. As soon as the fingers attempted to introduce expression they would awkwardly miss the correct notes ; and *vice versâ*. The very day of my return to town I hastened to renew the fascination of the pianola ; it consoled for the bustling streets and crowded pavements, disturbing contrast after the tranquillity of Highland lochs and silent forests.

The overwhelming attraction of the Appassionata induced a keen longing to know all the sonatas of its creator. The music catalogue for the player-piano was lengthy, but I commenced to go steadily through it during the winter 1913–1914. I looked out for every concert where Beethoven or Chopin was to be played. For many months to come, no other composer succeeded in detaining my attention for more than a moment. Nor, to tell the truth, was I even capable of whole-heartedly enjoying all I heard of Chopin and

Beethoven. What I had first practised on the pianola, before a concert, gave pleasure; what was strange baffled me. Yet several of the early sonatas seemed most beautiful, although I had no opportunity of hearing them played. Of these I remember best Op. 2, which sounded like a hero's funeral march, very slow and solemn; and Op. 26, which contains a movement foreshadowing the Eroica Symphony. Op. 7 had an exquisite and haunting melody. The slow movement of Sonata Op. 10, No. 3, made a great impression. For the first, and almost the only time, music conveyed to me as it were a visual sensation. That sonata spoke of a barren moor beside a vast grey northern coast, the utter desolation and solitude broken only by the mournful cries of the wild birds which haunt the friendless shore, and by the heavy swish of the cold grey waves breaking along the rock-strewn sands. The "Moonlight Sonata" I had the good fortune to hear played with perfection of technique and feeling by Madame Carreno. It conveyed the idea of exquisitely soothing sound, but strangely little more. Incidentally, it involved very hard work to reproduce on the pianola the extreme softness of the accompaniment to the heavy sustained chords. Possibly the name "Moonlight" spoiled it for me, evoking associations of a too melodramatic character; I was glad to learn later that it was not Beethoven who so named it.

My studies of the early sonatas were interrupted. At two concerts I heard the majestic later sonatas, Op. 106, 109 and 111. Instantly I procured the rolls and tried to reproduce these mighty works. It was the dignity of the first part of the great 111, and the celestial loveliness of the succeeding Arietta which held me spellbound. It was the first item on a long programme,

but so marvellous was its beauty that I hastened away immediately lest the sensation should be effaced by hearing other music that day. It was superbly played, by an able pianist who, at a subsequent recital, quite ruined the dainty *Études* of Chopin which I was accustomed to hear so exquisitely played by Pachmann. The divine Arietta of Beethoven, however, he played as one inspired. With harplike quality the limpid notes, cool as fountain drops, climbed ever higher and higher, with the exquisite simplicity, purity and detachment of an angel's voice. Unperturbed by the dust and strife of earth, ever upward and more crystal-clear it soared ; austere, yet sweet ; serene, yet speaking of a divine joy ; farther and farther it winged towards a celestial sphere. The cool and simple accents calmed the soul as if they were in sooth the inevitable answer to genuine prayer. A sacred peace pervaded the spellbound audience. I never heard anything even remotely approaching the transcendent and divine austerity of that music until 1922, when Busoni surpassed it with his incomparable interpretation of the Emperor Concerto. The effect produced by the Arietta was as arresting as had been that aroused by the *Études*. It was an entirely novel type of music, to the existence of which I had hitherto been as one deaf.

Looking back on that winter, and on the spring of 1914, I find it strange that, although I heard a fair amount of Schumann and Schubert music, they left little permanent impression. Their melodious charm, their delightful and whimsical fancies, their exquisite moments of exuberance and gaiety I enjoyed ; but they made no deep appeal. I evidently regarded their music at that period as one does the conversation of a bright and sociable acquaintance ; one never turns to such for intimate advice or help in times of suffering

or need. Probably the frequently played Schumann Fantasie prejudiced a beginner against its composer. Only when I heard, in 1923, the mystic loveliness of the interpretation given by Paderewski, did I gladly forgive its involved and, till that hour, its apparently interminable length.

In the early summer of 1914 I happened to hear played on two occasions the same work of Bach—its name I do not now remember. At the second performance my attention was strongly aroused. The high and impersonal quality of the Beethoven Arietta had awakened in me the ability to appreciate a music without melody,* but with its own subtle beauty unadorned. I seemed to recognize a similar clearness and directness of speech in Bach. In this music there was a nobility and a great dignity ; the emotional aspect was held in rigid control, and yet one could not doubt its underlying existence, strength and permanence. In some book I came across a fine appreciation of the beauty of Bach's forty-eight preludes. I ordered several of the rolls, expecting to find music resembling the grace and emotional loveliness of the melodies of Chopin. Never shall I forget the disappointment and bewilderment aroused by my first attempts to play them. Here was a totally new world, of which I could make nothing. And, as ill-fortune would have it, I did not have a single opportunity of hearing them ; I was never free to attend a concert where I saw announced any prelude of Bach. I laid aside the early preludes and started on the Toccata and Fugue. After several attempts I succeeded in recognizing its possession of marked rhythm and an overwhelming yet reserved sense of strength. Totally ignorant, and without any friend to explain, I slowly made out that there was a difference, essential and

* At that date I could not detect the exquisite melody in such music.

distinctive, between Bach and the music of later date which I had been studying for nearly a year.

July, 1914, arrived. Exciting newspaper headlines were ignored. Rumours of war were in the air, but no one for a moment believed it possible. I was to spend August in Germany, and as late as July 27, when I bought a ticket dated for August 4, I remember how we jestingly remarked that if war broke out a continental holiday would be impossible. Securely cradled in the snug civilization of long uninterrupted peace, the average Briton had no warning sense of peril ahead. I continued as patiently and unconcernedly the practice and the misunderstanding of the Bach preludes.

War was declared on August 4. With hourly news of doom the first terrible weeks crept past; an early peace was expected. For months to come my piano remained unopened. Whilst men were being slain and homes laid devastate, it seemed sacrilege to choose to pass the minutes in enjoyment and forgetfulness. An awful sense of impending horror prevailed. Seeking explanation of the upheaval people snatched the war literature offered by the libraries. Counts von Bernhardi and von Bülow revealed the existence of another world, hitherto completely unsuspected by the average man—an underworld which had been developing with ever-increasing strength until it at last broke through the restraining fetters of civilized life and precipitated the long world catastrophe. Under the apparent calm of an ordered society had been slowly and steadily growing the monster which was to ruin a rich part of the fair land of France and kill or maim the flower of European manhood. The knowledge so suddenly brought home staggered all life's aims,

and transformed so radically the values that to many it spelt a moral upheaval more disastrous than material ruin, and left profoundly altered even those whose philosophy had been built on firm foundations.

Followed long months of black depression. The individual tried to adapt himself to the novel conditions of life in which the news of each day consisted solely of descriptions of death and of atrocities cruel beyond imagination and nightmare. The cheapening of the values hitherto regarded as sacred beyond dispute threatened to engulf the standards of civilization.

By December, 1914, I was with the Scottish Women's Hospital unit at Royaumont, in France, a unit which worked for the French Army. By great good fortune we were stationed in an ancient abbey which had been built under the personal and loving supervision of King Louis, the warrior saint, in 1236. So impressive was its architecture that during all the long sad years it never failed to arouse a wondering joy in the hearts of those who dwelt within its walls. Custom never dulled one's appreciation of its beauty, nor did long familiarity during the passage of the years ever blur the sense of satisfied delight aroused by the peaceful proportions of its cloisters, its arches, its great grey pillars and groined roofs. Every winter the lull in active fighting led to a decrease of the hospital activities and enabled me to go back to London work. In spring or summer, on the eve of the return to Royaumont, there was a sense of eager anticipation quite distinct; the happiness shared by every war-worker once French soil was reached—the happiness of freedom from individual responsibility, the passage from the worries, the details and the cares of the separate life to that concrete satisfaction experienced

by realizing that one belonged to a vast army, all working for a common aim. Every return to Royaumont from home "leave" was accompanied also by profound gratitude that once more one was safe within these lovely stones, once more privileged to live amid beauty so rich that the early waking thought would acclaim it as a dream too fine for reality.

Royaumont cast a spell upon all who saw it; on those who had dwelt within its walls the spell was so mysterious and so potent that it inevitably drew them back from all other interests or occupations. The attraction was felt by all ranks of the hospital workers, by the French *poilu* patients, and with equal strength by the innumerable visitors and inspectors, from President Poincaré to the humblest friend of a Senegalese *blessé*. I had been accustomed for eleven months of the twelve to look out on the depressing ugliness of sooty grey roofs and chimneys; the war of European annihilation gave for me and hundreds of other fellow-workers an escape to a world that fulfilled our highest dreams of beauty. Royaumont was beautiful at all times of the year, and at all hours of the day and night; that one never ceased to be aware of and grateful for this beauty was one of the strange facts of the situation.

The life of the early years at Royaumont has been chronicled already.* I am concerned here only with the narration of my subsequent progress in music. Life at Royaumont resembled the life of the trenches inasmuch as there were periods of calm alternating with periods of intense and terrible work, when the wounded arrived by day and by night in overwhelming

* "The Scottish Women's Hospital at Royaumont." By Antonio de Navarro.

numbers. Such rush periods were inevitably followed by quiet intervals, which sometimes continued for weeks, even on occasion for months, when the area of active battle was moved to a part of the line which was not served by the railway lines of our region. During these peaceful interludes there were musical and other entertainments of wide variety in the wards, with revelation of many unsuspected talents amongst our happy convalescents. On a brief business visit to Paris I chanced to see, with incredulous pleasure, a branch of my London pianola firm in the Avenue de l'Opéra. My companions agreed it would be a boon for our ward concerts if an instrument could be hired. In five minutes all was settled, and on terms most generous to the hospital. It was duly installed within a week, and provided so much amusement, interest and education that the price of its hire was soon shared voluntarily by the whole unit. The pianola remained with us until the submarine campaign in 1917 resulted in such a shortage that the firm were obliged to request its return. By that date we welcomed the excuse to expedite its departure, for the hospital had more than quintupled its beds, and the rush and strain of its activities were so increased that there was then not a foot of space available for standing room, nor an hour of leisure left for the instrument which in earlier and quieter days had been the source of so much pleasure and instruction.

In these early days of 1915 the pianola was placed at the end of the huge refectory. Nine great stone pillars supported the arched roof ; at one end a gallery spanned the hall and formed a passage from a ward to operating and X-ray rooms. So vivid, so varied and so novel were the experiences and impressions of these early days, that music of necessity filled but a small

part in one's consciousness. I understand now, when attempting to sort out the rich memories evoked by the name of Royaumont, that the music formed a bridge between the old and the new world, and helped to keep one's balance amongst the crowd of jostling thoughts of horrors unfaceable—horrors realized but dimly to exist within so short a distance as thirty miles at that fateful period of the history of the valiant army of France.

I remember the Appassionata was the first roll tried in the hospital; then many of the melodious works of Chopin. The greater Beethoven Sonatas sounded the note that suited these anxious hours. A number of the staff and many of the convalescents played the instrument, and many and varied therefore were the renderings one heard of the same music. As was but natural in so large a community there were several who despised the player-piano and refused to evince the slightest interest in new rolls. Even when there arrived rolls of a work they had been heard to describe appreciatively, they would nonchalantly declare they could not help the player-piano enthusiasts in an endeavour to interpret their difficulties. When appealed to, they would reply, with an air of detached superiority, that they had only known the work in question as rendered by pianists. Undeterred, the little band of player-piano lovers would, all unknowing, murder—overheard by the entire hospital during these attempts—the most beautiful works of the masters, until, by dint of endless repetition and trial, they won through to a rendering which harmonized with their sense of musical values. I learned a great deal by listening to the faults and the difficulties overcome by others during their hours of patient practice.

From those who regarded us indulgently, we

obtained a list of music suitable for the player-piano, and guaranteed to interest us. Thus, for example, I soon came upon the Waldstein Sonata, which afforded occupation and interest for weeks. About that date we passed to Beethoven's great Fifth Symphony. As already mentioned, I had heard it performed in London, but at the time when the orchestra held so little meaning for me that the music had left no mark on my memory. Now it was explained to me by my colleagues and we practised it, evening after evening, one after another taking in turn a movement till at length its sublime beauty became evident to my surprised consciousness. The Kreutzer Sonata, and piano transcriptions of the Seventh Symphony, the Eighth and the stupendous Ninth were the next musical works to become gradually known and loved. Then some one requested rolls of Wagner on the list to be dispatched from the library. I interviewed the petitioner to explain that as the number of the rolls was limited and the difficulties of exchange were complicated, it was advisable to ask only for music which all could enjoy. I listened incredulously to several who emphatically seconded the proposal to place an order for several Wagner records. I admitted ignorance and withdrew my objection, but remained nevertheless totally unconvinced. I cannot, looking back, trace the sources of the extraordinary and deeply implanted prejudice with which I regarded the name of Wagner. I had rarely heard any conversation on music or read about the subject, nor had I studied any musicians' biographies. I remembered opera-goers who described themselves as " washed-out rags " after Wagner evenings, and vague insinuations as to the ignoble effect of his music. From stray observations in books, from allusions, half understood, I had built up a firm dislike

of which I was entirely unconscious until the question had arisen of ordering pianola records of his music. I remained confident that the music would be full of complexities and strange discords, devoid of melody. In youth I had, of course, become familiar with the " Lohengrin " Wedding March and the " Tannhäuser " Overture ; perhaps that very familiarity robbed them of attraction and lent to them a spurious air of theatricality and insincerity. My surprise, therefore, can be imagined when the Wagner enthusiasts rolled out the plaintive witchery of Siegmund's love song from the first act of " The Valkyrie," the exciting downward sweep of the Valkyrie Maidens' Ride and the lovely melody of Walther's prize song from " The Mastersingers." No prejudice could withstand the beauty of those extracts.

About the same period we ordered Tschaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony, the only orchestral work which had given so much pleasure at the first performance that I had regarded my ability to appreciate it almost as a personal triumph. The quick martial movement rang out superbly under the stone roofs of the old abbey, but the " pathetic " movements soon ceased to yield enjoyment. Strange as it at first appeared to us, they quickly produced a sensation of unreality. In spite of beautiful moments the work did not as a whole ring true. Its undeniable force, dramatic and gorgeous colouring did not compensate for its lack of the dignity and reticence of true despair. The pathos appeared to be theatrical and sentimental. The epithet " sentimental " conveys such different meanings to different individuals that in this connection it merits definition. Sentimental is used here in the Meredithian sense of the term, and implies feeling cultivated for feeling's sake, as distinct from the feeling which springs from a

genuine source. Feeling which is sought after merely for the pleasure of feeling is artificial, is a pose which is eventually betrayed by its lack of sincerity. Sentimentality characterizes all the cheaper imitations in the world of art—whether it be in poetry or fiction, music, painting or the drama—and is widely prevalent in decadent and neurotic circles. Certain good music can be interpreted in a sentimental fashion; and, conversely, it is true that certain able artists can infuse sincerity into unreal music. With suffering, pain and death so near, and in contact daily with direct and simple characters, we found the Pathetic Symphony rang false. Beethoven, on the other hand, never failed to give sincere response in those critical days.

The busier days immediately following led to the postponement of further Wagner rolls, and as exchange became less frequent we concentrated on the Chopin, Beethoven and, for practical purposes, the lighter dance and song rolls. It was surprising how the French soldier, belonging to the so-called uneducated class, both recognized and appreciated the best music. Many of them knew, as soon as the first notes were heard, the Chopin mazurkas and waltzes. Several of the convalescents were encouraged to use the pianola, and played with exquisite delicacy and understanding the nocturnes and waltzes of Chopin. Love of art and ease in its interpretation came as naturally to the French *poilu* as football to his British comrade. The concerts arranged by our patients were often true masterpieces of artistic production. It was indeed an education to work for the French Army; every day there appeared unfolded new and unsuspected charm and character in that race so frequently misunderstood by the English attitude of mind. We learned to sympathize with the sufferings and humiliation endured so

stoically by that proud nation; we came to love her with a depth of appreciation that could never have been gained by passing visits made in however friendly a spirit.

The prevailing sadness of the old French songs expressed admirably the resignation and the courage of the people's attitude during those hopeless early years of the war. In the early morning hours one heard their voices in a quiet chorus chanting melodies, plaintive and slow as are many of the old Scottish airs and other folk songs. The choice of such in preference to the modern ragtime jest and rapid patter indicated the presence of a higher grade of musical taste and education than is prevalent in similar British assemblies.

France held Verdun. Terrible tales of carnage filtered through to the hospital units behind the lines.

Whilst home on leave in early spring, 1916, I heard as much music as possible. Nothing else relieved for a moment the heavy weight of the thought of war whilst one was unable to take one's part in active hospital assistance. I procured "My Life," by Richard Wagner, and started to read with an eager anticipation the two heavy volumes. The solid and involved prose of the translation made the perusal somewhat more of a task than I had expected. The pompous style and wholly egotistic outlook deterred me from reading much of that amazing autobiography. My early distrust of the composer was revived and confirmation now gained, from his own mouth, of the suspicions I had put aside as based on too slender foundation to merit belief. Chance also put in my way a verse translation of Wagner's "The Ring." The pages I turned to were those dealing with the dialogue of Siegfried and Brünnhilde. From girlhood

I had been acquainted with the version portrayed so romantically and in so truly poetic a spirit by William Morris, in " Sigurd the Volsung." The comparison between the German and the English treatment of that destiny-laden climax in the lives of the hero and heroine was much to the disadvantage of Wagner. Here is a theme quivering with romantic and spiritual issues, aflame with prophetic meaning, the bringing to life, by love, of the woman's purifying and guiding influence—Brünnhilde, symbol of the incarnate wisdom which inspires the hero to transform the world. Morris deals with the mysterious allegory with due regard to the touching beauty of its human aspect. In Wagner there is a mere hint of the deeper significance of Siegfried's discovery of the sleeping goddess, when the warrior alludes to the fear he has at last learned how to feel. Almost at once the reverence this unpleasing personality has begun to experience is swept away, and the ensuing dialogue is coloured throughout by a flame of earthly desire so insistent that the profound meaning of the vital problem is completely destroyed. No wonder that I threw aside " The Ring," and that my renewed prejudice prevented me for many years from any attempt to resume acquaintance with the author's music. It was not until 1920 that I heard any orchestral performance of his marvellous work.

The first player-piano music which claimed attention on " leave " in 1916 was the Andante movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. That roll can be recommended to every beginner. Nothing more completely satisfying can be found, and it never wearies on repetition. It contains all that tranquillity and holy peace which Beethoven can so consummately reproduce in the language of sound. In quiet twilight hours, with the sunset glow reflected on mountain peaks, the

cool air arising after the heat of the day, and the distant country sounds gently magnified in the clear atmosphere of the hour, work over and the mind stretching out to the invisible presence in all loveliness of nature—then, listening, one hears the Andante of the Fifth. I heard it again with the orchestra, but realized I was still far from able to appreciate it adequately. The Scherzo I could not follow till I had heard it, at long intervals, on many occasions in years to come. It represents suffering and defeat, and towards its end there comes an intensely subdued pianissimo which slowly and steadily gathers volume and works through a long crescendo until it wins through to the outburst of glorious triumph which introduces the final movement. This gradual merging of the scherzo into the finale is without pause on the orchestra. For the pianola, most unfortunately, the two movements have to be cut on two rolls ; the length forbids that both should appear on one piece of parchment. The abrupt division thus rendered necessary causes dismay and entirely alters the character of the music and the attitude of mind of the listener. The brusque break in the middle of the gradual increase of volume of sound produces the same distress as the devastating applause which so often ruins the most dramatic climax in concert halls and theatres. The sensation produced resembles one's exasperation when an enthralling discussion is abruptly broken off on the entrance of an alien and trivial mind, out of tune with the excited disputants, or when a vivid flow of oratory is interrupted by irrelevant interjections from the audience. The very climax of interest and of eloquence is destroyed ; the thread once severed can never be resumed. I do not know whether any mechanical device can be invented by which the makers of the

pianola rolls can reproduce the perfection of the crescendo intended by the composer to lead in one long uninterrupted wave from the scherzo to the finale. As the division at present stands the breathless attention aroused by the pianissimo is irremediably and ruthlessly wasted. Perhaps in consequence of this defect, perhaps only because of the depth of my musical ignorance, the fact remains that at orchestral performances of the symphony it was not until after many years that I could detect the part where the pianissimo connecting the third with the last movement was played. I had reached a stage where I could recognize it on the music of the piano-player, but it remained beyond the utmost effort of my attention to trace a melody, familiar in the piano version, in the complicated chorus of varied sounds emitted by the multitude of orchestral instruments.

During these months at home I visited quite a number of the Sunday orchestral concerts, but still could obtain from them no real musical enjoyment except from occasional bars when a horn, a clarinet or other striking and outstanding feature claimed attention. On the grey winter Sunday afternoons the varied picture presented by the orchestra gave a simple form of entertainment which never failed to yield interest and diversion. I chose a side seat in the balcony or circle, and from that perch of eminence derived much pleasure in trying to recognize the various instruments by their size and shape. The flute, oboe and clarinet were hard to distinguish by sight; to this day I cannot with any certainty distinguish by ear their respective sounds. To this day I know only the most elementary facts about the many instruments; the special features associated with "strings" and "wind" remain an insoluble problem.

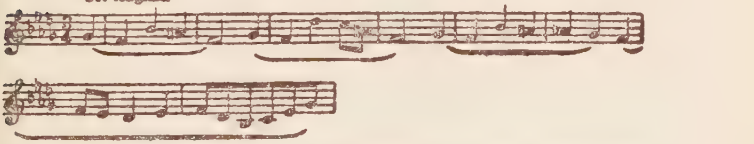
Happily it is not necessary to acquire such technical knowledge in order to enjoy the music they produce.

I returned to France just when the hospital beds were being gradually evacuated in readiness for the great Somme offensive of 1916. Some weeks ahead our chief had known that mighty events were in preparation, and, although the secrecy essential to success forbad that she passed on any information, the whole staff divined, from the daily disappearance of large bands of convalescents, that space was soon to be required for more urgent cases. The pianola was relegated to a corridor. Warm, quiet days followed ; from hour to hour we held ourselves ready, with an almost breathless dread, to play our part in the impending tragedies of the unknown future. Suddenly, in the dead of night, began the roll of distant guns, and the ominous sound continued without cease for many a day and night. There followed busy, incredibly crowded days and nights, with carloads of wounded arriving every few hours. A description of the heart-rending scenes that succeeded should have no place here.

Weeks went by, and it was not indeed for months that the stage of convalescence of many of the Somme *blessés* was advanced enough for the resumption of the long-interrupted ward concerts. I remember that the next music to form a deep impression was the Rhapsodie in G Minor of Brahms. I seemed to hear in it the relentless march of great armies beating through the care-free music of another world. It described the experience of the society of 1914, so all unknowing of the volcano beneath. It haunted one with man's helplessness before the onward and irresistible march of great invisible forces ; with man's inability to foresee or prevent their ruthless determination to attain their cruel goal. Then, in the Rhapsodie, comes the

final victory of the higher forces ; quite unexpectedly they appear and compel the retreat of the heavy footsteps. These could be heard quietly turning away before the heavenly voice which sang in serene unconsciousness of the momentous success achieved by its mere existence. Other rolls of Brahms were ordered—the waltzes and caprices, each more delicate, more enchanting than the last, and the melodious Sonata. The Schubert Wanderer Fantaisie was the next favourite, and a few of the popular Schumann piano pieces—Carnival and Papillons. So far as I can recall, that was the sum of my musical progress till the autumn of 1916.

The next great advance came with the discovery of Cæsar Franck. He marked a stage as epoch-making as the first introduction to the Appassionata. His work was found quite by accident. I had, at the



Cæsar Franck Symphony. Cor Anglais in 2nd Movement.

time of my previous home leave, heard a performance of his symphony under Sir Henry Wood and had been too ignorant to enjoy anything in it except the beginning of the slow movement with the exquisite solo of the " cor anglais." Even with the descriptive help of the programme I could make out so little that its length had wearied me. I had not given another thought to the composer ; never having heard his name mentioned, I had had no knowledge as to his period nor his position in the world of music. One day a musical visitor to

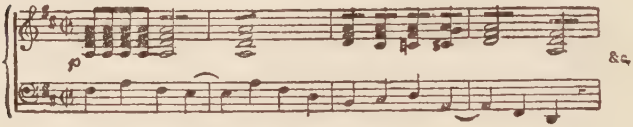
the hospital remarked that I ought to procure the roll of Cæsar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue. I was able to obtain five large rolls of Franck—those of the Prelude, Choral and Fugue, the Prelude, Aria and Final, and the Prelude, Fugue and Variations. I embarked upon them with easy confidence ; but at once found I was faced with something totally different from anything with which I was already acquainted. I sought guidance from some who knew Franck's music, but they unfortunately happened to be of the band who disliked player-pianos. No assistance therefore being obtainable, I had to " muddle through " alone. When I was just beginning to see light dawning through the maze, the time of home leave arrived. On my passage through Paris I chanced to see advertised a Sunday concert at which, of all good fortune ! was to be played Cæsar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue. I stayed in Paris over the Sunday on purpose to take advantage of this unexpected treat. The work was inimitably performed by a French woman whose name I have now forgotten ; I have never since heard so noble and so finely balanced an interpretation.

Needless to say, my first leisure moments on returning home were devoted to practising on the pianola all the piano works of Franck. To this day his work retains the same attraction, and each time I renew acquaintance with it I find myself regretting that so few of his compositions are available for player-pianos. It is matter for reproach that the manufacturers of music rolls declare there is not demand enough to warrant the initial expense of preparing them. The trained musical student may smile at my estimate of Cæsar Franck. That does not deter me from emphatically stating that to me he seems to gather up the clear counterpoint architecture and sanity of Bach to

express both the tempestuous and the serene emotion of Beethoven. Something of the all-embracing wealth of both is his. Wisdom, courage and serenity speak out with a consistent equanimity after the storm of human passion. One feels that the composer must have passed through the depths and emerged unharmed, rich in understanding of human needs and of the divine consolation awaiting those who, throughout a fiery furnace of trial, can keep their eyes unflinchingly turned towards the hidden stars so far beyond their mortal gaze. Of Franck more than of any other I feel the truth of Browning's oft-quoted lines :

" One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

My admiration of Cæsar Franck's piano works led me again to attend a performance of his symphony. Although this new rendering pleased in parts, more particularly the slow, soft beginning of the second movement, it did not express the depths of pain and endurance which, somehow, seemed to demand utterance in the music. Knowing nothing, I could not criticize ; simply, a something appeared to be lacking which could be infused into the glorious piano works. There was serenity, there was wisdom ; there was none of the fire and courage I dimly sought for. The player-piano was hopelessly inadequate to yield any semblance of a satisfactory rendering of the symphony. Unable to trust my opinion, I laid the work on one side. It was not till 1921 that I heard another interpretation, under the leadership of Coates ; and that reading, for me, expressed the full splendour of

Franck's spiritual triumph. The strength and grandeur of this poignant symphony were at last made manifest—the clarion call of the victorious theme of faith rising like a comet above the din of pain and battle. For days after the performance one felt a sense of exaltation, as if one were still being swept along by great waves of glorious sound. Even the critics, I remember, were moved on that occasion to admit that "the evening

Cæsar Franck Symphony. Finale.

terminated with a magnificent performance of the Cæsar Franck Symphony." It is said that when this Symphony was first produced it called forth only criticism from Franck's contemporaries. To me that implies only that the interpretation on that occasion must have been an unworthy one. Even during my limited experience, I have listened to three entirely different renderings of that mighty work.

Between 1917 and 1920 the sole advance made with piano, or indeed with any form of music, was the introduction to some of the work of Debussy and Ravel. One reason of the limited progress was the absence of the pianola during the hospital life in France; the submarine campaign had so affected the Company that these instruments could no longer be hired. One soon learns to recognize when music of Debussy, or of his disciples, is played on the piano. There is a peculiar limpid, fluid note about all his works that I have heard. Whatever the technical explanation may be, the resulting tone is unmistakable—one always

seems to hear the dropping of fountain water at twilight in a dark forest which is peopled by Corot's nymphs. In " Le jardin sous la pluie " one can hear the very gurgle of the rain-water as it rushes along a stony path during an April storm. The introduction to Debussy came at the wrong moment for appreciation. The tranquillity of his music, its delicate suggestiveness, its orbit so remote from the strife of earth, made little impression during those turbulent days of war and revolution. More in tune with the crude facts around us were the vigorous piano works of Scriabin which were played to us by a visitor to the hospital.

In the autumn of 1917, and spring 1918, there was so much general gloom prevailing that no one had any heart for discoveries with a player-piano. In the summer and autumn of 1918 Maréchal Foch's continuous offensive provided work of an intensive nature in our hospital ; and, apart from that fact, the dramatic and abnormal thrill of those epoch-making months appeared to preclude all normal occupations of leisure hours. After the Armistice the old habits, whether of work or of social life, seemed to have become irremediably broken. The general upheaval following the Declaration of Peace brought about a chaos of embittered class warfare ; peace seemed to have brought no result other than the cessation of slaughter. For the time my mind was fully occupied in an attempt to understand the acute labour problems of that date, and the cause of the Bolshevist regime so applauded by the manual worker of most nations. Music had no place in such a world of mutual recriminations ; and hence it happened that there is nothing to record of progress in music till 1920.

CHAPTER IV

Awakening to Orchestral Music — "Parsifal"

TIME and again I have postponed the writing of this chapter. The final sections of the history of my conversion and progress have been written, and also my opinions as to the value of music, regarded from the point of view of one of the public uncultured in matters musical. Hence I must perforce return to narrate my awakening to the supreme beauty of orchestral music. My conversion to the appreciation of the orchestra is so comparatively recent, the revelation of that new world so unexpected, and the delight thus bestowed so overwhelming, that I shrink from the attempt to describe the impossible in the cold terms of language. Yet it must have its share in a truthful record of the years of my slow growth.

Owing to various causes I had never attended evening concerts. In the early years of interest in piano music, evening exertion was forbidden. In the later years, during leave months from France, I shared the widespread and invincible dislike of travel in the astonishing crowds of those years. No pleasure could atone for the horrors of the struggle on the hot, tightly packed vehicles of public locomotion during and

immediately after the war. When at length the drawback of distance no longer provided a welcome excuse, my interest in orchestral music was so slight that I felt no inducement to attend the evening Symphony concerts.

One evening, after a tiring out-patient hospital attendance, I noticed the announcement of a performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I decided it would be a novelty to hear it after the lapse of nearly four years. As I knew much of it from player-piano practice, it offered the attraction of being in part familiar and therefore, presumably, more probable to yield enjoyment and relieve fatigue.

The orchestra and the conductor were both unknown to me ; it would be of interest, I thought, to note whether that implied any difference in the interpretation such as I realized existed so markedly in the rendering of piano music by different pianists. I supposed, so deep was my ignorance, that where many instruments were employed in unison there could not be any material difference in the final production of any comprehensive musical work, under whatever direction it was performed. Or, at best, I admitted, such modification would not be perceptible to any one who was not an expert or trained musician. Such was, quite truthfully, the spirit in which I languidly approached the Queen's Hall on that Monday evening in January, 1920. I arrived about five minutes to the hour and, to my incredulous surprise, heard that no seat was available in the hall. People were being turned away in numbers when a large notice was put up which stated that a few seats could be obtained behind the orchestra. I joined the queue, and a few minutes later found myself tightly sandwiched in the crush, amongst an enthusiastic crowd who were

occupying the planks in the neighbourhood of the big drums and other formidable-looking instruments which I had never before had the opportunity of inspecting at such close quarters. They appeared even more alarming than I had imagined from the usual safe and distant places provided for the audience.

Applause greeted the entrance of the conductor who quietly advanced to take up his position. Albert Coates showed none of the peculiarities popularly supposed to characterize the artistic circles. He resembled a successful member of the professional classes ; with his calm air of intellectual authority he would have passed equally well for a surgeon or a barrister. I overheard several laudatory remarks about the thoroughness of his work, and, as no reference could have more pleased me as a characteristic, I looked forward with some slight increase of interest to the beginning of the concert.

The symphony began. It is idle to pretend that it could be really enjoyed from the position just behind and so close to the greater instruments. This disappointment, however, was amply compensated for by the novel experience of watching the strenuous exertion required to direct a band of performers of so many different instruments. Never before had I had the slightest conception that real work was demanded of a director of an orchestra. Like the majority of the public, I had imagined he stood there more or less as a lay figure, merely engaged in waving a baton so that all kept time in the more difficult portions, especially after intervals of brief silence, when the players might be tempted to resume at individual moments, instead of simultaneously. That evening came the realization of the immense effort entailed on the part of a leader who desired to call forth an individual interpretation

of the spirit of the music from the large number of players who loyally attempted to follow his directions and weave the web of sound which should make a perfect whole. Of course I could not know that evening that orchestral leaders differed widely in their methods. It was enough to have learned the novel fact that the man who waved the stick stood for the all-important and essential thing, the interpretation or the spirit of the music to be brought into being from the multitude of notes sounded, blown or beaten, on strings, wood-wind, brass and drums. There was an awe-inspiring impressiveness in watching the depth and the variety of the emotions experienced by the conductor as he led from one mood of the music to another. One knew from his expression exactly what was intended by the symphony. Moods and thoughts of dismay, reflection, suffering, despair, joy, exaltation, triumph—all in turn were clearly and unmistakably depicted. So vivid indeed was the portrayal that one had throughout a sense of being present at the dramatic performance of a great artist, such as Sarah Bernhardt. So poignant and so sincere was the feeling displayed that at times, indeed, one turned away with a sense of guilt, as of being caught eavesdropping, realizing suddenly that this was no acting, but the genuine emotion experienced by a fellow-being whom one had become absorbed in so coolly witnessing from a position of advantage. It seemed unfair, however unwilling one might be, thus unconcernedly to witness his anxious work; it was an intrusion, quite unpardonable, to watch in cold blood such entire self-forgetfulness. It was obvious that he had lost all sense of individual existence, that he had succeeded in making himself a mere channel for the expression of the spirit of the music he so definitely realized, and in so

masterly a fashion was able to inspire in the executants he directed. More, it was evident one was in the presence of a genuine musician, capable of profound emotion and great enough to permit its expression with complete lack of self-consciousness ; at the same time one realized that the emotion was held balanced and controlled by a firm directing will.

Immediately the symphony was over I left the Hall. It was impossible to spoil the strange and surprising discovery by the over-fatigue which would follow hours spent in the crowded hot atmosphere. I wished to carry away the vivid new image before its refreshing effect became replaced by weariness. There were to be Wagner excerpts later in the evening ; these I did not desire to hear. Alert with crowding thoughts I walked home, revolving the meaning of the eventful evening. In a maze of confused feelings and ideas I understood that I was on the verge of a new awakening as potent for good as had been the discovery of the piano just before the war. I decided to attend further orchestral performances led by any similar earnest musicians unsparing of effort ; and resolved to make a strong endeavour to learn to enjoy the orchestra as I had learned to enjoy the piano. I remember I wondered whether, from the usual seat amongst the audience, from its position in front of the orchestra, there would be noticeable any distinct feature as the result of such untiring energy on the part of the leader.

However, opportunity to attend another orchestral concert was lacking for some time. Week after week passed by, and still I put off going out again after having once returned home from tiring hospital hours. That winter the Beecham Opera Company season was being held at Covent Garden. A friend came all the way

from a distant provincial town to attend a performance of " Parsifal," and positively took my breath away by her statement that the Opera began at seven o'clock and did not finish till after eleven. Though she stayed at my house for the occasion I felt no inclination to accompany her, nor had I even the curiosity to inquire in the morning whether she had enjoyed so extraordinarily long an evening. The idea that I should ever be tempted to copy what appeared to me in the guise of a most exhausting adventure did not for one moment occur to me.

Towards the end of February a friend asked me to accompany his wife to some concert or theatre ; he was too busy to spare an evening, but desired her to have some such diversion after a trying time of home worries. We scanned the newspaper announcements, and presently my eye fell on the Covent Garden advertisement. I remained gazing at it reflectively, struck by the fact that " Parsifal " was announced for a Saturday evening. My thoughts ran : first, Saturday was the only possible day for attempting the novel venture of an opera over four hours in length ; secondly, " Parsifal " sounded as if it might be less objectionable than I imagined most of Wagner to be ; thirdly, in any case, one was guaranteed a thorough and most sincere rendering, because the conductor's name was that of the unsparing man whose earnest work on the evening of the Beethoven Symphony remained impressed upon my memory. Such was the sequence of reasoning which led to the simple decision which was fraught with such unexpected consequences.

On the morning of the engagement we were duly thrilled by the newspaper notice that " owing to the nature of the performance " the doors of the opera house would be closed five minutes before the hour,

and that after that time no one could be permitted to enter the house before the conclusion of the first act.

The friend whom I had been asked to accompany had in her busy home life no time to cultivate her musical taste. We were therefore in the same state of ignorance ; we knew nothing of the music nor of the plot of the opera we were to witness on that momentous Saturday. As we drove along the wet, crowded streets we both enjoyed the delightful sense of relief at our escapade after our respective occupations. Keen anticipation suffused every thought as we talked over everything except the opera, unknown and rare, which awaited us. Nursery and medicine alike left behind, we were setting out adventurously in the spirit of holiday, for the unimaginable future of an evening of music stretching ahead for the incredible space of four hours ! Once we had entered the portals of the great opera-house nothing could recall us, no one could find us. We agreed that if boredom or fatigue visited us we should leave long before the allotted hours elapsed.

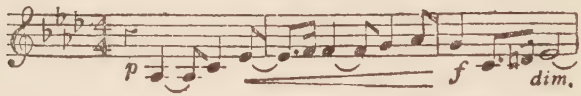
Past the closed cabbage and fruit stalls, and the huge emptied wooden cases, through the long dark tortuous streets—at last we were safely settled in the warm bright atmosphere of the Covent Garden stalls. We enjoyed the few minutes' waiting before seven o'clock. It was my first visit to the historical house since the pre-war days when from the distant heights I had watched " Œdipus Rex " and a Russian Ballet. The coming and going, the movement, the beautiful jewels and dresses, but still more, the individuals who formed the audience—all were of interest to such novices as we. The men and women who attend performances of " Parsifal " are of a type distinct. There was present much charm and dignity ; there were many thoughtful faces alight with intellect and

character. Expressions grave and earnest, fine and sincere, with little show and no display, were the order of the day.

" Owing to the nature of the performance "—the highly significant words were repeated again and again in the memory, whetted the imagination and excited eager anticipation during the slow passing minutes. Five minutes to the hour ; the lights were gradually extinguished. No late comer was admitted ; no movement, no sound was audible.

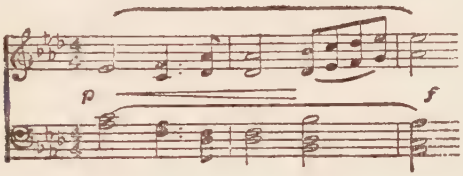
What is there in the consciousness of a large and silent assembly that conveys that thrill, that expectant tension, that breathless anticipation, half pain, half pleasure, that keen and vivid awareness of the existence of an indistinct yet real something—sensed by other than ear or eye—in the pervading atmosphere ? To this day, both before and after any great orchestral performance there comes to me, ever renewed as freshly as if each time entirely novel, that sense of vivid realization of the unseen reality which conveys the elation and the freedom of recaptured youth.

This realization is supremely intensified when darkness and silence shut out from the mind all intruding perceptions of sight and sound. It is tuned to the highest pitch of expectation when one is aware that the orchestral leader is one who will stimulate his men to give of their best, because he grudges no effort in the attempt to attain perfection. The five minutes of obscurity that evening seemed interminable. We anxiously watched, far in the distance, silhouetted against the dim light, the motionless head of the orchestra's leader as he appeared to be vigilantly gathering together his forces for the overture. The complete and reverent silence persisted. A swift

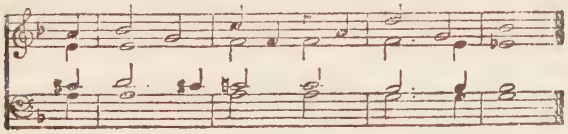
movement ; one drew a long breath as the tension of the mysterious waiting was relieved and the first long-drawn notes began in the distant orchestra, hovered a moment, gathered power and soared upward. The full, rich, sustained notes smote to attention every faculty as there sounded in solemn procession the slow movement of the Love Feast *motif*. Followed other interwoven harmonies with high and rapid tremulous accompaniment, strangely impressive silences, hesitations, and repetitions of the exquisitely beautiful Faith and Grail themes. Another air, equally solemn, equally lovely, was heard again and again, now rising into a full flood of stately sound, now melting to the quiet accents of serene meditation. To the distant

"Parsifal"—First Bars of Prelude. Love Feast and Suffering Motifs.

rows of the stalls the music appeared slowly to extend ; the richly rounded phrases gently rose and expanded, giving rise to an almost physical sensation on the part of the listener, as of being bathed in strong stinging waves which engulfed one, carried one along, passed one by and, as they receded, left one on the shore luxuriously purified after their passage. Scarcely had one recovered breath from this novel buffeting by the invisible tide than one became aware that the process was being repeated. Every faculty, every sense seemed keyed to the highest level ; the mind was wafted from its usual anchorage to the body and dwelt in a region of rapture evoked by the divine love and pity narrated in accents of melting loveliness by the

throbbing language of the orchestra. Unsurpassable warm depths were plumbed; ineffable cool heights were scaled. The experience proved beyond one's dreams of wildest imaginings; unique, overwhelming, the more powerful because so totally unexpected, the supreme revelation of a world hitherto undreamt of.



"Parsifal." The Grail Motif.

The technical words to express my meaning are lacking; I can only use the inadequate phrase that I had never before realized that any group of instruments could, combined, produce music so rich, so complete, so all-pervading; such infinite gentleness, at times a

"Parsifal." Pity Motif.

mere whisper; and again such amazing volume of sound gathering in imposing crescendo as a mighty climax pealed forth with tremendous and tumultuous energy. Even then, even in the loudest, most astonishing fortissimo, there remained the suggestion of a noble reticence, a perfect control. The forces could be reined in and would subside to a gentle breeze just

when their stormy vigour threatened to be too stupendous for further human endurance. Many times over, with clear simplicity, appeared the pure and rarefied atmosphere of the Grail. The Faith and Pity themes that evening were to me but a maze of marvellous harmonies that enveloped one, swept through and over one and left no moment for repose and critical reflection. For no instant could one retire to consciousness of self; the music took possession, even to the most remote recesses of one's being.

The curtain rose; the thrilling revelation of the great overture was over. From our seats little was visible; the more stimulating in consequence the effect of the music upon the imagination as the tale was slowly unfolded through the long, tedious narrative of Gurnemanz. English words do not travel far in song; French can be followed with much greater facility, even from the high balconies of the Paris Opera House. At the first interval, which occurred nearly two hours later, we therefore were forced to study the programme and book of words in order to understand the amazing spectacle of which we had had such tantalizing glimpses.

Those who know only the story of "Parsifal" cannot form any idea of the impressiveness of the scene in the temple, nor of its mystic influence on the imagination of the ignorant spectator who beholds it for the first time, the situations unexpected, the drama all unknown. Just as each stroke tells in an etching, so in this intensely vivid scene every smallest incident has its importance. Every detail must have been carefully considered by Wagner and worked out with intent, so that each bears its due relation to the main theme and adds its portion to the greatness of the whole. The dignity, the reverence of the acting, the unearthly

loveliness of the enchanting music, the haunting spell of the invisible choir, the voices floating down from the hidden heights, the awed and motionless figure of Parsifal, awakening to pity as he witnesses the sufferings of the remorseful King—all combine to form a perfect whole of such arresting novelty and interest, of such poignant beauty, that the human spirit cries out, as it were, that this accumulation of the finer essence of life, this piling up of beauty upon beauty, with its manifold appeal to eye and ear and soul, is too rich, too overwhelming for mortal capacity. Many of the audience during the sacred chanting of the Grail service showed eyes bright with unshed tears. Tears of joy, tears of sadness—the differentiation here becomes impossible ; a height of feeling is reached where joy and sorrow meet and blend. The cynic is often heard to observe that man revels in grief, nurses and finds satisfaction in the memory of past suffering. The reverse is also true ; happiness lies on the borderland of pain. Great joy is so rare, so sacred and overpowering an experience that its presence is often acknowledged with tears of sadness. Such are the perplexities of psychology.

Few can witness a great performance of " Parsifal " and remain unmoved. With the majority, the critical spirit must flinch before its sincerity. With others, the symbolism of the temple and the realism of the Communion feast is so distasteful, and appears to them so out of date, that their objections are supported by their intellect and the magic of the music is unrealized. For those who, quite simply, can receive the parable, or whose criticism of the transitory external details is subservient to their appreciation of their enduring inner significance, " Parsifal " remains the culminating perfection of opera. The glamour of Wagner's

conception, the high seriousness and sense of things sacred pervading all, the mysterious awe, the holiness indwelling, yet eluding human understanding—all these, and more, are suggested and acclaimed as the music and the drama move on, irresistibly impelled towards the hidden goal. Throughout the opera hovers the Grail, unseen, intangible, present most compellingly when apparently absent. The Grail—alike the goal towards which all humanity reaches out, and the driving force which compels humanity to search for it ; alike the spiritual hunger which impels man to his pursuit of the ideal, and the symbol of the perfect life so ardently sought throughout the centuries in so many and such diverse ways.

The second act, as is probably intended by the rule of dramatic composition, formed a necessary relief to the intense emotional experience of the temple scene. Here again the impossibility of following the English words deprived one in large part of the pleasure of understanding the drama depicted. At a first hearing little of the music could be enjoyed after the swinging melody of the Flower Maidens' chorus. As the music was difficult, nothing was heard of Wagner's skill in expressing Kundry's ingenuity and dexterity, her wiles foiled, her attempts to allure by indirect appeal all rendered vain by the direct simplicity and the purity of mind of a young man whose life had been passed close to nature, unaccustomed to and ignorant of the presence of evil, and hence impervious to the insidious nature of its attraction. Kundry exhibits her knowledge of men by her early recognition of the fact that with such a nature the lure of the senses is insufficient. She endeavours to win his interest and excite his pity, and in the process is herself enslaved.

By the time the third act began one could absorb

no more. The witchery of the lovely music of the Good Friday scene passed all unnoticed. The absence of meaning, due to inaudible words, caused the action to be misunderstood until the haunting cadence of the march in the temple scene, familiar and welcome, was again sounded, and the opera closed on a note of supreme joy and spiritual rejoicing. Obstacles overcome, the holy lance and the Grail restored, the music quickened, gathered in volume, pealed forth in glory, then finally faded away as its melodies soared heavenward.

From our position we enjoyed a strange acoustic effect, which I have never since experienced. As the sound became louder and more triumphant and the voices more thankful and joyous, there appeared to be a second orchestra and choir hidden behind us and on either side. So strong was the illusion, I looked around expecting to see some semi-concealed balcony and second choir. The result was so supremely beautiful that it is a matter of great regret to me that I have never since succeeded in finding a position in the opera-house where the same effect can be heard.

The last sacred strains rose to ethereal heights and died away ; the curtain fell ; the audience, too deeply stirred for the usual light conversation, silently dispersed. Applause is not permitted at performances of " Parsifal," and fortunately so. The host of rich experiences had been too astonishing for adequate expression by means of any spoken word. The sense of spiritual elation precluded all possibility or thought of fatigue. A host of half-formed thoughts jostled each other in an endeavour to gain coherence. At the moment of intuition, when the spirit passes over and becomes one with the invisible truth behind the

form, thought is for the time being held in suspense. In Wordsworth's lines, this condition is described :

> " In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired."

During that evening one was content to remain receptive, to realize the existence of the Grail ; there would be plenty of time on subsequent days to try to analyse Wagner's conception and to consider the symbolism he had chosen to represent so stupendous a spiritual fact. I knew at once that the evening formed one of the landmarks amongst life's finest experiences, that it would bear fruit in innumerable ways then impossible to foresee. Although I could not speak with the assurance of a musician, I had absolute certainty that I had listened to a great and a noble rendering of the music from the orchestra, that I had seen and heard a high interpretation of the motives underlying the character of Parsifal.

As soon as possible, I procured the rolls of " Parsifal " for the player-piano, and diligently began to practise them. I had resolved not to visit the opera again until I knew more of the music. The records were difficult to play, and sounded thin ; as indeed do many orchestral works as arranged for the piano. Wagner's frequent employment of rich phrases in the brass renders his music especially difficult to express on an instrument in which all the notes produce sounds of a similar character. The rolls, however, served to revive the memory ; they also aided one to learn the *motifs*, without some knowledge of which the full enjoyment of a Wagner opera is impossible. The study of the words of the opera afforded yet another interest ; at a first visit no one could have realized what a vivid drama was being sung.

Eventually I saw the opera on three separate occasions that spring. Each time I knew more of the music, and heard, in consequence, more of the inner melodies and more deeply enjoyed and appreciated its magic. Its attraction was so great that I longed to see it every time it was performed, but I resisted the temptation and adhered to my decision to go only when I knew, by practice, more of the music. It happened that I was fortunate enough, on the two subsequent visits, to hear the same interpretation under Mr. Coates, and thus I was enabled to become more familiar with the music. I was not then aware that an opera can convey an entirely different meaning when the orchestra is directed by another personality. I did not indeed fully realize that fact until, after a long interval, I had again an opportunity of hearing "Parsifal." I had played over the music rolls—too few and too simple—surely more than a hundred times before I again saw "Parsifal." By that time I was eagerly longing to renew acquaintance with its supreme enchantment. This hunger could not be satisfied by concert excerpts, which are edited so that they are incapable of forming any real substitute for the operatic music, with its rich dramatic development and its glorious mass of sound. I listened to several gramophone records, but the gramophone cannot reproduce successfully the combination of orchestral instruments; one or other is always emphasized, to the detriment of the effect produced by the combined volume of sound.

The extraordinary effect of this music upon a beginner must be frankly admitted here. During the Easter (1920) four days' country holiday, I remember I walked by the sea and over the South Downs, trying to define precisely what part this new revelation was

to play in work and life. Its importance could not be ignored, nor forgotten. I was astounded, and not a little afraid of the intense interest it had aroused. I found it pervaded consciousness. It was always present; sometimes definitely, still more often concealed in ambush. It leaped to the mind with the morning awakening; it lurked in the background as sleep stole over the brain. Whilst trying to concentrate on any subject, lo! a moment of inattention, and the Grail march or the Good Friday enchantment was resounding through the thoughts. Waves and wind and rustling trees, all led back to the same magic refrains. I found that all social conversation gradually led back to "Parsifal," and recognized that the instigator of such discussion could have been no other than myself. Letters were written to friends of diverse mentalities and occupations; the leading theme in all was "Parsifal!"

Finally, on the last day of the brief holiday, dismayed by the ceaseless repetition of the name, I tried to escape its fascination by full confession that it had become a veritable obsession. An obsession of such imperious strength could play a useful part in the life of a musician, but must ultimately be injurious to the value of any other form of work. Hence its all-powerful domination must be exorcized at the earliest opportunity. Hitherto music had provided a stimulant and aid, never a detrimental absorption. Professional work of any kind in these days is a jealous god and cannot with advantage brook any rival; if music was not to be remorselessly banned for the future, it must be harnessed and thereby be turned to useful purpose. One had to face the fact that at present its influence was solely and wholly unsettling; and, finally, that unless it could be transformed to be a source of

strength instead of weakness the new world of orchestral beauty must be avoided as studiously as was Kundry by the Knights ! It would be unwise in such circumstances, I reluctantly concluded, to see or hear " Parsifal " again. Having admitted so much, I tackled the treatment of the condition as vigorously as I would have undertaken that of any patient similarly affected ; strong resolutions were enforced that the obsession should vanish. On the morrow, to my profound relief, I knew that the resolute review of the situation was to have a beneficial result ; the suggestions had been efficacious ; the all-pervading character of the obsession had diminished.

Many months, however, elapsed before " Parsifal " could be relegated to a position from which the opera could be dispassionately analysed. To this day " Parsifal " remains to me by far the most beautiful and completely satisfying of all operas. Defects or shortcomings I can imagine exist in number for a trained musician. What to me forms its chief attraction, what I believe to be the supreme possession which renders " Parsifal " superior to all other operas, is the satisfying whole that is produced by the harmony of the theme with the music. Where else can be found the spiritual teaching, the self-sacrifice, the compassion, the courage and the victory of the Christlike character, all expressed in fashion so persuasive, and in music of such ineffable loveliness ? Opera with such a combination—noble music wedded to noble thoughts—is, in my limited experience, unique, and therefore it makes a unique appeal. There is equally glorious music in " The Ring," but throughout those four great operas one is continually reminded of the frailty and folly of the characters ; they are totally unworthy—Brünnhilde excepted—of the noble music

which accompanies the narration of their faulty lives and inconsistent aims.

The meaning of " Parsifal " appears to trouble many people. All kinds of abstruse theories are put forward. People discuss it ; they read strange and complicated books ; they hold keys to the enigma which entail a deep study of theosophy or other occult religions. Such straining to discover a hidden meaning reminds one of the famous Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. That " Parsifal " is, I am told, claimed by so many sects, and abjured by so many others, is only evidence of the all-embracing nature of its attraction for the most widely differing types of mankind. That such diverse cults should claim it as representing the teaching of their creeds is only one more proof of the well-known observation that the same truths underlie the various forms and ritual which exist throughout the world. Just as the same humanity is found beneath the disguising outward habit of the diverse nations, so the spirit inspiring all doctrines, even those most at variance, springs from the one source of eternal truth.

So also do the most dissimilar individuals derive from " Parsifal " the sustenance peculiar to their needs. We are all tempted ; we all find plausible excuses at the moment of our yielding. We have, each and all, a sin-wound for which, at some future date, due remorse must be experienced, due penance paid in full. We are all compelled to seek the highest ; to endeavour to stifle the call by distracting the attention with material preoccupation and amusement is merely to postpone the inevitable day when we, like Parsifal, become awakened, and are obliged, by the very nature of our being, to arise and follow the Grail. Such, in

brief, is the essential doctrine of the opera. The other features which centre around the building up of this main principle are, in comparison, of but minor importance. Redemption and compassion play a large part and hold greater significance in some lives than in others ; the meaning of the words is modified in regard to the circumstances by which these qualities are called forth. Here in truth there is ample scope and proper place for the arguments of the students of recondite religions and moral sects. Those whose tastes do not lie in that direction may prefer to acquiesce in the simple reading that pity is equivalent to sympathy with the sufferings of others, and that redemption implies the necessity to make good, somehow, the harm wrought by wrong committed by ourselves or by others. Man is but as a child in his outlook on life until he has awakened to the fact that he cannot live for himself alone, that he is irrevocably destined to pity and to assist his less fortunate brethren. The laws of the universe cannot be gainsaid. For sin the price has to be paid, either by the guilty one himself or by the suffering of others who are involved by the consequences of the sin. Thus pity and redemption are the main bulwarks, not only of all Christian doctrine, but of all religions of all times, and of all philosophies, from the great teachers such as Plato to the smaller modern sects of mental healers.

In Kundry, it must be admitted, there exists a more complex problem which does not lend itself to ready solution. Her conflicting nature, with its marked contrasts, stands as an emblem which can be claimed by students of human character as a proof equally valid for the case of widely opposed schools of thought. The psychologist of modern times hails her as a perfect example of dual personality, showing

the susceptibility of her type to trance and sleep under the influence of suggestion, emanating either from the mind of another or from her own subconscious self, in its attempt to avoid the responsibility of exerting the will to independent decision. It is unnecessary to enter into further discussion of her intricate personality, the battle-ground of selfish and passionate impulses and of selfless aspirations after service. She, too, seeking the highest, is obliged to sacrifice all and to follow it to her life's end.

Such are the broad outlines of the lesson explicitly and definitely portrayed by the opera. Not even the most violent sceptic could quarrel with such conclusions. Yet there are those who profess to see in " Parsifal " much more subtle points. They declare, for example, that it inculcates the teaching that the perfect man must renounce the love of woman, and maintain the absolute chastity demanded in monastic life. They reproach Parsifal for his life of renunciation, and contrast him, to his detriment, with the assertive and conquering Siegfried. If indeed Wagner made such statements in writing or in speech, they are nowhere to be found in the opera.

The masterpieces of genius come from beyond the limited individuality of their author. We have to consider a great work by itself—inspired as it is from we know not where—rather than the personal opinions expressed by its writer. Nowhere can I discover, in Wagner's text of the opera, that the hero's life portrays renunciation, nor that it implies the negation of positive qualities. Siegfried has been acclaimed by many as the God-like hero with positive qualities ; Parsifal has been pitied as the opposite, a character of renunciation and negation. It is a mystery to me how this contention can be seriously maintained for a

moment. Nietzsche's pronouncements cannot hold us hypnotized in modern times. Test the two heroes by the contrast of their achievements. Siegfried is inconsiderate, assertive, inconsistent; he slays a dragon and wins the love of a goddess-woman; his physical prowess stands him in such poor stead that he loses both his love and his life and brings disaster both to men and gods by his failure. Parsifal is humble, but ever consistently presses towards his goal, is not deterred nor turned aside by any human or supernatural obstacle, and so wins through, attaining for himself the highest and most coveted position of his time, and restoring to a forlorn and dispirited world fresh hope in life, renewed impetus to aspiration and endeavour.

What is, however, startlingly clear to any dispassionate reader of the opera text, is the simple and world-old advice to avoid temptation, the sound commonplace teaching which tells every young man that the attraction of the sexes which is born of the senses alone is unhallowed, and its indulgence inevitably followed by disaster. That simple lesson is driven home with remorseless insistence. Whatever justification there may be for more abstruse and esoteric meanings comprehended only by the initiated, I remain content with the simple and obvious facts which do not require to be deduced, but are evident even to the most dull understanding at the first visit to "Parsifal." It is with this in view that I take exception to the reading which makes of Parsifal a saint; if the human quality of the opera is obliterated, or even diminished, the strength of its appeal to average humanity is lost.

In favour of the point of view which regards the knights as saints leading monastic lives it is urged,

with some show of reason, that Wagner described the opera as a " Sacred Festival Drama." The legend of the Grail has captivated the imagination of the most diverse minds and has provided a source of inspiration for some of the finest literature. I believe I am correct in stating that in most of the legends of the Knights of the Round Table the fact that purity was demanded of the keepers of the Grail does not imply that prayer formed their sole, or even their main occupation. Although prayer and divine service play so prominent a part in the opera, the Knights were workers in the world, and were supposed to contribute their due share towards its progress and to devote a large part of their time to " redressing human wrongs." Their chastity is often held in slight esteem, but an unprejudiced survey of the evils and unhappiness resulting from the neglect of that virtue supports incontestably the observation that a high standard with regard to all relationships between men and women makes for the health and the sanity both of the individual and the race. Courage is demanded of the man who lives up to the ideal, and likewise strength, but not necessarily saintliness ; the qualities pertaining to saintliness may be acquired at the expense of many desirable manly attributes. Parsifal was no saint, but a simple lad who, still young, beheld the vision of the ideal ; who struggled, fought and conquered until eventually, by reason of his suffering, sympathy and understanding he won through to a degree of insight and wisdom which enabled him to gain authority. Prayer and thanksgiving are not incompatible with strong and triumphant manhood. In such men indeed the religious sense, or the consciousness of the divine indwelling in man, is often most highly developed ; from that very consciousness is derived the chief

source of their power and invulnerability. History abounds with examples of the successful leaders of men whose lives were animated by religion ; the names of Gordon, Cromwell and Lincoln at once leap to the memory in this connection.

It is for these reasons that I contend that the music of the opera should depict the rich depths of a strong, intellectual and many-sided character rather than confine itself to a portrayal of his moods of meditation on holy things. When in the music the mystical quality prevails throughout, the success of the ascetic is gained only at the expense of wholesome vigour ; the human attributes vanish. It is due, I believe, to the prevalence amongst musicians of the inadequate, or one-sided and saintly interpretation that there exists the popular conception of the opera as dreamy and unreal.

The foregoing pages must not mislead the beginner into imagining that the opera inculcates moral precepts. Far from it ; the grandeur of the music overshadows the story so that its details assume a minor importance ; they are scarcely noticed whilst the drama is being enacted, submerged as they are in their relation to the whole which the orchestra suggests—the immensity of the universe, man playing his mysterious part in the unknown design of the all-enveloping Infinite.

I have heard " Parsifal " performed under several orchestral leaders, and there can be no question as to the entirely different impression conveyed to the audience by the various interpretations. When I heard the opera after a long interval, under another conductor and in other surroundings, I knew by heart the pianola records of its music, and was able to anticipate the delight of the recurring *motifs* which, in melody, explain the inaudible words of the song narrations.

The interpretation that evening gave me a totally new conception of the opera as a whole. It was softer, more mystic, more in keeping with the austere atmosphere of a monastery of saints. There were no gradually gathering climaxes, no rich under-swell in the accompanying bass, none of the occasional luscious 'cello tones which give body and balance to the refined asceticism of the quivering, slender notes of the high violins. Some may prefer this delicate reading, maintaining that it is more in character with a divine service and with religion. For the many reasons already stated, it seemed to me incomplete in comparison with the interpretation which I knew best. Indeed, there were long minutes during which I was distinctly and decidedly bored ; at last I understood the observations I had frequently heard—*e.g.* that " Parsifal " was " too long drawn out," a type of " tired music," the " product of an old man's brain." At length I knew why people had expressed surprise or incredulity when I had referred to " Parsifal " as my favourite opera. I was more than disappointed by the close of the evening ; next day even the memory produced a sensation of fatigue. At first I supposed that familiarity with the player-piano music had robbed it of novelty and hence diminished its charm. This explanation was not entirely satisfactory. I could not remember that the *Études* of Chopin had decreased in attractiveness as they became more familiar—on the contrary. Whatever the cause, I was obliged, most reluctantly, to admit that I had been bored during a large part of the evening so long and so eagerly looked forward to. I felt that a great zest had been taken from life. That the experience, so ardently desired during many long months had been accompanied by so much monotony and had left no after-effects of

elation or spiritual energy, made one wonder whether orchestral music could yield only a transitory joy, and was therefore of less importance than any other source of æsthetic pleasure. For a time the disappointment modified all my opinions with regard to the beneficial rôle played by music in human life. After reflection and careful analysis, however, I slowly realized that the sensation of flatness left by a reading which, in certain portions, had attained the highest summit of spirituality, was due to the absence of any balancing vigour and, in short, of reality. What had been lacking from this very sacred interpretation was the conviction that strength was compatible with spirituality. Four and a half hours of exclusive mysticism cannot be assimilated by the average dweller on this earth.

In the summer of 1922, " Parsifal " was again announced to be directed by Mr. Coates. I went, full of dread lest the perfect memory of 1920 was to be destroyed. With the first bars of the Prelude I realized, with thankful gratitude, that the old and wholly satisfying experience was to be repeated. Throughout the evening there was not one dull second ; all moved with stately majesty and vigour ; a fullness and completeness of life accompanied the reverent and religious atmosphere. Parsifal was a youth, simple and sincere, natural and unspoilt, awakened to reflective manhood by sympathy and the vision of the ideal, tempted as are we all, victorious and triumphant in the accomplishment of his task. Obstacles overcome, the goal attained, the music embodied the qualities of victory, pulsating with life ; never did it seem to celebrate, in lingering, slow, disembodied strains, the praise of an ascetic heaven divorced from all contact with reality. The music revealed a manly Parsifal, whom even George Meredith would have been proud to acclaim

as a hero worthy of his creation—a positive character in the truest sense of the word. Nor was this presentation of the music, albeit more human, in any way lacking in the brooding mysticism which should pervade the opera; the hovering, ethereal atmosphere of suggestion, rather than precise description, of the invisible Grail, the vision towards which imperfect humanity is ever groping, and in hours of sincerity bears witness, with Parsifal, to the irresistible nature of its magnetism.

By what means Mr. Coates succeeded in conveying so radically altered an impression, perhaps neither he nor his musicians could have explained. To my amateur observation several factors appeared to contribute towards the effect. There was never any hesitation or blurring; notes intended to be sounded simultaneously were struck in unison, and never glided into place in ladderlike progression. Greater variety of sound was brought about by emphasis of the notes produced by the deeper-toned instruments; this variety conveyed the suggestion of increase in rate, and thus entirely prevented the too-long-drawn-out monotony which is associated with music of a consistently slow and similar tone. In addition, the rich, sonorous bass phrases were encouraged, so that they stood out, forming glorious contrasts and harmonies, where previously they had been (apparently) slurred over or at least submerged in the general volume of orchestral sound. For example, in all lengthy narrative solos, the *motifs* in the bass accompaniment were so clearly accentuated that they told the story and the emotions of the characters, yet never drowned the voice. The Good Friday scene did not "drag," because the reiterated hammering bass formed a luxuriant background for the divine high melody.

Another stimulating introduction was the masterly command exhibited in the arrangement of climaxes gathering to a storm which, whilst threatening to break all bounds, was restrained and calmed to a mere hint of sound at the entrance of the human voice. More important, however, than all these details, was the dominating power of the unswerving rhythm of the music. Unfaltering, inevitable as a remorseless force of nature, its ebb and flow spread to the deeper levels of the mind, gripping and maintaining its imperious hold upon the imagination.

This is the impressive interpretation, with its deep human appeal, which one longs to hear produced in all great cities every Sunday afternoon throughout the grey wet winter months. What finer form of education, as well as pleasure, could be provided for the young who know not how to pass the weary hours when out-of-door amusement is impossible and only cinema halls remain alert to cater for their starving minds ?

The contrasting interpretations which I heard of this opera have been described together. The threads of my progress during the intervening years must now be taken up in another chapter.

CHAPTER V

Further Progress in Orchestral Music

WHILST comparing the several versions of my first and favourite opera, I have passed over the experiences of the intervening years. The only other opera I saw during the spring of 1920 was "The Mastersingers," conducted with magnificent vigour by Sir Thomas Beecham. Much to my delight and surprise, I was able to recognize Walther's prize song in many parts of the opera, and could with sincerity say that I had enjoyed much of the evening. Further acquaintance in subsequent years with this opera confirmed the opinion I based upon my pianola studies, that the grandeur of the music, and especially of the overture, formed a setting suitable for the triumphal progress of a world-conqueror. No one hearing it without knowing its origin, would, I believe, ever associate with a guild of singers the stately and noble theme so prominent in the martial glory of the overture and in the music which accompanies the final prize awarding. The exuberant beauty of this rich music accompanies, but rarely suggests or chronicles, the simplicity and the happy adventures of the charming characters. Throughout the opera, my main impression at the time, and since, is that, except for the solitary figure of Hans Sachs, the story—alike the

characters and their doings—forms too limited a stage for the nobility and dignity of the music.

The summer of 1920 had Opera, but, if I remember aright, no Wagner. Of all I heard that season—"Louise," "Manon Lescaut," "La Bohème," and Gluck's "Orpheus"—the last named took easily the first place. The music is so melodious that it attracts at a first hearing people of the most divergent tastes. One friend, a distinguished man of science of seventy-seven years, who had never in his life before seen an opera, expressed his delighted intention to visit many more with me. I met many who had heard "Orpheus" every time it had been produced that summer. My disappointment can be imagined on finding that there existed out of the entire opera only one very brief player-piano record, and that not even the famous song, "Che faro Eurydice," could be obtained for practice. Yet I am certain that from the bewitching beauty of that music many player-piano rolls could be manufactured which would vie in popularity with those of the "best sellers."

In Paris there are two excellent opera houses open practically every day of the year, including Sundays; after two years' silence on the part of the Beecham Opera Company we had in London a season of eight weeks! At every brief visit to Paris, therefore, I seized the opportunity of enjoying the excellent performances at the Opera House and the Opéra Comique. The absence of Opera in London led me to seek for other sources of first-class orchestral work. I was advised that, apart from week-end music, there were two chief series of such concerts available in London—the concerts of the London Symphony and of the Philharmonic Orchestras. In all, these two sets of highly skilled players give in London a series of

sixteen concerts during the 365 days which make up a year! It is but a crumb thrown to the hungry; but ten of the sixteen sufficed to provide me with invaluable wealth. The programme of the London Symphony Orchestra for 1920–21, I remember, daunted me in advance, because so few of its items were available for pianola practice before each concert. Incredible was the delight, therefore, renewed at each performance, on finding the music—with rare exception—as invigorating an inspiration as had been the first plunge into the astonishing sea of Opera. I must not here discuss the physical and psychic reactions of music, which are dealt with in Part II.; I restrict my present remarks to the statement that before the second winter was on the way I recognized gratefully that the new discovery was as refreshing to the body as air and sunshine, as stimulating to the mind as the contact with keen sympathetic intellects, as thrilling and mysterious in its joy-giving capacity as first love; whilst for the practical purposes of work and life it proved a potent source of pure energy communicated from the infinite reserve which can be drawn upon in the conditions set in motion by great music.

It would weary the reader were it possible to describe all I found enchanting in the orchestral works I have heard, even all that left an indelible mark. It may, however, assist those for whom I write this book, if they make every effort to hear the several works mentioned below, to learn them and to compare the various interpretations which they will certainly hear within the next few years. I have purposely refrained from discussing the subject with professional or even with amateur musicians, so that the impressions of a beginner should not become, perhaps insensibly, so modified that they could not assist other beginners.

The two outstanding works which I have had the privilege to hear magnificently performed, are Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and the Cæsar Franck Symphony. These impressed me as direct "up-rushes" from the subconscious, sincere expressions of genius undeniably divine. I have already alluded to the Cæsar Franck Symphony (p. 64), and will not here say more regarding the nobility of that conception —a sublime description of humanity's courageous fight against overwhelming obstacles and triumphant spiritual victory. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony surely reaches the culminating point of spirituality, the purest height possible to human expression through the medium of music. The symphony begins almost inaudibly, suggesting the creation of the soul from the background of a formless dark mist, lit up from time to time with sudden brief gleams of sunshine, gradually broadening to full light of day, with its glamour and the ensuing clamour of strife. The slow movement contains two of the most bewitching melodies in all music; they charm the heart so that one can scarcely move, scarcely breathe, lest one should miss a single exquisite note. When it is played in a manner worthy of the perfection of the music—as I have had the good fortune to hear it played—one feels that the very angels in heaven must have leaned down to inspire the composer as he evolved its magic strains. Beautiful as is the Andante of the deservedly famous Fifth Symphony, it has not the melting perfection and variety of the slow movement of the Ninth. As you reluctantly realize it is nearing its conclusion, you are startled by the brilliancy of the quick succeeding movement; and no sooner has that also passed than you are carried away with the triumphant "Ode to Heavenly Joy." A nobler, purer joy, breathing more exultantly the

very essence of divinity, has never been expressed in music. Comparisons are cruel, too often unjust; yet it is but natural here to recall the final chorus of "Parsifal," where the thanksgiving soars upward and is lost in the dome of the temple. The spiritual superiority of the finale of the Ninth is indubitably evident; Wagner has not, even in "Parsifal," attained the pure serenity of the heights scaled with such apparent ease by Beethoven.

After the beauty of the orchestral sections of the symphony, the introduction of the human chorus comes at first with a shock. The voices are so loud and insistent in a concert hall. The sight of the dense crowd of singers distracts the mind, and their tense expression, betraying so much obvious effort, effectually prevents all communication of joy to the audience. At first the choir seemed to represent one of those inevitable moments when genius nods, one of those uninspired labours where the fabrication of the intellect replaces the intuition of the soul. Subsequent reflection, however, convinces one that the composer of so great a theme must have had sound reasons for his choice of an instrument apparently so unwieldy as a human choir. In the open air, or even in a large hall with the singers half concealed, a choir would have fuller scope. Those clear, joyous strains are more in harmony with the wind-swept spaces of nature than the cramped limits of a building. The "Ode to Heavenly Joy" is far removed from all that is artificial. It is in keeping with the vast expanse of open moors and cool, fresh breezes. It portrays the wholesome joy of the normal man whose life is largely spent in the open air, alike in sunshine and storm, healthy with the glow that comes with the buffeting of the forces of nature; his whole being permeated with the radiant

delight that follows the accomplishment of sincere work performed in conditions so harmonious. Or, again, how adequately it sums up the fulfilment of life, when at the close of long years of toil and combat, of endurance and heroic endeavour, man, victorious, realizes his oneness with the creative force and the great purpose of the universe and awakes to awareness of the joy that springs from within, the heavenly joy surpassing all other human experience of happiness !

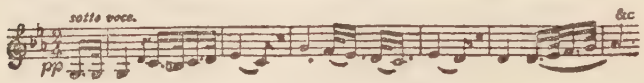
Nietzsche wrote in glowing terms of this symphony, and it is known that Wagner himself owed much to it. Beethoven, composing the Ninth Symphony, must have known what Browning describes with a poet's understanding :

" But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome ; 'tis we musicians know."

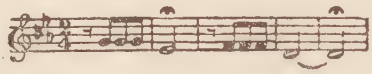
Music may in the future diverge along other lines, but along this particular path it can proceed no farther —Beethoven has attained its very summit.

Of the music worthy to stand beside the Ninth Symphony are Beethoven's Fifth, Seventh and Third Symphonies. These are characterized not only by the breadth of view and greatness of conception belonging to genius, but also by their wealth of fascinating melody. It would be impossible here to recount the innumerable moments which stimulate the imagination and yield the highest delight. The Third, the " Eroica," has attached to it a tale which strikes the imagination. Just as Beethoven had completed the work the news came that Napoleon had been crowned Emperor. Beethoven immediately altered his dedication. From " To a great man " it became : " To the memory of a great man " ! The slow movement of the symphony is no ordinary funeral oraison. With the prescience

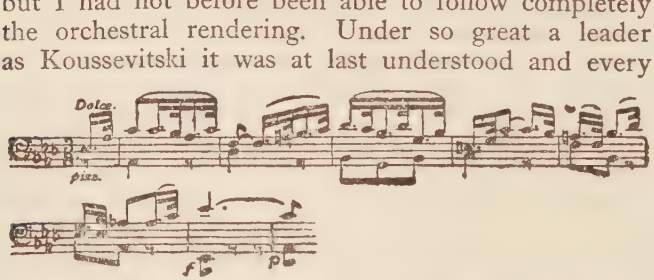
of genius, Beethoven seems to be describing the thoughts of Napoleon, recalling the incidents of his past glory as he gazed seawards from his prison at St. Helena where a fate worse than death had befallen him.



Slow Movement of Third Symphony

The performance of the Fifth which greatly pleased me was played under the direction of Koussevitski ; it had a subtle quality rarely heard. This symphony had been well known to me from pianola practice in

Beginning of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

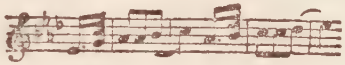
France, in the days before I could enjoy an orchestra ; but I had not before been able to follow completely the orchestral rendering. Under so great a leader as Koussevitski it was at last understood and every



Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Andante. First Melody

phrase enjoyed. Commencing with an imperious repetition of four notes—said to herald " Fate knocking at the door "—it passes on to a haunting air which is tossed from end to end of the orchestra, and from one

instrument to another, modified with each recurrence in the insidious way which Nature herself adopts in her determination never to fashion alike two objects. Passing then to the exquisite melodies of the andante movement, and through the troublous experience of



Second Melody of Andante of Fifth Symphony.

the scherzo, at last the whole orchestra peals out the glorious exaltation of the finale. The rapturous triumph commemorated there is as strong, as radiant, as wholesome and as pure as the joy of the finale of the Ninth.

Bach's music reaches at many points the highest pinnacle of spirituality, but comparatively little of it is available in a few orchestral concerts. The Brandenburg Concerto, often heard under Sir Henry Wood at the Promenade Concerts, gives the novice a clear idea of the powerful rhythm and the wealth of imaginative genius which is characteristic of Bach. It communicates to the audience a sense of serene yet vivid delight, the creative joy that must find vent in productive work. The music of Bach resembles an inexhaustible spring, bubbling up in irrepressible jets of clear, sparkling water. With Bach, one is always intensely aware of the architecture or framework constantly evident in the work of the older masters ; I believe the technical name of that framework is counterpoint. The music has a regular rhythm which has a very definite and happy influence upon the mind of the listener. I am certain that this type of music has the best effect upon the health ; the question is considered in the second part of this book. Mozart's "Requiem Mass"

conveys the same sense of pure and rhythmic music; the evening of its performance remains one of my happiest memories.

For the assistance of the beginner I must try to explain what should be looked out for when he hears Bach's music for the first time. It has a feature which soon becomes apparent, even to a novice, and holds his fascinated attention. After listening carefully for a few minutes to any work of Bach, whether of piano or orchestra, one hears a cluster of notes appearing again and again, forming a definite phrase like the line of a poem. This line is repeated at different levels, high and low, and with varying emphasis, becoming more distinct, more ringing and forcible as the music proceeds. Sometimes the phrase is almost buried in the volume of sound created by the usually rapid and markedly rhythmic accompanying notes; at other times it sings out clearly above or below them. With the passing minutes the whole gathers strength, and becomes more resonant; the phrase becomes a dominating, stimulating clarion call; the background has the swell and grandeur of a mighty ocean wave. The majesty of the sound suffuses, overwhelms, completely absorbs the consciousness of the listener. From the little things of nature and the small details of quiet daily life the music has passed to recount the tempestuous storm, the mighty creations of man's genius, the victory and the love of God. Every mood of man, from the simple to the most sublime, is described, or finds its fitting echo in Bach.

To the untrained listener, all seems to be based upon the same musical foundation—a phrase embroidered, repeated and yet again modified; deepening, evolving and developing until the entire universe has been passed in review, discussed, brooded upon and

transformed by the mysterious language of musical sound. Often there is charm and serenity; often also the cool detachment of a scholar's meditation; sometimes there is warm human sympathy, kindly, rich experience and loving rejoicing; always, there is dignity, control and a direct, wholesome sincerity. Moods so contrasting as simple gaiety and high religious fervour are frequently and vividly expressed in this music. But nowhere have I heard in Bach the slightest indication of those tumultuous emotions of agonized despair that overwhelm the soul when doubt, self-pity and the other chaotic influences arising from over-cultured intellectual conditions have broken down all reticence, and swept the sufferer off his balance. Self-absorption and faint faith cannot exist side by side with the single-minded devotion which characterizes the generations distinguished for delight in action and earnest spiritual vitality. It is not necessary to study the life of Bach in order to feel certain that his intellect was powerful, his character direct and admirable, his purposes inspired by religious faith. The creator of such music could not have passed his days amidst material luxury. A healthy masculine sanity prevails; the serene and joyous purity of a well-ordered life. Just as a writer reveals himself—his experience and his aims—in his novels or poems, so does a musician, as inevitably, as completely, and more unconsciously, reveal in his music the manner of man he is—his beliefs, his feelings, his ideals. The composer's own character is betrayed to those who hear his music; it peeps out at every minute and from every corner.

For the beginner, the dainty "old-worldness" of the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn fascinate at a first hearing. Brahms is more difficult; without

much practice beforehand on a player-piano the beginner receives no impression whatever at the first—nor even at the second—performance of the involved music of his symphonies. Much of Elgar's work is worthy to stand beside the great classics. "The Enigma" Variations, as played under Mr. Coates by the London Symphony Orchestra, undoubtedly convey that sense of space, grandeur and stateliness which in lesser hands degenerates to a theatrical pose.

In quite another category, but interesting and decidedly provocative of thought, are the modern works of Scriabin, Delius, Holst and Prokokieff. Scriabin is a mystery. Some of his preludes are as dainty and lovely as those of Chopin; his orchestral works possess an attraction I cannot explain. Sometimes I wonder if it is the suggestive effect caused by the row of massed trumpets and the impressiveness of the orchestra augmented by so many novel and unrecognizable instruments. The unique volume of unmelodious sound, the noise and the blare of the brass, probably play a greater part than musicians imagine in creating the interest, apparently so widespread, which is shown for Scriabin. He envelops one in a maze of sustained sound which is illustrative, so the programmes tell us, of mystical and profound psychical experience. One tries to capture these moods; in vain. The obvious efforts on the part of the players and conductor produce a psychological atmosphere of strenuous labour. This, and the prevalent sensation of difficult endeavour conveyed by the music combine to contribute a strange effect, as of growth against adverse conditions. It is as if Bergson's *élan vital* could be actually *heard* pushing its upward way through the resistance of dead matter. The final result is one which stimulates the intellect, but leaves

a sense of incompleteness; the principal emotion aroused is one of dissatisfied awareness of a problem left unsolved.

Such music does not produce the buoyant physical and spiritual results so noticeable after the older classics. Much greater pleasure, both from the point of view of the beauty of the music and the expansive emotions it arouses, is to be obtained from several of the modern British school. Of these I shall merely mention "A London Symphony" (Vaughan Williams), "The Planets," "The Hymn of Jesus" (Holst), and "The Song of the High Hills" (Delius).

For more than a year after my awakening to the delight bestowed by good orchestral music, I attended such concerts alone, and hence my impressions were formed with entire independence, without guidance or information other than that of the mainly technical outlines which are provided in the programmes. After a brief apprenticeship I could distinguish clearly the wide difference of the physical and mental effects produced by the great classics and by much of the music composed within comparatively recent years. The purely imitative variety of modern music is briefly discussed in Chapter VII. The slighter works of the modern school present none of the intellectual content which redeems the uncertain groping of Scriabin's ingenious attempts to penetrate and expound the mysteries of the universe. The music to which I refer may be masterly in its manipulation of the rules of musical composition; of that aspect I am unqualified to judge. Its physical and mental effects, however, may be summed up in a sentence. It is never refreshing; lassitude, even headache, may follow; emotionally, it represents every form of misdirected human energy.

During these verbose musical works one suffers from the boredom caused by a lengthy discourse unillumined by a single spark of wit or gleam of imagination ; one leaves the concert hall wearily, sadly convinced of the drab dullness of humanity. Another evening an hour is passed in depicting dejection and emptiness, fruit of a wasted lifetime, the spirit satiated by indulgence in material satisfactions, searching in vain for the redeeming quality which eludes its grasp. In such works there is usually much futile agitation and excitement ; the feeling of suspense which they occasion to the listener is often almost intolerable. Towards the end a proffered reward is eagerly snatched at, only to prove as hollow as the previous tantalizing gains ; the music terminates with an unmistakable wail of resentful disappointment. Yet again, in certain compositions one seems to hear the struggles of a man whose poverty of intellect and imagination lead him into a bewildering maze, beset with thorns. Time flies whilst he follows in circles a will-o'-the-wisp ; eventually his pent-up energy, deprived of any normal outlet, dissipates itself in a tumultuous blare of futile rage. This final outburst of noise conveys no sense of tragedy, but merely affords one more proof that so purposeless and misguided an existence makes human life meaningless—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Such music resembles much of the contemporary fiction which describes men and women of splendid promise, who, if animated by high purpose, would afford living testimony to the glory of humanity. The authors, themselves rudderless, condemn their creations to spend useless and self-indulgent lives, uninspired by a glimmer of spiritual understanding.

Examples, these, both in music and in literature, of the age of transition in which we live, the halting-place

on the path to that finer faith of the future which is realized only by the advanced leaders of each generation. An inadequate philosophy of life is not hidden from the eyes of the discerning merely because it is expressed in notes of music instead of words. No one can maintain that such music can have any invigorating or helpful effect upon an audience.

One outstanding modern work deserves separate mention. It is difficult for an amateur to express a dispassionate opinion concerning Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." Its powerful and strongly marked rhythm affects the imagination forcibly. Ere half its course has run, the brain feels stunned; by the end, jolted and perturbed; many highly strung individuals are in a condition of almost hysterical emotion. The music seems to represent the cruel psychology of a crowd; every refining and curbing influence of civilization thrown aside as they pant, hot for vengeance. The ever-quickening repetition of the relentless beat of the loud ground rhythm is that of the dervishes and savages who deliberately work themselves up into a state of wild and unrestrained frenzy in which the most terrible crimes can be committed without their consciousness. Played repeatedly to a revolutionary mob, this music would provoke the most cruel crimes of passionate excess. In its cries one seems to hear in truth these tales of haunting horror which stagger the imagination—tales of evil spirits enabled by witchcraft to enter into the bodies of men and drive them to unspeakable deeds of brutality. Yet, if one refrains from probing too deeply into the inner meaning of this music, one can thoroughly enjoy it as something rare and bizarre.

Tschaikovsky cannot be omitted from any survey of orchestral music. He creates a profound impression

at the first hearing, and therefore his music forms an excellent introduction for beginners. But in spite of all his strength and majesty of tone, gorgeous colouring and lovely melody, he does not produce the purifying and elevating effect, nor any of the enduring attraction of the great masters. He is startling ; he is powerful ; but in much of his work the emotion runs riot, leaves nothing to the imagination, and thus imprisons rather than sets free the spirit. He conveys no inspiring courage ; his audience shares the exaggerated feelings of a society which has cultivated to excess the indulgence of extravagant emotionalism. When man strains after a condition of continuous and voluptuous pleasurable feeling, he is finally overcome by depression and is unable to enjoy any simple and natural forms of happiness. And yet, having expressed that estimate, I hesitate ; it does not do justice to his greatness. In his own sphere, he is sincere. Honesty, however crude, merits respect. He lived in the world of Dostoievsky, whose romances, to the sober British reader, seem to be peopled by veritable giants of emotionalism. To the average listener Tschaikovsky conveys a sense of rich revelling ; such music is beneficial to the hard-worked city dweller chained to a sedentary desk, but is not helpful to the jangled nerves of the unoccupied mind or to the moral invalid.

And so we return to Wagner, who, as is evidenced by the crowded " Promenade " on the Wagner evening of these autumn concerts, is obviously the composer who attracts the largest circle of followers amongst the general public. It must be admitted that concert extracts rarely give a complete idea of the irresistible development of the music of his mighty operas. The concert items present, apparently, compressed and edited modifications, and in the process the music loses

much of its vigour and meaning. Yet even in such pocket editions Wagner's tremendous personality, with its many-sided qualities of intellect and character, breathes through every bar. The absence of repose and detachment is compensated for by its abounding vitality and the wealth of his melody. His " tunefulness " indeed came as a surprise to me. It is popularly supposed, and I still hear it seriously maintained by the " unmusical," that Wagner's music has no melody. Far from it. It often lacks spirituality and reverence, but it is as richly endowed with melody as with fire and variety.

Wagner was one of those overpowering personalities whom we meet occasionally, perhaps once in a busy lifetime. On first acquaintance they repel. They talk so volubly, so exuberantly ; their ideas and speech flow in such profusion that one has doubts of their sincerity and accuracy. One is so intensely aware of their defects that one is at first astonished at their success. They make many enemies, because they are usually dogmatic, assertive, and lacking in humility, sympathy and fine sensitiveness. Nevertheless, if prejudice can be dismissed, one realizes with a shock that such are the characteristics described as belonging to many of the remarkable and most successful notabilities of the past. Wagner was one of these tiresome people—people whom one often longs to have the satisfaction of condemning outright ; but for whom one finds constant excuses and reservations have to be made. Finally, the honest critic is obliged, however reluctantly, to admit that his genius overshadows all his shortcomings and eventually redeems all his errors. The greatness of his personality speaks through all his music ; it cannot be dismissed, it cannot be escaped.

Wagner's treatment of the theme of love, in his

verse, is never inspiring. For that reason it took me long to summon up enough courage to witness " Tristan and Isolde." The text of the concert extracts, with their delirium of single-worded exclamations, the entire outlook which regards with equanimity the decision that so rare a gift as a great love can be worthily fulfilled by death is contradictory to every instinct of common sense as well as true romance. Why the " Tristan " of the Promenade Concerts is attended by a crowded audience is a bewildering phenomenon ; especially as observation reveals that many show marked symptoms of boredom, some being overcome by drowsiness, even by sleep ! I was told that " Tristan and Isolde " was the greatest of Wagner's operas, and represented a pure flame of love ; but for years I was unable to face the prospect of a long evening throughout which one man and one woman sang only of love and death. In spite of innumerable passages of gorgeous beauty and splendour, the music of the opera, as a whole, reflects the unsatisfied longing, prevailing gloom and suspense of the story. Hence, in the tense listener, it creates a sense of urgent unrest. Those who find this music produces extreme exhaustion are, unwittingly, revealing the cumulative effect which one would expect to be brought about by its recurring phrases expressive of longing with ever-postponed fulfiment. Notwithstanding all the loveliness of the Prelude and Death Song, the emotion aroused by this music depicts none of the ennobling influence of the healthy love which joyously greets life and effort, not death and surrender. The material rather than the potential element of the spirit finds echo in these yearning and sorrowful strains. So many young people have expressed to me similar opinions, that I believe the idea so attractive in former days is regarded as unhealthy by a modern generation

to whom George Meredith's saner standpoint is more familiar. " The Sorrows of Werther," so popular in Goethe's century, would arouse to-day not tears, but most unsympathetic laughter. The attitude of Redworth is more in favour with the modern lover.

" With her, or rather with his thought of her soul, he understood the right union of women and men, from the roots to the flowering heights of that rare graft. She gave him comprehension of the meaning of love ; a word in many mouths, not often explained. With her, wound in his idea of her, he perceived it to signify a new start in our existence, a finer shoot of the tree stoutly planted in good gross earth ; the senses running their live sap and the minds companioned, and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction. In sooth, a happy prospect for the sons and daughters of Earth, divinely indicating more than happiness : the speeding of us, compact of what we are, between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools, to the creation of certain nobler races, now very dimly imagined." (" Diana of the Crossways," by George Meredith.)

How I feared in advance the thought of " The Ring "—four operas of such length, and practically all the music unknown ! I could not read and play the music of the *motifs*, and hence could not learn them in advance. There should be player-piano rolls containing the *motifs*, with detailed instruction, for the aid of the Wagner novice. That such a vast adventure should take place during the warm season, four operas in eight days, and that week in a busy time of year—all contributed to my distress. I anticipated great fatigue, sleepless nights and inefficient work on the day

after each opera; hence considerable planning was necessary to arrange the duties of the day in accordance with such preconceived ideas. However, I regarded "The Ring" as one of life's experiences which must not be shrunk from, and braced myself to meet the fateful week with something of the heroic shiver of the diver as he poises for the plunge!

Fortunately, none of these premonitions came to pass. From the magic of the opening bars of "The Rhinegold" Prelude to the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung" the vivid, pulsing life of the music yielded only an ever-growing delight. Fatigue? The word was forgotten. Sleepless nights? Never was sleep more refreshing. Work? Ideas were stimulated, every problem reduced at an increased rate, every annoyance readily dissipated. Even after making due allowance for the bracing result produced by wonder and novelty, the beneficial effect of music was thus once again proved to me.* Again, too, was it borne in on me that the life and spirit depend in some mysterious manner on the director of the orchestra; the same music heard at other times has too often resembled a fire from which the bright flame has fled. I had the good fortune to hear "The Ring" under the direction of Albert Coates, whose interpretation of the great cycle is characterized by a rare degree of high imaginative insight and dignity combined with vivid life.

The secret of the fascination of the music of "The Ring" defies analysis; its potent magnetism casts a spell on all who hear it. The listener is as if hypnotized by the procession of luxurious themes, gorgeously

* During that season unabridged opera began and concluded early. Thus the rhythm of working hours was not disturbed. To attract and to benefit workers, operas should end about eleven o'clock.

embroidered. More delight is experienced at every subsequent visit, when, in each wonderful passage of the music, more of the inner meaning is recognized. At length the day dawns when the enraptured hearer awaits breathlessly the coming of the familiar *motifs* as with imperious glory they peal forth from the sonorous trumpets or golden-voiced horns. These majestic melodies hold captive the entire being, thrilling alike the intellect and the imagination. Still more impelling becomes their appeal as they are repeated with modifications and an ever-varying intensity which expresses the developing conditions of the drama. At a still later stage the listener becomes aware of the existence of subsidiary *motifs*. Equally pregnant with meaning —subtle, gentle, caressing—these penetrate past all his defences to the innermost recesses of his soul. Even if he does not hear a single word, sooner or later the enthralled novice can understand, merely by following these *motifs*, the action and meaning of the drama. Sometimes the themes appear not in their entirety, but as a few notes which, like a shadow, an echo, or the faint memory of a distant past, serve to suggest the reality of the whole. At such moments the very essence of the fascination of " The Ring " is distilled. When a number of *motifs*, soft and loud, are woven together as many strands of silk in a multi-coloured tissue, the ultimate effect, appealing as it does alike to senses and to intellect, is one of dazzling beauty and unparalleled majesty. Of this marvellous combination I mention only one example : at the end of " The Valkyrie," accompanying the delicate high notes of the scintillating, ethereal fire music, are heard the peaceful descending notes of the slumber *motif*, and all is given strength and colour as it is shot through by the deep notes of the Löge *motif*, and the solemn, mournful

tones of the brass sounding the theme of Siegfried, and later, of Fate.

A few of the many perfect scenes occurring in the cycle may be here recalled. Who can erase from the memory the majestic music of the last act of " The Valkyrie "—the dignity of Brünnhilde's resignation to her fate, Wotan's farewell and the wonder of the fire music as he strikes the rocks and calls forth flame to surround his " glorious child " during her long trance ont he lonely mountain top? Here words, action and music combine to make one consistently noble appeal of dignified grief and pure affection. There is not one false note. The relationship of Wotan and Brünnhilde is most beautifully sketched ; the music throughout the noble finale allows one to forget the contradictory nature of the god's commands. So much here depends upon the orchestra, that if on any occasion the music fails to appeal, the beginner must not form an adverse judgment, but go again and again until he finds it quivering, eloquent and pulsating with life. Adequately rendered, the moving quality of the farewell scene and the final fire music equals that of the temple scene of " Parsifal." All is in keeping with the sublime outlines of the character of Brünnhilde, the goddess-woman, admirable for her attitude of courage, for the womanly sympathy impelling her unselfish action, and for the nobility of her reasonable and fearless acceptance of the punishment meted out to her.

It is instructive and puzzling to compare the different interpretations of Wagner. I have heard the " Siegfried " Funeral March rendered with a quiet sadness that seemed to portray the restrained grief of a Victorian lady mourning the loss of a friend. The sensation she experienced was evidently that of a

sorrow long past ; not unpleasing to recall to memory. Under Coates, the same music is played as if it were in very sooth the rebellious cries of passionate despair of all the mothers of all the sons cruelly and uselessly slain in war. With the ominous roll of the drums underlying its piercing cries of anguish, it is terrible ; it is barbaric ; and it rings true.

I have already referred to the opinion formed at the first reading of Wagner's dialogue between Siegfried and Brünnhilde. That unfavourable judgment has not been modified by time. A renewal of acquaintance with the parallel scenes in Morris's " Sigurd the Volsung " reveals the immense superiority of the conception of the English poet. Where Wagner describes only the commonplace " All-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost " of everyday popular fiction, Morris has insight into the immaterial meaning and weighty symbolism of the legend. But what of the music ? Here, at least, the genius finding expression through the brain of Wagner conveys the dignity and the high seriousness worthy of the subject. Even at a first hearing one is spellbound by the beauty of the music describing Brünnhilde's rapture on awakening and beholding the light. As the scene develops, the richness of the music maintains the spell. Yet, for all the luxuriance of its marvellous beauty, I can imagine that a duet more consistently worthy of the situation would have been found by Beethoven. Regarded as a glowing episode of pagan romance, the whole achieves perfection in a dazzling tissue of glorious melodies, magically interwoven. On the occasions I heard the opera, Florence Austral easily gained the triumph of the evening, as the golden notes of her Brünnhilde soared joyously above and through the gradual crescendo and the tremendous climax of the orchestral

splendour in the finale of that most impressive opera of the beautiful cycle—Siegfried.

Those who have heard " The Rhinegold " superbly played—as it can be played, under the stimulation of a master—can perhaps imagine the astonishment with which I listened to the first long, mysterious chords of the great Prelude, and the succeeding soft, almost inaudible, tremulous quiver. Astonishment gave place to delight, and ever greater delight ; nothing during the whole opera was so perfect as that Prelude. At the summit of the Great St. Bernard Pass the mountains are bare, save for a few tufts of grass and filmy wreaths of cloud. Remain still, and listen there, till out of that awesome silence you begin to hear the almost inaudible movement of water as it is formed from its elements of dew and mist ; the clouds settling and the snows slowly melting, give life to a myriad drops. Here tiny rivulets are born, and their gentle murmur as they slide along, under the rough rocks and through the crevices, falling from one stone to another in the innumerable tiny river-beds—all these but half-materialized elements, combined, form the sound heard in the soft, mysterious rustling of the beginning of " The Rhinegold " Prelude. As you walk down the Pass, gradually, very gradually, the rivulet is joined by so many others that it becomes a stream, and still farther on it expands into a stately river, with depth and swelling torrent, and strong waves. This irresistible slow development, from mist to sea, is accurately portrayed in that marvellous overture. And more than this. Above the material river is the subtle suggestion of the mystery of the universe which lies hidden in every river—its undying life ; the generations of men, great and small, who have dreamed by its banks, lived, worked, died and left no trace behind them ; the while the river, for centuries appa-

rently one and the same, and yet in reality every moment changing, flows on heedless of things temporary, age-defying, inscrutable and symbolic as the sphinx. All the wonder, the beauty and the incomprehensible duration of time, space and eternity—" The Rhine-gold " Prelude suggests all that, and more than human imaginings can dream. The only other music which can be compared with it, and yet retain its individual grandeur, is the beginning of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Yet I have heard that marvellous Prelude played as if it represented the unromantic backwater of a sluggish canal ! Mud and water in abundance ; shorn of all the subtlety and mystery, matter from which the spirit had fled.

I am in strenuous disagreement with those who maintain that the main current of Wagner's music is wholly sensuous and materialistic. Throughout " The Ring " one is impressed by the genius which in the music stirs the imagination and suggests the immaterial. Wagner never gives crude imitations of natural sounds. He prefers to use these as a basis or a hint, and from such a starting-point the imagination wanders, reaching through the material to the spirit informing it, and so gathering to itself a rich harvest of ideas and visions. Thus, for example, unlike the modern imitative composer, Wagner describes in the Fire music no mere echo of the crackling and spluttering of a material fire. Nor does he, in the great music of the Sword Forging, reproduce only the clang of hammer and steel ; nor in the lovely softness of the Forest Murmurs is there heard merely the hum of insect and cry of bird. Instead, in some marvellous way he gives us, with an accompaniment of exquisite melody, the essential element, the meaning and the living spirit of these

things—the leaping life in the dancing movement of the flame, the strength of the iron with the heroism latent in the sword ; whilst in the droning of a myriad insects and the rustling growth of a million leaves he suggests the mysterious forest as the dwelling-place of mighty gods and the background of heroic deeds.

Wagner's music is so overwhelming, has so unique a power of stirring the entire mental equipment, that the resultant condition of unsettled bewilderment, in the case of unformed or unstable characters, may lead to a blind alley of excited and useless emotionalism. For some natures, I am convinced that this luxurious music acts as a dangerous intoxicant ; for others, it provides a pure stimulant of the highest value. Many critics claim that this music possesses none of the elevating and purifying qualities so prominent in the works of Beethoven and Bach. Certainly Wagner does not bestow upon his disciples any repose or tranquillity of mind. He leaves no one untouched or indifferent. He awakens a man's sleeping potentialities or renders him dazed and benumbed. It is his prerogative to shake men from their grooves of habit and force them to think. Upon the individual falls the responsibility of turning this desirable result to good or to foolish uses.

CHAPTER VI

Can Music be made more Popular?

YOUTH had passed before music held for me any interest. It is certain that there are many others in a similar position, and many more who never, throughout their lives, discover the secret of its attraction. The ineffective and deterrent methods adopted in the early training of youth in matters musical are in part responsible for the loss of much healthy pleasure, of much stimulating interest. An unhappy introduction is presumably the chief cause of the average defective taste for music so characteristic of my generation. There exist other contributory factors which might readily be eliminated if they were recognized as obstacles which require removal; unfortunately, however, the true aspect of many of these difficulties is not realized at the time of their occurrence. The subject of music was put aside by me in my school days partly because so many people would attempt to explain it to me in terms of material objects. Such an explanation, I recognized, was to my type of mind as incomprehensible as advanced mathematics, and in the scale against music it weighed therefore very heavily. How could notes of sound, I questioned, bewildered, how could they resemble—as they apparently did to a certain cast of mind—a wedding, a storm, a wheel,

or a connected story of human life? Even now, except with very characteristic imitative music, such an explanation holds to me no importance. Some individuals prefer the concrete to the abstract. The differentiation runs all through life. Some, hearing a favourite brother is engaged, ask at once: "Is she pretty, or is she rich?" Others ask as immediately: "Is she good, and will she bring out the best in him?" The former think of the appearance and possessions of an individual woman, the latter of the relationship and the spiritual and mental development to spring from the life together.

To so many, as to me, music comes rarely as a description or an echo of some fact in nature or in human life, but often as the only fit expression of an emotion, intellectual or spiritual. Those who are advanced in the technique of music approach it from another standpoint, which lends to it more of an intellectual than an emotional value; this study is not intended for such individuals. The well-meant but mistaken endeavour of an older generation, to teach the young how music depicts external facts, can only retard the natural growth of the immature mind by troubling the clear surface of its ignorance. I can still vividly recall my stupefaction when, after a monotonous piano performance, an elderly lady explained to me how by attentive listening I might have heard an entire wedding ceremony depicted—the march up the aisle, the meeting of the bride and bridegroom, the service, the welcome of the crowd and their dispersal to go home. All my kindly intentioned friend succeeded in giving me, on that day, was a determination not to be caught again in her drawing-room, attentively listening to such impossible fairy tales. My mind could more easily have believed in flying than in her version of

a piano piece ; and in those days flying was spoken of only as a simile representing the impossible.

There are many at the present time in the condition which was mine for so many years. Their attitude towards music may not, as mine did, amount to animosity, but it is characterized at least by a passive indifference, born of the theory that they are "not musical." They resemble me in so far that though living in the near vicinity of excellent music they never, from one year's end to another, visit for recreation a place of amusement where the sole or chief form of entertainment consists of music, unaccompanied by song or dance. They imagine, as I once did, that this condition of mind implies necessarily an innate incapacity to find pleasure in listening to music. They believe that to learn how to enjoy it would entail as much strenuous effort as the acquisition of higher mathematics or other difficult science. I would beg all such people to consider the history of my early antagonism towards music and to ask themselves, honestly, whether their condition appears more hopeless than did mine ! I have no fear of the reply. If ever they experience a few minutes of pleasure from an old-fashioned "tune," from one phrase of a sonata, from any few bars of a well-known air, then they possess the sense which, however dormant, can be aroused and trained in the short space of time permitted by the leisure moments of hard-working days. For the purpose of this awakening I know no surer aid than a good make of player-piano.

Those whose appreciation of music begins in adult years are in the position of a child learning to speak. A certain stage of development must be reached before words, however emotionally uttered, convey any meaning to the growing child. In childhood the emotional

colouring of a sentence can convey meaning even when the words are but imperfectly understood. So also, after many years of hearing music without in any manner consciously responding to it, a stage may be arrived at when the significance of detached phrases here and there becomes realized, when the vibrations of the language of music convey emotion charged with meaning. My conscious awakening to the glory of the orchestra began with " Parsifal," but this conversion had been led up to by a certain amount of unconscious education during previous years. Whilst being bored by orchestral concerts, I was learning something of their varied instrumental language. Just as the child learns to associate meaning with certain spoken words, so the adult gradually acquires the ability to translate, or to associate certain meanings with the various musical sounds. To those who, as I did, begin to listen to music after youth is past, the vocabulary of its strange language is necessarily at first as difficult as a foreign tongue. Frequent repetition is necessary, so that the dormant musical ear becomes accustomed to the sequence of the novel sounds. This frequent repetition can be obtained only by the use of a good player-piano or gramophone. The player-piano has the advantage that the music can be modified by the individual ; the player has the enjoyment of introducing his own rhythm and expression, the entrancing interest of endeavouring to copy the varying styles of his favourite professional pianists.

In the near future it is obvious that the gramophone will play a large part in educating those who imagine themselves unmusical. The gramophone brings the music of the concert hall to the rooms of the country-dweller living far from busy towns, who never hears the art of the professional musicians. In spite of

yearly improvements there are certain drawbacks of the mechanism—the hissing of the friction of the needle on the disk; the modification given to the tone of several instruments, in especial of the piano; the unequal rendering of the music of the orchestra. The violin is usually more happily rendered. The human voice is the most generously transmitted of all the sources of musical sound on gramophone records. The fact that so much of the best music of the classics can now be obtained for gramophone reproduction proves the existence of a demand for, and an appreciation of good music amongst a constantly enlarging circle of the public. The most complicated classical symphony can be absorbed at leisure and its mystery become gradually explained to the most unmusical ear. Operatic records open up a world of amazing variety and vital interest for even the least musical taste. An American, who knew well the representative of a large gramophone company, told me that when the instruments were introduced to a new village in a sparsely populated district, it was soon discovered that a definite stage of musical progress could be traced. The popular light tunes gave satisfaction for a period of not longer than two years; after that time there came the demand for records of classical music.

The student who is desirous of learning music, without the hard work of learning to play the piano by hand, finds pleasure in the scope for individual interpretation which is permitted by the many excellent types of player-piano available to-day. It is difficult for me to speak in measured terms of the player-piano, the invention which provided for me the key to unlock so rich and crowded a treasure house. Let me try to disarm its critics by a candid admission of its defects and many shortcomings. First of all, I must admit

that, as played by many, it has no superiority over a barrel-organ. Even with many performers with a real musical sense, it has too frequently an artificial muffled tone. A close, damp atmosphere affects it unfavourably; tones elicited by the action of air-pressure are naturally more readily modified by alterations of the weather than are sounds which are aroused by striking a keyboard with the fingers. It is true that humidity and warmth affect adversely all pianos; but the evil is more marked in the case of the player-piano. Again, the mechanism does not allow one to play successively, with the same excellence, two works so radically different as a nocturne and the scherzo of a symphony. In the former one has to produce the slow, sustained and prominent notes of a melody ringing clearly above a soft, almost inaudible, rapid accompanying bass. In the orchestral work there is required the full resonance of a large number of simultaneous notes. My firm considerately showed me how the air-pressure could be altered so as to obtain these different effects by the regulation of a controlling screw—a troublesome alteration which necessitates creeping under the piano! The regulation could be brought to the keyboard, beside the other controlling devices, but the makers find there is too little demand to render it feasible as a commercial proposition. I wonder whether the demand is not under-estimated, because it is rarely expressed. Those who cater for the public acquiesce too readily in the assumption that the vast majority desire nothing but the second or third rate. Politicians, editors, manufacturers—all combine so that little opportunity is given to discover whether there does not exist for the best a real demand. It is probable that many critical folk refrain from purchasing a player-piano because they believe it is

impossible to obtain from it an adequate reduction in the volume of an obtruding accompaniment.

Continuing with the recital of shortcomings, I must confess that the touch of the great imaginative pianists —Pachmann, Paderewski, Busoni, Cortot—cannot be reproduced even by the most capable performer on a player-piano. It cannot even take the place of the talented amateur who possesses that amazing gift, the ability to pick out and play sympathetically a melody which has been heard once or twice. Defects there are also in the music rolls. Orchestral works are too often cut from piano versions ; full advantage is not taken of the opportunity opened up by the vast stretch of the mechanical fingers. In piano music the device of extra perforations, utilized for accentuation of the sustained or melody notes, is not always entirely satisfactory ; sometimes important notes have apparently been overlooked. The bars would be indicated on an ideal roll.

So many faults having been admitted, it is but just that the great advantages of the player-piano should be also quoted. In a few months the amateur can make fair acquaintance of a truly vast amount of music ; a similar acquaintance with only a piano at disposal would entail hard work for years on the part of even a capable pianist. The household which too often has a piano unopened from one year's end to another would, with a player-piano, soon learn to play and enjoy music suiting every variety of mood. Hence, automatically, the player-piano opens up the avenue to wider life interests. That individuality finds real outlet for expression is proved by the fact that one can soon distinguish, even from a distant room, the style of the various performers in a family ; each has his own peculiar touch or method. More than once I have

found keen critics misled, believing they were listening to a piano performance when only a skilled player of my pianola was at work. A modern player-piano can be used either as player-piano or as piano, without detriment to either form of expression. After nine years of use the tone of my instrument is as fine as on the day it came into my possession.

For the solitary individual, I have already emphasized the unique nature of the companionship provided by the player-piano, and the vital stimulus gained by its educative power. For the professional brain-worker no other form of relaxation can lead, by so subtle a path of apparent pleasure, to so rich an education in a world of unsuspected beauty. To obtain the fullest possible benefit from the investment, I counsel the beginner to attend the best piano recitals, and every one of the few orchestral concerts which are given during the gloomy evenings of the winter season. Every item possible to be obtained in advance should be practised immediately before and immediately after each concert. Even when, to all appearance and belief, nothing has been consciously learned at the concert, it will be found that some fragment remaining in the subconscious is elicited by the player-piano revival. At each subsequent concert more is noticed and recalled.

It is impossible to foretell the ultimate effect of wireless telegraphy upon the education of the public to the appreciation of fine music. My personal experience of music by wireless has been small and not over fortunate. After one séance which lasted over twenty minutes the physical effect resembled the benumbed sensation about the head which follows a loud explosion ; this was probably due to too close

proximity to the horn. On the other hand, a musician told me he had received much pleasure from a wireless Wagner performance. In time, the experience of gramophone record manufacturers will undoubtedly be repeated ; the best music will be demanded. The findings of science confirm the common experience that frequent repetition of so-called " popular " tunes becomes nerve-racking, whereas the charm of the classics increases with frequent repetition.

The material surroundings in which music is performed are of much greater importance than appears to be realized by those who endeavour to promote the public interest in the subject. Deficiency of funds and space alike forbid the provision of the ideal arrangement of a concert hall. Some approach towards such a goal should be aimed at by those who know from experience the charm of music as it is often heard in private houses by a privileged few. Large, beautiful, dignified halls and studios form an artistic setting which adds immeasurably to the spell created by glorious sound. Who that has heard music in such surroundings does not recall with delight the enchanted memory—each fortunate listener at peace, sunk in the deep recesses of a luxurious chair, lamps shaded or extinguished so that the sole source of light comes from the glow of an old log fire ; the consciousness wholly free to surrender to the thoughts called forth by the music which steals from the unseen corner where the artist allows free rein to the inspiration finding expression through the human fingers ? The same music, heard in the usual type of concert hall, has to traverse a veritable barrier of contending thoughts ere it can maintain its due supremacy in the individual mind. Brilliant and sparkling lights irritate or disturb the eye, and

distract the thoughts with innumerable points of attraction and diverging interests ; the mind is not free to receive the impressions conveyed to it by the sense of hearing. High and cramped seats give rise to unpleasant awareness of aching back and limbs ; defective ventilation and overheating occasion an atmosphere of stifling warmth ; the audience are harassed with a multitude of physical sensations through which, as through a dense fog, the music must pass before it can permeate to and take sole possession of the individual consciousness. Music would be made more popular, because more readily and more easily understood and enjoyed, were the lights less brilliant, the air more pure and cool, and the seats, even in the cheapest areas, at least as comfortable as those which are provided in the cinema halls.

Programmes should be obtainable in advance ; there is not time for the beginner to study these often difficult pages immediately before or during a concert. Brief descriptive paragraphs heralding the performance, if published in the ordinary columns of the daily papers, might stimulate the curiosity of many an idle reader to take the first plunge into the unknown world of music. There ought also to be some publication to which people could refer when they desire to find out when and where concerts are to be held. The announcements in the daily papers do not always give the necessary information on the day they happen to be consulted. In Paris there is published, for fifty centimes, a weekly guide—" Le guide du Concert "—which gives a complete list of all forthcoming concerts, their programmes and analytical notes of several of the items. Often when a hall is half empty the cause lies in the fact that it has been impossible to advertise widely enough the excellent concert ; its notices may not have

reached even many of the musical members of a vast metropolis.

The unavoidable delays of the ordinary means of transit in modern cities, the jostling and the hurry of the crowded pavements, form obstacles so tiring and irritating to the man already weary after a day's work, that they prevent many people—amongst whom indeed I have known included even ardent music lovers—from undertaking the journeys necessary to attend good concerts. Here is an opening for enterprise on the part of the owners of large motor conveyances. Placarded with the concert announcements, such vehicles could ply regularly between the concert halls and the less conveniently situated districts of our large towns, calling on their way to pick up their regular clients. Many would avail themselves gladly of such opportunity to reach with ease and rapidity the concert centres. Such direct travel is less expensive than the hire by separate families of a private taxi-cab, and much less fatiguing and exasperating than the public tubes and buses on wet and stormy evenings. Youth can afford to laugh at, even indeed enjoy, the discomforts of town evening travel ; for the busy and wearied head of a household they appear in the guise of the proverbial "last straw" which weighs heavily in the balance against a concert when arm-chair and cosy fire-place invite so temptingly to repose after the day's hard work.

Not one of these suggestions should be beyond the resource and ability of a capable, keen and business-like promoter who is prepared to risk, and probably lose, a certain amount of money on initial outlay and advertisement. The problem is how to detect the possessor of a business capacity combined with a love of music sufficiently strong to stimulate to the necessary preliminary effort. Modern civilization too rarely shows

examples of an aptitude for practical affairs coexisting with marked artistic tastes or a philanthropic desire to develop the artistic sense of the multitude. Yet it is not beyond possibility to find three friends, who, together, present these desirable qualities—the prosperous man of business, desirous of distributing wisely his gathered wealth ; the artistically gifted man, with knowledge of the best and most vital in the musical world ; and the philanthropist, longing to aid the realization of the happiness of the greatest number. In his delightfully human autobiography Andrew Carnegie describes how beneficial he found the influence of good music during the years of his early manhood. Had England been the home of such a man, of a certainty his generous aid would have been turned, under wise guidance, to the endowment of the various musical activities, so sadly hampered, yet so essential to the general well-being.

Music might be rendered more popular by the introduction of another method of press reporting. Reviews of concerts are usually worded so as to reach only those few who have technical knowledge of the subject. Reviews of novels, poems, and the drama are turned to by a large section of the general public. People decide what literature they will buy, which theatre they will visit, on the strength very often of a single eulogistic paragraph which catches their eye during the rapid daily scanning of the newspaper columns. Frequently a good play, on the verge of ruin after indifferent first-night notices, has received a fresh lease of life after the appearance of a column of praise in some popular daily ; so easily has the tide been turned, the previously empty theatre filled, and imminent failure changed to prominent success

There is life and interest in the review of the drama and the novel; there is sometimes life in the notices of an opera, but I have rarely read a concert criticism which could hold any attraction for the unskilled member of the public who views all music with indifference.

I can conceive a future when the newspapers publish notices glowing with the colour of life, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the unaroused and musically ignorant readers. A realistic narration of the emotional effects produced by a musical performance would contain a truer account of what actually occurs than do the technically accurate but scarcely read musical columns. Objectors will say that this would entail much repetition of old matter—the classical symphonies are performed every year in every large city. So be it; do not the writers of novels relate—week in, week out—the same old tale of the attraction of hero and heroine and the course of true love to marriage? It is the business of the critic to discover new and interesting ways of describing the time-worn realities of life. No two readings of the same music are alike; in its passage through the brain and hand it is more or less coloured by the individuality of the interpreter. This provides ample material for the embroidery of the capable journalist. The reporter should be permitted free play for his personality in his descriptive methods.

I think of the fifteen years I lived within a few minutes' walk from the Queen's Hall, and yet never so much as dreamed of entering its doors. Most certainly a few vivid paragraphs on the lines followed by dramatic and literary critics would have lured me to make at least some attempt to appreciate the unknown world of sound! In those long years when music was to me the synonym for boredom, the concert accounts in the

press used to confirm me in my decision never to attend such performances. The unimaginative nature of the newspaper reports of remarkable events in the musical world must deter many from venturing within its sphere. The most exciting concerts, from the point of view of the audience, receive in the next morning's journals cool notices varying from the perfunctory: "The concert closed with a performance of," to the educated tone of "The performance might have been memorable had not . . . been taken too fast." Very possibly harsh criticism is often justified from the point of view of an accurate musical review; of this I am no judge. But what impression is conveyed by these reports to those who were not present? Obviously, no conception of the joy communicated to the majority of the audience; only a sense of relief that they escaped an unprofitable evening, followed by a determination never to move from the warm fireside to attend any similar concert until the advent of some foreign and well-heralded conductor or soloist. There may be journals, reserved exclusively for musical news, which do more justice to those events. I do not know them, and certainly they can take no place in the reading of the general public whose support is so desired and so necessary for the success of music in Britain.

Yet it must be admitted that there is much justification for the indifference of the critics. They become weary of listening to frequent performances of familiar works unimaginatively rendered. When Paderewski returned, in June, 1923, and shed new light on well-known music, the originality of his genius inspired the reporters to a lyrical enthusiasm. I have noted with interest that within the past few years there has been a movement on the part of several newspapers to

encourage the growth of musical taste in this country. Greater freedom is allowed to the individual writer of the musical column. Thus, Ernest Newman in *The Sunday Times*, Percy Scholes in *The Observer*, Robin Legge and others in *The Daily Telegraph* are making a determined endeavour to awaken public interest by explaining certain musical works in a manner comprehensible by the average man who is ignorant of musical terminology. In *The Times* H. C. Colles published in 1922 several remarkable articles on the Wagner Operas which must have appealed to a much wider circle of readers than those primarily, or mainly, interested in opera or in music.

I have little sympathy with those highly trained in music who demand that the personality of the interpreter should never be obtruded, that he is to be reproached if he show other than a calm and impersonal exterior. These critics claim that otherwise the personality comes between them and their due enjoyment of the music. I cannot agree, for two reasons. First, the preservation of an appearance of imperturbability is for some excellent musicians a strain so severe that it deprives them of all natural freedom of expression. Secondly, the personality of the interpreter may be the first means of introducing music to the ignorant public, and later on the best means of further education and progress through difficult tracts of classical music. I remember with gratitude how in my early days the by-play of Pachmann helped and stimulated me to piano understanding. I realize thankfully the aid that is given to me by following the forceful rhythm of Coates, conducting with his fine rapture of self-forgetful enthusiasm, and by closely watching the explanatory gesture of Koussevitski. Those two great leaders so lose themselves in the

music that they enable the uneducated public to understand much of the most difficult orchestral passages. And who can grudge the ecstasy of Suggia, as with closed eyes she so divinely plays her 'cello ?

The cold, impersonal attitude is suitable for those artists who cannot, without self-consciousness, allow themselves in public a natural freedom. With regard to every form of personal emotion which is permitted free play, one important reservation must be made : whatever the individual reveals must be sincere. So long as the interpreter is sincere, no valid objection can be made to individual mannerisms. Insincerity, counterfeit, so-called " playing to the gallery," and all the gamut of sentimental manifestations—each and all are instinctively and with rigour ruled out by the musician who is truly great. Unreality and great music are incompatible ; a contradiction in terms. The temporary popularity gained easily by those false interpreters who consciously pose before the public soon ceases to have its vogue ; they join the ranks of those whose period of success can be measured in brief months.

The over-critical few who speak with an ill-disguised sneer of the Promenade Concerts should receive no encouragement. These concerts are so popular that it is a mystery why the only slightly more expensive symphony concerts, which immediately follow, in October, rarely draw so crowded an attendance. There are those who maintain that the popularity of the Promenade Concerts is due to the more melodious and less truly musical items of the second part of the programme. No one can believe that explanation who from a comfortable seat has watched the motionless absorption of the hundreds who stand for hours upright in

the discomfort of tightly packed crowds on the hot August and September evenings. The classical items receive the same respectful attention as the later popular airs and ballads. If it be true that the attraction which draws the crowd is the more popular melodies, then at least the superior people should realize that their less highly cultured brethren wait without any show of impatience until, during the latter part of the evening, their simpler tastes are catered for. The more advanced are fortunate in that the first part of the concert contains the music they prefer, and that they are free to leave at the interval and are under no compulsion to listen to what holds no charm for them; those who are indifferent to the classics are, on the contrary, obliged to listen for over an hour to the music which leaves them cold. Thus the Promenade Concert plays the useful part of gradually accustoming the beginner to hear classical music, sometimes even the more appealing forms of modern music. Doubtless this is arranged according to a carefully prepared scheme by Sir Henry Wood, who has borne the toilsome burden of the pioneer, and in the face of all discouragement has persisted in his unselfish attempt to educate the British public. His perseverance deserves success and merits the highest praise and gratitude. To him indeed belongs the credit of the present widespread appreciation of the Wagner operas by the generation gradually educated to that level by the Promenade editions of their music. The plan, premeditated or accidental, of the Promenade Concert presentation of good music is already bearing fruit. In due time the Promenade and the winter Sunday afternoon concerts must produce the desired effect of popularizing the best music and so creating a demand for its more frequent performance.

Another potent factor for the extension of a higher musical taste is the growing practice of a musical accompaniment to the exciting films of the modern cinema halls. True, the majority of the audience do not recognize the Chopin, Schubert and Beethoven extracts which graphically follow the pictures of the heroine's distress, but they are being insensibly influenced all the time. They remain unaware of the process which is at work, subtly but surely improving their musical taste. No doubt this feature of modern civilization shocks the refined and highly critical student of music ; but he will, eventually, be one of the first to benefit by this gradual modification of the musical education of the uncultured majority. Fortunately, it is not necessary for the appreciation of great music to have a high degree of general education. Music is a universal language which can be understood and enjoyed by the poorest and the most uncultured of the population.

The teaching of music in schools is vastly superior to-day to the unattractive humdrum methods adopted for the youth of my generation. The Dalcroze and Yorke Trotter systems must have a far-reaching effect which cannot well be foreseen at present. The claims made by these schools that their methods develope the character, as well as the musical and the rhythmic instincts, is one which falls into line with all my observations as to the benefit of music. Madame Montessori noted that when young children had been under her care for quite a brief period they would spontaneously object to the painfulness of ugly sounds and harsh voices, and with apparent unconsciousness respond to, and try to imitate, all that was beautiful in speech and song. So also, throughout the modern schools, there are many individual teachers endeavouring to educate

the natural instinct for loveliness of sound which, in my generation, was left dormant or was killed by faulty methods of instruction. Youth will ever turn towards the better type of music when the opportunity is given to make acquaintance with it. In the Sun Cure village of Leysin, in the Swiss Alps, the invalid children are taught to sing in chorus beautiful songs. Whilst walking there, one evening, I heard a glorious sound echoing down the apparent solitudes of the mountains. I traced it to a band of children; no longer patients, but free individuals. Their taste for beautiful song, acquired in their invalid days, had not degenerated; the mountains did not resound to commonplace comic refrain nor the shrill, raucous and ugly shouts and cries usually associated with the wrongly educated and misdirected energy of childhood.

These improved methods of education in early youth will certainly lead to an increased popularity of good music within the next generation. That the value of music as an educative agent is being recognized in modern times is proved by the report recently issued (1923) by the Board of Education on the "Differentiation of Curricula between the Sexes in Secondary Schools." On p. 68 occurs a remarkable paragraph from which I quote a few lines:

"Again the study of music, rightly undertaken, can be of the highest educational value. We are in error if we dismiss it as a recreation, or seclude it as a remote and technical study which is out of relation to the rest of our intellectual life. . . . The mental training offered by analytic study of its construction and texture is closely parallel to that afforded by the natural sciences. Its problems of style are as interesting and varied as those presented by any literary form. Above all, it is

a language with a poetry as noble as that of Dante or Racine, of Shakespeare or Milton. All the arguments which can be used for the inclusion of Language and Literature in our ordinary scheme of education may be used with equal force in the case of Music."

That such sentiments should be found in a " blue book " augurs well for the future of education in music.

Those who hear orchestral music abroad tell me that the chief obstacle to progress in this country is the lack of money to provide the funds for adequate rehearsal. Quite early in my orchestral experience I heard the New York Symphony Orchestra, splendidly directed by Walter Damrosch, play in London. Although at that time I could enjoy but little of the music, all unknown to me, I was yet capable of understanding and appreciating the great advantage gained by the music when every performer played in perfect unison. In the unrehearsed works there is often lacking sharp definition ; the various instruments timed to play simultaneously may be blurred by individual modifications. Sometimes the work thus performed happens to be the one which receives much applause ; a fact most disconcerting, surely, to the performers and conductor ! When some wealthy man endows music as Andrew Carnegie endowed libraries, a happy future awaits both the public and the artist.

I think of the thousands who are now living in the same depth of ignorance which once characterized myself, and it is because of the immense compassion which stirs me that I have been compelled, against my will, to pass so many leisure hours in penning these pages. I have written in the hope that others may be at first amused by the truthful narration of my passage from complete indifference to keen enthusiasm, and

later stimulated to make the necessary preliminary exertion which will be so richly rewarded.

Does the beneficent power of music come from the fact that the physical changes which are wrought in the body by the vibrations of sound lead to a healthier and less abnormal functioning of the cells? Or does it evolve from the ideas and high emotions directly produced by the healthier action of the mind? This question is considered at length in Part II.

PART II

EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON THE HUMAN ORGANISM

CHAPTER VII

Physical Effects

Nervous system, conscious and subconscious; its relation with voluntary and involuntary muscular system—Music arouses emotion and acts upon the involuntary muscles; its relation with the subconscious—Physical accompaniments of emotion—Music and medicine—Measurement of emotion; physical effects of normal and of excessive emotion—Course of waves of musical sound on reaching the body—Music leads to movement, external or internal—Rhythm; effects on the body of regular and irregular rhythm; some modern music—Expression; character and music—Harmony; physical and mental effects—Conclusion.

WHEN considering the value and the uses of music, an elementary knowledge of physiology and psychology is necessary for a just survey of the subject. The human mind is complex, with a limited part comprising all that enters consciousness, and a larger realm belonging to the so-called unconscious or subconscious. Psychologists dispute the precise delineation of this fact; the boundary line between the conscious and the subconscious (or unconscious) is not a fixed hard wall, but a shifting line, like that left by the sea waves on a sandy shore. All that we are here concerned with is the fact that the human personality has a conscious part which is focused on the present and relied on for the interpretation and utilization of the past. The so-called subconscious self lies on the very fringe of the conscious mind, but is not vivid or real to the attention of the

moment. During sleep the conscious mind is at rest ; the attention has been allowed to cease its waking vigilance, which is always more or less alertly fixed on some definite object or occupied with a train of thought. The deeper self—the subconscious—does not slumber, but whilst the individual sleeps it presides over the bodily functions and in case of alarm excites to wakefulness the conscious mind. The " sympathetic " nervous system is that part which regulates the functioning of the circulatory system (heart and blood vessels), the organs and the glands, all of which are directly and readily influenced by the presence of emotion, and *vice versâ*. The subconscious appears to be in closer association with the sympathetic nervous system than with the central nervous system. The central and the sympathetic nervous systems are in close connection ; there are intimate interactions between their two spheres.

The conscious mind—reason and will—is expressed through the cells of the central nervous system in the brain and spinal column. The will, acting through the central nervous system, can control the external muscles, those of the trunk and limbs. Hence these muscles are called the *voluntary* muscles ; this name distinguishes them from the *involuntary* muscles. The involuntary muscles are not under the control of the will, but are profoundly affected by emotion ; they are the muscles of the organs, glands, heart and blood vessels. The fact that brain overwork can in time upset the natural rhythm of the involuntary muscles of the organs and vessels proves how closely the two systems of the nerves are associated. On the other hand, the will and intellect cannot influence these involuntary muscles, except indirectly, as by suggestions which are made during a hypnotic sleep or

similar state of passivity, or when a thought is coloured by strong emotion, such as anxiety. The suggestions sink to the subconscious level of the personality, which is closely linked to the system which regulates the involuntary muscles.

With these facts borne in mind, there is no obstacle to the theory that music, which makes deep appeal to the emotions, affects the subconscious, the circulation and the organs. In the following pages I hope to show that this is proved by the effects upon the circulatory system of animals and of men of the rhythm, harmony and expression of musical sound.

It is known that sound is due to fine vibrations which reach the ear. Even the profound student of metaphysics and psychology cannot tell with any precision what is the sequence of the events which take place before these material waves are transformed to signify sound in the conscious mind. The interaction of mind and matter must for ever remain an insoluble problem to the investigations carried on by the mind. Certain vibrations are translated by the brain to signify sound; the thoughts and feelings evoked vary in proportion and intensity according to the nature of the sound and the ideas existing already in the mind. Comparatively few scientific experiments have been carried out in the wide field of music and medicine; no patient physiological research has determined what, precisely, are the resulting modifications in the cells of the nervous system, and in the rate and force of the heart beat. Yet every music lover can bear witness to a physical sensation of altered rate and rhythm of pulse and breathing. In medical work which entails the administration of minute electrical currents to the human body, I find that profound changes are brought about by doses lasting even so

brief a time as ten or fifteen minutes. Some people are more nerve-sensitive than others, but, unless I had seen it, I could not have believed it possible that very small doses could give rise to profound disturbances of sensation in some individuals ; whereas the same dose, with others, produces only a mild and negligible sensation. In the young person who is highly sensitive to electricity, the passage of a current down the spine is followed by a sense of choking, a feeling of constriction of the chest, the heart rate and force is affected, and there is marked pallor or flushing. With old people, whose heart muscle is not strong, the same effects are seen. Hence one can, with good reason, form the conclusion that the symptoms complained of by the younger patients are not of imaginary or of hysterical origin.

Consider the subject from another aspect. Every thought and deed is accompanied by emotion. Even concentrated attention and intellectual deliberation is associated with a certain degree of feeling ; the stiffest mathematical problem is not elucidated without some under-current of emotion on the part of the worker. In certain intellectual pursuits, more especially in those connected with the arts, there is a considerable degree of emotion associated with the process of thought ; in some cases indeed it may markedly predominate over the intellectual element. Music, to the listener who is not preoccupied with a critical analysis of technical details, certainly brings about in the consciousness a prevailing condition of emotion. Some people see visions when they listen to music ; the descriptions in the programmes of sunshine and storm, of dance and battle, of fairy woods and enchanted palaces are vividly conveyed to them by the

rate, the emphasis and the position of the notes of sound. With other individuals, although this faculty of thinking or visualization is absent, a corresponding degree and variety of emotions is experienced. In neither instance, however, can the thoughts associated with the music—apart from the case of the trained musician—be compared in quality with the intellectual process of strained attention demanded by work of a scientific or a business nature.

The fact that the predominating psychical effect of music is emotional rather than intellectual implies, of necessity, that the condition of the heart and circulation is modified in some manner. It is well known that sudden emotion causes rapid action of the heart and raising of the blood pressure. Pleasant and continuous emotion causes a rise of blood pressure, a slower rhythm and a firmer action of the heart, with consequent improvement of the general health.

Quite apart from the fact that emotion itself affects the blood pressure and the heart beat, it is impossible that the organism could remain unaffected by the complex vibrations set in motion with the production of the large volume of sound emitted from many instruments played simultaneously. Some change in the functioning of the circulatory system certainly occurs ; probably there is also some modification of the cells of the nervous system. Some people find that special notes of certain instruments produce a physical sensation which is referred to the nerves of the spine. Patients who have bald patches on the head have told me that when music affects them they feel a tingling over the hairless areas. Several people have described their sensations, during a concert, as resembling cold water trickling down the spine ; some, especially during heavy orchestral works, feel the heart as if

gripped by a tight band ; in some strong individuals the vocal chords are affected, the voice being rendered hoarse. It would be strange if there were not profound physical changes in some cases. In Professor Tyndall's fascinating volume, " On Sound," it is shown how smoke and water jets, and even flames, can be powerfully affected by the invisible sound vibrations. When one sees how grains of sand are ranged into patterns by the invisible waves of sound, the marvel is that the effects upon the human body are not more definite.

Of the two rival schools of psychology, one maintains that emotion originates from altered physical conditions ; the other that these physical modifications are caused by emotion derived from a mental source. Whatever the truth of the theories, the indubitable fact is that there are definite physical conditions associated with the different emotions. Broadly speaking, the emotions can be described as contractile or expansive. To the contractile type belong fear, envy, anger, worry and depression. The emotion of fear is associated with pallor of the face, constriction of the vessels and skin muscles, leading to the appearance of so-called " goose-skin," wide staring eyes, hurried, shallow breathing, laboured heart action and a sensation as of choking. It matters little in reality whether these physical changes originate from an idea, and precede the emotion of fear, or whether the emotion of fear is the cause of the physical condition. With fear, there is, as it were, a shrinking of the self, an abasement of the personality. Laboratory experiments have proved that emotion brings about certain physical and chemical changes, and that these form the natural preparation for action. If emotion is not followed by action, those products have a deleterious result, causing cramp or spasm of the

organs, suspending their functions and leading to exhaustion of the nervous system. During the war, X-ray and other forms of examination carried out on officers during periods when their duties were attended by great responsibility and anxiety, proved the truth of these statements of physiological research. Hence it is that the depressing or contractile emotions, when unduly prolonged, make for lowered vitality and disease ; they narrow the sphere of life. With emotions of courage, of joy, of sublime and noble aspiration, there is a sense of expansion and liberation from the confining bonds of the flesh. These emotions are accompanied by relaxation of the blood vessels and the skin muscles, deeper respirations and the feeling of well-being which accompanies a healthy functioning of the organs. The expansive emotions make for health, activity and usefulness ; the individual has a fuller, richer life. Indulged in to excess, or unbalanced by the discipline of the intellect, even the healthy emotions can fatigue the nervous system and cause gross physical effects, such as fainting, stupor, convulsive attacks and trance.

Music can produce similar effects. In some individuals it is doubtless the ideas, or the associations and memories aroused by the music, which produce the emotion and the accompanying physical change ; in others there is no conscious consecutive thought, but only strong emotion, directly experienced. Both the mental and the physical effect must vary, not only with the nervous constitution of the individual, but with the age, the education and the musical experience of the listener. A similar diverse appeal is noted with literature ; the emotional response evoked by the beautiful verse of Romeo's love differs widely with the young and the elderly reader. It is probable that

the physical effects are less marked when there is a more intellectual than emotional reaction to the music ; this point will be referred to again in connection with modern music.

The physical effects of music can be used in medicine. Throughout history there are to be found brief but emphatic references to the healing agency of music. According to papyri supposed to date from 1500 B.C., the Egyptians employed it for many ailments, in the form of incantations. Incantations were also used in ancient Greece and India, and they are still resorted to by primitive tribes to-day. The ancient Greeks, a highly observant and intellectual people, make frequent mention of music, both as regards its educative value in character training and its medical value in certain maladies. Even after making every allowance for the fact that with ancient Greek writers the word " music " included other arts, there are instances where a special musical instrument is referred to in connection with its healing properties. In at least three of his works Theophrastus notes the usefulness of flute-playing for sciatica, especially when it is played in the Phrygian mode. Democritus also bears witness to the value of soft flute-playing for the alleviation of pain. In the reign of Hadrian, who lived in the early part of the second century after Christ, flute music was recommended for sciatica by Aulus Gellius. Several writers of both early and later centuries tell of the efficacy of music for the treatment of bites and stings.

Perhaps the most interesting volume which I have traced in this connection is " The Epidemics of the Middle Ages," by Justus Hecker. He describes the " Dancing Mania " which started in 1374, just after

Europe had been rendered desperate by the horrors of the Plague. In the words of Dr. Hecker, writing about 1830 :

" A strange delusion arose in Germany which took possession of the minds of men, and, in spite of the divinity of our nature, hurried away body and soul into the magic circle of hellish superstition. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared."

Entire communities of people would join hands, dance, leap, scream and shake for hours, until they dropped exhausted. As they passed by on their wild career, others would leave their work and follow the mad example as if it were a contagious malady. Music appeared to be the sole means of combating this strange epidemic. In some regions, indeed, it was ordered by the public authorities to be played to those afflicted creatures. Lively, shrill tunes, played on trumpets and fifes, excited the dancers ; soft, calm harmonies, graduated from fast to slow and from high to low, proved efficacious for their cure. Unfortunately, no trace of this music can now be found.

In the fifteenth century, similar attacks occurred in Italy after the bite of the tarantula, a dreaded spider ; the condition was known as Tarantulism. In many cases the symptoms supervened from fear alone. Hecker quotes the evidence from old Italian records as to the therapeutic value of music for the victims of the tarantula and viper bites. When the patients were senseless or pining away, with weakened vitality, music alone could cure them. Matthioli, an

eye-witness, describes how patients in a condition of collapse were gradually snatched from the very jaws of death by the aid of music. Clarinets and drums were used, and if the music were arrested the result was exceedingly serious for the patient, who at once relapsed. The music had to be varied according to the degree of the illness—lively and impassioned, less lively, or even slow. It was observed that false notes aggravated the illness; even the most uneducated patient would manifest a strange sensibility to discordant notes. This falls into line with the statement of a recent practitioner in nervous diseases who remarked that patients who in their normal condition were indifferent to music would during the hypnotic sleep show discomfort if false or discordant notes were played. Too much credence obviously cannot be placed upon the descriptions of the purely physical effects of music on these victims of serpent or spider bites; but the results obtained from the treatment by music, whether explicable on physical or mental grounds, are worthy of consideration by even the most scientific physician of to-day. The paralysing effects described so vividly in these records of the Middle Ages would be regarded by modern science as due to fear.

It will interest some to know that in Hecker's volume they can find a copy of the music employed for the Italian cases. Hecker also gives references, from the literature of the classics, where music is described as useful in illness. Thus, in Pliny, he found allusions to the beneficial effects of soft flute melodies for sciatica, and in Democritus, Theophrastus and Cælius Aurelianus, to the value of music for viper bites.

Passing to more recent publications, we read the charming translations of Plutarch which were made by

Philemon Holland, a physician who flourished in the reign of Charles II. Frequent allusion to the benefit of music for health and character is found in this translation. Many of the articles published during the succeeding centuries form interesting and often amusing reading, but being unsupported by scientific evidence need not detain us now.

One volume, however, written in 1873 by a Frenchman, Dr. Chomet, must be mentioned, because he gives details of his personal experiences with the effects of music on men and animals. His theory is that music acts in the same manner as electricity, and it is really astonishing how the most modern hypotheses as to the method of action of electrical currents with vibrations of a " high frequency " fit in with the naïvely expressed opinions of Dr. Chomet. These, however, are too technical to be dealt with here. It is of value to my theory to quote his adventure with lizards near Naples. I make a free translation from his book :

" Sitting in the shade of a large tree, I was humming the air of an Italian opera. I was looking at the beauty of the country when I heard, quite near me, a rustling of dry leaves, which made me start. On looking towards the direction from which the sound came, I found myself surrounded by a large number of the little grey-green lizards so common in Italy. When I made a movement, the little animals sped away. I paid no more attention to them, and began to whistle the same air. Imagine my astonishment when I saw flocking around me again the same audience ! Watching them carefully, I continued my music. In the movement of their flanks, the agitation of their bodies, the expression of their eyes, I seemed to recognize in

them a sensation of pleasure. I redoubled my attention, and tried to give the best rendering of my song. The lizards, charmed, even fascinated, seemed to draw from those notes so keen a pleasure, that full of confidence in me they were no longer afraid of my quick movements, and permitted me to approach them quite close, so that I could touch them with my hand."

Dr. Chomet devotes many pages to a recital of the effects of music which, in the interests of research, was performed in the Zoological Gardens beside the cages of elephants and other animals. A perusal of his book leaves no doubt that the music not only held the attention of the animals, but even evoked, according to its rhythm and character, responding emotions. So recently as 1921 Dr. Talmey published, in an American Medical Journal, an article in which he describes the effects of music on animals. He mentions experiments with caged animals and, as if the matter were beyond controversy, tells us that cows listening to music produce more milk ; many snakes sway in time with music, whilst others draw near, as if enraptured ; lizards show pleasure on hearing violin notes and whistling ; wolves and jackals snarl, and during certain tunes dogs whine. Thomas Hardy, who combines with his literary gifts a wide knowledge of rural life, writes in one of his novels :

" Songs were often resorted to in dairies hereabout as an enticement to the cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield ; and the band of milkers at this request burst into melody—in purely businesslike tones, it is true, and with no great spontaneity ; the result, according to their own belief, being a decided improvement during the song's continuance."

Now it will be admitted that animals cannot respond to music from the same intellectual causes as mankind. The factors common to men and animals when affected by the strange language of musical vibrations are : the sympathetic nervous system and the involuntary muscles. Both, as already shown, can be set in motion by the vibrations of musical rhythmic sound and by emotion.

The scientific methods of investigation of the circulation came into being in comparatively recent years ; hence I have not consulted medical writings published before 1880. Wimmer, writing in the *New York Medical Journal* in 1889, describes the result of experiments with music conducted at an asylum. The piano was played for half an hour to 1400 insane women. It was found that all responded to the rhythm ; in some the pulse rate rose ; others became restless and beat time. Melody without rhythm had no effect at all except when it happened to be an air which awakened memories and their associated emotions. With slow music the worst cases were soothed, even sent to sleep. After several experiments it was noted that all showed improvement.

In 1891 *The Lancet* contained several brief notes on the use of music, admitting its value as a counter-attraction which dulled the acute perception of pain, and aided cases of fatigue, worry and certain morbid nervous conditions. Dr. Ewing Hunter wrote in 1892 that he had proved the benefit of music in his hospital wards, especially for sufferers from pain and insomnia. After trial of various instruments, he concluded that the lyre and the harp yielded the best results. In 1899 Dr. Herbert Dixon described how he had tested the effects of music on a number of his patients. He found that quick, lively music suited

those with slow circulation and lowered vitality or melancholia ; whereas soft and soothing music aided night-terrors, high pressure and delirium. A lulling type of music, he stated, slowed the heart rate and lowered the blood pressure, whilst exciting music in a major key had the opposite result ; frequent repetition of simple popular tunes had an irritating effect. Each patient, however, seemed to have his own keynote, to which alone he responded. Dr. Dixon referred also to the bad effects of music in certain cases, in whom he had noticed resulting headaches, hysteria, etc. He drew attention to the fact that the good obtained by some types of music in mental maladies had long been admitted. In the same year (1899) many of these observations were confirmed by Dr. Davison. It is of interest to note that these comparatively recent workers testified independently to the value of music, as did the ancient Greeks, for cases of painful disease. This alleviation of pain is obtained probably in part by the change brought about in the mental attitude of the sufferer. Pain always seems to be more intense during the hours of solitude and darkness ; during the day-time other ideas crowd in on the mind and hence render the consciousness of pain less insistent and all-pervading.

A painstaking research was carried out in 1880 by Dr. Dogiel. He measured the modifications of the heart rate and blood pressure brought about in men and animals under the influence of music, by placing a recording instrument in contact with the neck in cats, dogs and rabbits, and over the arm in the case of the human experiments. After consulting his original article I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that although he has made out a good case, has indeed proved that musical sounds do cause alterations of the

circulation, yet the conditions of his tests do not correspond to those natural conditions in which men usually listen to music. Dr. Dogiel demonstrated that modifications of the heart rate, etc., occurred when various notes were played for a period of ten to sixty seconds ; that these changes were decidedly greater with loud than with soft music ; and that they were also affected by the pitch and by the quality of the sound, for example, clarinet, violin or flute. When the subject of the experiment was under the influence of strychnine, these alterations were exaggerated ; when under sedative drugs, such as morphia, they were less marked.

Perhaps the most thorough piece of research that I have traced is that contained in a thesis by Dr. Xavier Verdier, " Sur Quelques Effets Physiologiques de la Musique," 1903. The conditions under which Dr. Verdier carried out his tests were arranged to be as normal and natural as possible. His investigations proved that music can dispel fatigue and aid work. More work was accomplished during certain types of music than others ; allegro maestoso and militaire, largo and andante movements were found to be accompanied by more productive work than were allegretto movements. Great care must be taken, he found, in the selection of music suitable for the treatment of nervous and mental cases ; the individual needs require study before treatment by music is undertaken. The results he obtained varied with the temperament of the individual, his knowledge of music and the novelty or familiarity of the music chosen for the test. His thesis should be consulted by all physicians interested in this subject.

Two Kansas physicians, in 1918, carried out careful records, with recent apparatus for the measurement

of the heart and circulatory changes, during gramophone performances of varying types of orchestral music. They found the changes were much more marked in those who appreciated music. They came to the conclusion that music could be used for the treatment of mental and other disease, provided cautious study were made of the response in each case.

In the military hospitals during the war the great benefit derived from music was widely recognized; testimony as to its value, not only as a stimulant and interest for the mind, but also for the body, was received from the most unexpected quarters. As a means of self-expression it proved invaluable for certain nervous disorders caused by the horrors of war.*

Original work on the measurement of emotion was carried out by the late Dr. Waller. He studied the physical effects of human emotion, and described a method by which he could register it by placing the individual in a specially arranged electrical circuit. He found that when any action was willed, or any emotion was felt, something occurred which caused definite effects on the glands and on the blood vessels, and so altered their nutrition. He claimed that with his instrument "we have a means of measuring in precise physical terms the intensity of the emotions." It is interesting that his observations, and those of subsequent observers, confirmed the popular idea that the emotions of hysterical, apparently more excitable individuals, were in reality quite shallow. The same is true of those under the influence of alcohol; the evidence provided by this method of testing is irrefutable.

* In this connection must be mentioned the work of the Vocal Therapy Society in hospitals for shell-shock cases. The beneficial results of competing Choral Associations and Clubs have also been frequently remarked by students of social welfare.

As music gives rise to emotion, and emotion is now proved to be accompanied by definite physical changes, it follows that a scientific study of this subject—the physical effects of music—will yield knowledge profitable both to the invalid and the normal man. It is well known that fatigue in marching is diminished by the strains of a martial band, and that an accompaniment of music or singing increases the output of work in many types of industry. From many observations I am certain that the first effect of listening to music is a sense of well-being and a diminution of fatigue. If the music lasts too long or causes too intense emotion, there is produced, especially in delicate people, a degree of irritability and fatigue of their over-sensitive nervous system. Exactly similar effects are produced by electrical currents of many types when applied medicinally to the human body. The time limit between the beneficial and the injurious consequences, however, is, alike with music and with electricity, an unknown and an individual matter. No doubt it also varies with the age and the condition of health of the same individual. It must also be modified by the conscious thoughts, as well as the emotions, which are provoked by the music. When the music is entirely novel, the limit between the production of benefit and the sensation of exhaustion is reached sooner than with music which is familiar. Individuals who complain of early fatigue, even when enjoying music, correspond to the over-anxious type of business and professional men. Could those people relax their over-strung, tense attitude of mind and replace it by one of repose and calm confidence, they would benefit by good music and would perform more work without weariness or strain.

If it is admitted that where not followed to excess

music yields physical benefit, it follows that it can be prescribed by the conscientious physician just as can be any other health-producing agent, such as golf, bathing and many forms of recreation. The other aspect of music, however, cannot be ignored. Music, like the novel and the drama, is of all varieties. It can appeal to the most superficial moods of man, linked as it can be to foolish verse. It can draw out the sentimental false posturings of an artificial state of culture, just as truly as it can evoke the noble and genuine. Such widely different mental attitudes are accompanied by, or produce, different physical modifications. Frequently repeated indulgence of the sentimental, hyper-emotional and sinister moods is deteriorating ; whilst the encouragement of the expansive, nobler moods leads to a healthier habit of the body. Artists, or those priding themselves on being the possessors of an " artistic temperament," who revel in emotional excess, whose feelings are encouraged to be intense and undisciplined by the control of the intellect, develop in time innumerable maladies of those regions of the body which are influenced by the sympathetic nervous system. Their involuntary muscles cease to function normally and the circulation plays strange tricks. In time, with deficient healthy exercise and intervals for repose, chronic illnesses set in ; permanent abnormal conditions of the body are developed.

Trace from yet another point of view the influence of the vibrations of musical sound after they have reached the nervous system and become translated into subjective sensation or personal feeling. It is of extreme interest to observe that the ingoing impulse follows the usual course of what is medically termed an afferent impulse ; that is to say, it tends to produce an

outgoing, active (muscular) impulse. In simple language, these vibrations bring about an effect upon the nervous system which sets up an impulse towards movement. This movement may be of the voluntary muscles, the muscles which can be moved at the initiative of the will ; or of the involuntary muscles, which are beyond the direct control of the will, but readily influenced by the emotions—the muscles of the various organs and of the blood vessels. The first of these effects is beyond dispute, being easily observed ; the second is more difficult of proof, but its existence can be deduced from the evidence of the action upon the circulation.

The most widely varying types of music convey a *sense of movement*. Not only so, but this sensation of inward motion seeks relief, often quite unconsciously, in the performance of active movement. In the concert hall, even that reserved for the most strictly classical music, watch the audience and note how many are beating time with feet, hands or head. Where there is no restriction of narrow seating accommodation, where there is open space available, most people instinctively, and as if by reflex action, break into dance. This response to rhythm appears to be innate in the human being. The youngest child will try to dance or move in time with lively music. It is difficult, if not impossible, to make voluntary muscular movements not in rhythm, whilst music with a marked rhythm is played. Where hammers, oars, or similar objects are being wielded, the worker will carry on his occupation with a swing and an abandon which transforms his former strenuous and concentrated efforts into an easy and pleasurable exercise. Even where the music is stately and slow there is always the sensation as of being drawn along with the irresistible sway of its

rhythm. However solemn, however mournful it be, there is still conveyed the sense as of an inward urge towards a goal. With slow music, however, there is produced less tendency to respond by active muscular movement such as the dance, or even of beating time to its rhythm. The sense of motion is then an inward inclination ; a movement of the muscles concerned in the manifestation of the emotions.

This enables us to realize more clearly the second effect of music, its action upon the muscles of the organs and blood vessels. The two effects indeed cannot be sharply separated. The first type of music—that with lively or rapid form—tends to cause purely outward movement, movement of the voluntary muscles ; the movement thus initiated tends to become so great in its physical extent that it precludes observation of, and probably the existence of, motion in less easily observed regions of the body. Slow and expressive music tends rather to the excitation of the emotions, and these in turn awaken associated trains of thoughts and memories deeply coloured with personal feeling. That more profound emotion is aroused by slow than by livelier music points to the fact that the involuntary muscles are being acted upon, or set in motion. It was well known in ancient times, and has been confirmed by modern physiological research, that emotion is accompanied by movements of the organs—*i.e.* of their involuntary muscles—heart and blood vessels, lungs, the various glands and the organs of the digestive tract. It is unnecessary to repeat in detail what has been described at the beginning of the chapter, in the brief summary of the various physiological changes associated with the emotions. Leaving aside the physical aspect, the resultant psychic condition may be aptly termed a movement of the mind or soul. Moods of

quiet reflection and pensive tranquillity may leave the entire organism unmoved. Not so the emotions charged with strong personal significance. Emotions of high exaltation and victorious triumph, or of depression and melancholy, of ecstatic joy or piercing anguish are alike conditions of movement, expansive or contractile, of the psyche.

The division between the two broad types of music and their equally defined results on the personality, physical and mental, is not a hard-and-fast border-line; they may overflow and pass from one to another from moment to moment in the course of the performance of the same musical work.

In the majority of the musical works which give pleasure there exist two—and often three—distinct factors. The first is Rhythm, the second is that named, for lack of a better term, Expression. The third is Harmony.

Rhythm is one of the chief underlying forces of the universe. If man attempts to live without rhythm Nature pulls him up and punishes as surely as if he had tried to live without light. The laws of health which govern the efficiency of the body point unmistakably to the importance of rhythm; the sympathetic nervous system, closely associated with the subconscious, regulates the organs and functions according to a definite rhythm; health is best maintained when this is not interfered with and disturbed by a man's voluntary effort. Thus, for example, the body seeks regular hours for sleep and rest, for meals and for exercise; prolonged habits of irregularity disturb the health. The heart and lungs function with a rhythm the rate of which is peculiar to each individual. No amount of determination can enable the body to work beyond

its power. Health is preserved only when intervals of repose alternate with periods of activity ; where a man attempts to force himself, by sheer effort of the will, to carry on his work for prolonged periods, inefficiency follows and disease makes headway.

Recent research into the causes of fatigue in industry, and methods of increasing the output of work with due regard for the well-being of the worker, has revealed the fact that more and better work is performed during shorter hours, or where the long day is broken by frequent and regular intervals for rest, however brief. Moreover, the work output is greatly increased by the introduction of a regular rhythm in the execution of the necessary muscular movements. This has been also proved in the domain of medical treatment. When a muscle is excited by electricity and maintained too long in action it is injured ; when rhythmic periods of relaxation are allowed to alternate with the periods of activity, the muscle is developed. Electricity and exercises carried out with a regular rhythm of activity and repose benefit many forms of illness ; when persisted in without rhythm they aggravate the malady. Man prefers to march, walk and dance with a regular rhythmic swing, and many athletic exercises and movements of manual labour are performed, naturally, with a regular pendulum type of movement. An accompaniment of music undoubtedly lightens physical effort, possibly by removing the associated mental attention, more probably by the mysterious tonic effect of its vibrations upon the nerve and muscle cells. The more man works and plays in harmony with the natural rhythm of his body, the more he can accomplish, and the more in tune, and therefore joyous, is the mental result produced. Training of the body with systematic, orderly rhythmic movements can

bring about balance and poise of the mind. Rhythmic exercises, with accompaniment of music, undoubtedly can go far to prevent, and even in many cases cure, much of the nervous disease so prevalent in modern times. Upon these facts depends the success of the Dalcroze method of eurhythmics.

Rhythm appeals also to the æsthetic sense; the beauty accompanying the orderly poise of the movements of athletics and the dance is associated with a perfectly adapted adjustment of mind and body. Moreover, the corresponding activity in the nerve and brain cells conduces to the development of an equilibrium of the entire nervous system. The character is influenced for good; it does not show the disordered, unbalanced emotionalism and ready excitability so commonly met with in undisciplined natures. Grace of movement and demeanour implies a harmony within; and similarly, clumsy and ugly movements or gestures are usually the index of imperfect balance of the nervous system. At the root of physical and mental health, beauty of movements and rightness of conduct, there lies a correct functioning of the law of rhythm.

When sounds are heard, or movements watched, the emotional realm—and hence the subconscious—is affected as much as the intellect. When the rhythm of the sound or action is definite and regular, a sense of repose is communicated to the conscious mind. To the sensitive ear, discord and lack of rhythm cause mental unrest, discomfort, even pain. Movement which is ugly and ungraceful gives the same discomfort to the æsthetic sense; on analysis, it is found that such movement has no rhythm, is fidgety and erratic, and may aptly be compared with what in the world of sound is known as "out of tune." Sound which has an irregular rhythm has a deleterious effect upon

the nervous system—it is tiring and irritating. A persistent stammering speaker fatigues the listener. A distant hammering noise which has a regular rhythm is not unpleasing; when of irregular rhythm it first excites, then fatigues the brain and brings about sleeplessness.

A sound with a regular rhythm, if peaceful, like the humming of a top, is soothing and lulls to healthy sleep. It can be used for medical purposes, as when it is desired to bring about a passive state of the conscious self and implant a suggestion in the subconscious; herein lies the explanation of the success of incantations for the cure of disease. Incantations acted in pre-scientific days—and act to-day in primitive races and in uneducated or simple communities—doubtless in the same manner as the method of reiterated suggestion, long known to mental specialists, but made widely known only within the past year or two by the popularity of M. Coué's convincing phrases. Monotonous sound with a regular rhythm, such as a measured chant or the beating of the drum in dervish rites, produces its effect by lulling to hypnotic sleep the conscious self. Any gentle rhythmic sound can bring about a similar result. Thus, for example, as was pointed out by the American physician, Boris Sidis, the ticking of a metronome can induce in some people a state of passivity which makes him as susceptible to suggestion as if he were deeply hypnotized. I have frequently found patients who were reclining in a comfortable chair sent to sleep by the hum of the electrical apparatus at work in the room. Now, in order to produce this condition of repose, mental and physical, the factor of prime importance is that the *sound must be of regular rhythm*. When the conscious, resisting self is thus set at rest, suggestions readily reach the subconscious;

and their power for good or ill is immeasurably magnified. Any agent which is capable of bringing about this state of receptivity of the mind can be used for good purpose. This action of music on the mind has been dealt with under the section of music and medicine (p. 152), and it is also considered more at length in the next chapter, which examines the psychic effects and analogies.

Searching still further into the physical conditions of this subject, the causation of discomfort by discordance and irregularity, of peace by harmony and regularity, we are brought up against the fact that science has proved that all sound is due to movement, to invisible waves. Thus sound, as appreciated by the mind, is due to rapid waves passing through the air and impinging upon the drum-like membrane inside the ear. With highly pitched sound the waves are short and rapid ; with low-pitched sound, the waves are larger and slower in rate. The constant bombardment of the organism by the sound-waves must produce a physical change. Doubtless the incidence of these vibrations, when of regular occurrence, corresponds with a healthy structural modification of the body cells.

It is undeniable that music played with due regard to rhythm conveys great pleasure. The fact can be witnessed at any of the good popular concerts. Even the most classical music, such as that of Bach, which contains a marked beat and definite rhythm, receives the greatest applause from the greatest number of people. Indeed, to me it appears that the prominence given by the older masters to simplicity of rhythm is the chief secret of their immense and wide popularity. The mental delight derived from the older classics is also apparently associated with a healthy physical reaction,

as if their rhythm corresponded to some deep-seated physiological rhythm, and so brought about a healthy condition of the nutrition and growth of the cells of the body. In much of the modern music a marked time accent and a simple rhythm do not play much part. This may indeed be the explanation of the restricted number of its admirers amongst the average listeners untrained in music. The absence, irregularity, obscurity and complication of rhythm may account for the strongly adverse comments so often heard on the subject of modern music. The critic is unaware of the cause, but resents the fact that from such music he obtains no sense of physical benefit or mental repose.

So far as one radically ignorant of the musical vocabulary can judge, much of the modern orchestral music relies for its effects upon the harmony, or the contrast, produced by the markedly different character of sounds emitted by the various instruments. Subjective states of feeling, exterior conditions, objects or natural sounds are imitated by ingenious and extraordinary combination or juxtaposition of various notes and instruments. Much that I have heard resembles the jangling and discordant welter of sounds audible at a country fair. This is surely ingenious imitation rather than music. It corresponds to realism in literature. It is photography rather than art ; the spirit is lost in the endeavour to capture the material. Intellectual interest is stimulated, but the æsthetic sense is starved. In modern days the multiplication of instruments permits more latitude for imitative or descriptive music ; qualities sought after too often at the expense of rhythm and beauty. This explanation necessarily cannot approach the technical facts obvious to students of music ; it is written from the point of view of the physician, attempting to understand the causes of the

beneficial and the injurious effects produced by music on the human organism.

It is doubtful whether the above described forms of modern music can produce the beneficial effect, either physical or mental, which is undeniably obtained from the music of the older masters. Much of the music with irregular accent and complicated rhythm appeals almost exclusively to the intellect; much tends to evoke a depressing and uneasy, and therefore harmful type of emotion. Unless listened to only for short periods of time, it has a tendency to produce a contractile physical state; this occasions at first restlessness and excitability, and subsequently fatigue and nervous irritation. It is improbable that obscure rhythm, recognizable only by a highly educated ear, could be as effective in its action on the body cells as is the clearly marked beat of, for example, a Bach Concerto. Modern music of the variety above referred to may be a temporary phenomenon doomed to early extinction, or its novel and revolutionary style may be the precursor of yet more highly evolved methods of musical construction. As even musicians are at variance on this subject I must pass it over and come to a consideration of the next factor of indisputable importance—expression.

The equally mysterious and intangible quality known as Expression has as profound importance in the final result. Without regular or definite rhythm, music can bring about physical fatigue and mental distress; without expression, music is as a dead thing and communicates no meaning or satisfaction to the listener.

Consider this problem more closely. Imagine an orator who read his speech in a monotonous voice, without inflexion of tone, without gesture and with facial expression of complete indifference. However

eloquent his words, however heroic his sentiments, that orator would fail to evoke in his hearers any corresponding emotion ; he would leave them cold and inattentive. On the contrary, a speech of poor or indifferent content, if uttered with emphasis and lively modulation, can rouse an audience to enthusiasm. The emotional variation in the sound of the speaking voice is capable, quite apart from the ideas embodied, but by itself alone, of arousing warm responsive feeling and associated train of thought. The recognition of this fact is of far-reaching importance, and enables one to understand the analogous effect which can be produced by music, correctly rendered, on the human mind. This question merits examination in further detail.

Place before fifty executants the same musical composition and the same instrument. The same notes may be correctly struck, the indications for their interpretation faithfully followed. Yet the music called forth will be found to vary with each interpreter, and the meaning of the composer may be entirely missed by one and all. The spirit of the music is not necessarily brought into being by a performance correct as to position, resonance and emphasis of the individual notes. So many of the necessary elements are present, yet there is absent something more important—something indescribable, intangible, yet alive and essential. There are keen students of the piano who search in vain throughout their lives to capture this elusive quality which is the unique possession of the great artists. In vain have the teachers endeavoured to define it and to impart it to their pupils. It is commonly spoken of as " touch," " expression " and " soul." The quality of the sounds is transformed by this mysterious addition which, as it were, breathes life

into music otherwise dead and cold. Minute modifications of time, of pressure and of rhythm are made with due regard to the idea of the composition as a whole. Lesser artists, although indubitably possessing the musical temperament and able to instil life into brief compositions, will yet betray their limitations, when attempting longer works, by combining over-emphasis or over-elaboration of one part with indifferent or monotonous execution of adjoining phrases. Their conception of the work as a whole is not large enough to enable them to perform it with the sustained vigour and regard for the balance of rate, rhythm and expression.

More than temperament is demanded of the great artists. An intellectual sense of balance is essential to the making of the true musician. The working out of an intricate and sublime music demands for its adequate rendering a mind above the obsession of small things, a character in harmony with the grandeur to be interpreted. The nobler creations of the great masters cannot receive worthy treatment by the character built on a small scale. The analogy between music and poetry holds true in this respect. As John Milton wrote :

" And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem ; that is, a composition of the best and honourablest things ; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men and famous cities unless he have in himself the expression and the practice of all that is praiseworthy."

The difference of the effect produced upon an audience by the various types of performers is unmistakable. The correct player leaves the listener cold ;

one is accustomed to hear him spoken of as possessing "an excellent technique." Another type frequently met with is the musician of definitely inferior intellectual calibre, who produces a feeling of incompleteness and discomfort owing to his lack of balance and his manner of alternating periods of exquisite beauty with passages of irregular or broken rhythm, of over and under emphasis of individual phrases without due consideration for the proportion of the main theme. The rare musician, from beginning to end, produces in the listener a state of supreme pleasure. His mastery of rhythm and expression are recognized from the first bars, and one surrenders with complete confidence to the enjoyment of a performance in which every phrase, every passage receives not only the exquisite beauty proper to itself, but also maintains its due balance in relation to the whole. No one part is exaggerated at the expense of another. Wave after wave of rhythm passes on, merging each to form a perfect whole. The spirit animating the entire performance implies a capacity for complete self-forgetfulness. Never does the true artist obtrude his own personality; the sublime meaning of the music is allowed to find free expression through his passive instrumentality. Hence, probably, the fact that the majority of musicians prefer to play "by heart," and often with eyes closed, or in darkness, so that all human and personal intervention by the senses is occluded. The intellectual process involved in reading the score, even of familiar music, necessarily imports something of the individual which is felt to interfere with the free passage of the musical spirit.

So much has been said of the place of Rhythm and Expression that the beginner must now be inquiring:

but what about melody? What about harmony? Melody is one of the charms of music, but great music can exist with it in but little quantity and of but secondary importance. Personally, I find its presence an enormous addition to the pleasure derived from music, but it is not an outstanding feature in some of the most beautiful compositions. Advance in knowledge of classical music does not, however, render one less appreciative of the melodies of folk song. On the contrary, it enables one to distinguish melodies in complicated music in which, at an earlier stage of one's progress, one could hear nothing but a medley of confused sounds. Here I may be allowed to wander for an instant, to remark on the happy relationship of the music and words in folk song. How seldom in modern song is the wistful longing, the sadness and the sincerity of the words reflected in the music! Whereas, in many of the old Scotch songs, the emotion of the words is exactly mirrored in the melody.

Harmony and melody present mathematical problems; into this complicated region I would not venture to stray. Probably there exist sounds both lower and higher than can be detected by the human ear. The highest audible musical note has 4752 vibrations; the lowest, 16. Vibrations at a slower rate are heard as noise.

When certain notes are heard at the same moment they give rise to a state of pleasure; whilst other combinations of notes bring about as surely a feeling of pain. In the majority of listeners, when pleasure is caused, the notes are said to be in harmony; when discomfort or pain is aroused, the notes are said to be discordant. The pain occasioned by discord is a state of feeling which, apparently, becomes less acute with custom. The theory has been put forward that the

pleasure occasioned by harmony and melody is due to the fact that the vibrations of such notes correspond with those natural to the fine endings of the nerve of hearing. Just as the vibrations of a tuning-fork can set up similar vibrations in a neighbouring fork of the same size, and the vibrations of a piano string can arouse sympathetic sounds, vibrating at the same rate, in adjacent glass and metal objects, so it is possible that the sound waves may coincide with the rate of movement of individual fine terminals of the nerve of hearing. Or, on the contrary, they may cause a blocking or an irregular functioning of the impulses passing along the nerve, and this imperfection may be the cause of the unpleasant sensation which is translated, by the mind, as discordance.

In this connection it is of interest to recall the old doctrine of the Divine Proportion or Golden Section. Pacioli (Venice, 1509) stated that the Divine Proportion was to be found by dividing a line in the extreme and mean ratio, *i.e.* the larger part of the line is to the smaller part as the whole line is to the larger part. In 1854, Zeising declared that this geometrical proportion existed in all beautiful works of art and nature. His theory seemed proved when Dr. Goeringer, in 1893, constructed his " Golden Compass." With this instrument he measured those works of nature and art—sculpture, architecture, etc.—which are universally acknowledged to be beautiful ; their proportions were found to tally with the law of the Divine Proportion. Goeringer then tested this law in the sphere of musical sounds. He measured, by an ingenious device, the notes which were recognized to be in harmony. Tubes were filled with fluid up to varying levels, arranged so that the notes of a scale were heard when the tubes were struck. The length of the columns of air in those

tubes which gave out notes in harmony were found to correspond with the measurements of the Divine Proportion.

Less attractive and picturesque, but more in keeping with the demand for truth which is characteristic of to-day, is the explanation given by those men of science who have studied the vibrations of the waves of sound. Helmholtz has a volume on the subject so enormous and so full of formulæ that it strikes terror into the hearts of all save mathematicians. Tyndall's book, to which I have already referred, is a simpler and most enticing study. The number of vibrations in notes which sound harmonious are found to bear a definite proportion to each other. When the number of the vibrations aroused by two notes sounding together happens to be very close, a roughening or beating is perceptible to the ear ; the waves interfere with and block each other. To the mind this appears as a harshness, or discordance. Now, in almost every musical sound there are vibrating several notes in addition to the lowest or so-called fundamental note. These are known as overtones ; and to their number and variety is due the difference of the sounds emitted by various instruments when the same fundamental note is struck. The rate of vibrations of this natural series of harmonious overtones coincides with the number proved by science to be in proportion. They also correspond with the sound which to the average ear appears pleasing and in tune.

There is something very fascinating in this fact of the agreement of man's natural taste or intuitive sense with the findings of science. The general consensus of untutored opinion in a multitude of matters—religious, political, scientific—is frequently found to be identical with what is ultimately revealed to be correct

by profound research. Just as the eye is created so that it is in relation to the waves of light, so is the ear in relation to the vibrations of sound. In the majority of human beings there is an innate sense which tells when a note is " in tune," and when two or three notes sounding simultaneously form a discord or a harmony. When the laws of natural harmony are violated too frequently in a musical work there is conveyed the same physical discomfort as with irregular rhythm. Eventually, both body and mind become fatigued. Doubtless science will one day be able to explain the organic basis of this indubitable fact.

The student will object that in much modern music there appear chords which break every rule of " the divine proportion " and of the scientific measurement of vibrations, and yet yield pleasure to the listener. On closer consideration, however, it would appear that the pleasure obtained from these so-called discords can be compared with the sensation aroused by the changing fashions. The new mode startles and displeases at first sight ; with repetition and familiarity it eventually pleases and appears beautiful. Yet this everyday experience fails to convince mankind that there exists only relative, and never absolute beauty. Man believes in absolute beauty and ideal harmony ; the æsthetic satisfaction these instantaneously communicate is an experience distinct from the pleasure which follows only with familiarity. The same phenomenon is seen in other domains of life. In the arts—literature, painting, sculpture and architecture—even in the conduct of daily life, mankind becomes accustomed to, and even enjoys what is at first admitted to be far from an ideal standard. But when the ideal is seen or heard, something innate in the organism, physical and mental, is stirred in a healthy manner

which is beneficial to the whole being, body and soul. Fortunately, a study of the laws of harmony is not an essential equipment for those who have no intention of becoming performers of any musical instrument other than a player-piano.

Musicians tell me they can detect from the first notes of an orchestra the key or scale in which the composition is written. To me, and to the majority, such knowledge appears to be almost a supernatural, certainly a wonder-provoking, gift. Happily, no such knowledge is necessary for the appreciation of great music ; what alone is necessary is a receptive attitude of mind. Further, I am given to understand that certain keys, certain chords and sequences of notes are definitely known to be capable of producing a sense of exultation, just as others tend to evoke disquiet and irritation. The ancient Greeks recognized four different varieties of musical composition, and could distinguish the moods aroused by each in the mind of the listener : the Phrygian mode, animated and spirited ; the Lydian, soft, slow and soothing ; the Æolian, lulling ; and the Doric, powerful and simple. There may well be others in modern times which are sought after by composers in order to create a variety of subtle mental states. Only the trained musician can understand the arrangement and combination of notes necessary for the reproduction, in the mind of the listener, of the more commonly experienced emotions.

Just as the prevailing beliefs, ideals and literature alter from century to century, so it is possible that each generation requires different and contemporary forms of music to satisfy its needs. The unrest, the desire for the practical and concrete, the crude cynicism, the disillusionment, and the vague, unsatisfied groping

after material comfort which characterize the critical mood of to-day, find an echo in the agitation, the realism, the discord and the incompleteness of much of the recent music. For the healthy, eager, questioning youth, such music may stimulate by responding to an intellectual want. The delicate adult or the invalid should avoid it, as a source of harmful irritation to the circulation and the sensitive nervous system; headaches, disturbed sleep, fatigue and depression are liable to follow.

The conclusions arrived at in this chapter may be thus summed up. Undisciplined indulgence in emotion is accompanied by harmful physical effects—fainting fits, stupor, abnormal action of the heart, blood vessels, glands and other organs. All these effects have been proved to bring about, in time, diseased conditions of brain and body. Certain musical compositions undoubtedly encourage a harmful excess of emotion which is injurious to the body. Music which evokes the normal expansive emotions makes for health and happiness. Great literature and great music, which stand the test of time, are never of the type that produce fear, anxiety, depression or selfish excitement, with their accompanying unhealthy physical manifestations. Such considerations reveal the close association of body and mind. Hence we now turn, naturally, to a study of the psychic effects of music.

CHAPTER VIII

Psychic Effects and Analogies

Value of emotion for practical purposes of life; sterile and productive forms of emotion—Harmony of the self is accompanied by joy—Methods of acquiring inner harmony; love, religion and other unifying agents—Methods of rapidly inducing unity of the self: oratory; the æsthetic sense; suggestion and hypnosis; music—Emotional effect of music; relationship of music and poetry; variety of the emotions induced by music.

THE majority of us pass through life in a condition of semi-torpor, with a vast reserve of talent which is never called upon or required by the small happenings of the daily routine. Many pass through life without once realizing the existence of the force lying dormant within themselves. Others dimly sense it, at rare intervals, when a profound emotional upheaval breaks up the sober pathway of their busily occupied years. The great disturbances of calm and methodically ordered ways—love and death—though experienced by all humanity, may leave the individual unaltered; stirred, perhaps, for the moment, but instantly sheltered again in the shock-proof round of routine. As the years pass, the average man takes pride in asserting that he is no longer carried away by his imagination, and in parading his inability to be moved to wonder or to be swept off his feet by deep feeling for any work of man or God. With the creative minority, the ability to feel profound impersonal emotion remains throughout life as real and

vivid as in childhood ; the character of the emotion may vary with the passage of the years, but its strength is unaffected. With average humanity time blunts the keen edge of the imagination ; the emotional life is limited and unelastic, because the mind has become accustomed to deal only with the concrete and practical things which are realized by the senses.

A man's capacity for creation and discovery depends upon the vitality of his sense of the existence which lies behind the visible and tangible world. Whether in the domain of art or of science, it remains true that no work of importance is produced when the eye cannot pierce through the veil of custom to the deeper reality visible only to the spirit. Genius describes its discoveries as coming from the unknown ; the creative idea " comes as a flash." In his epoch-making volumes on " Human Personality " Myers describes genius as an " uprush " from the subconscious. As in the arts, there is in all the sciences—chemistry, biology, medicine, engineering and others—a vision which comes after patient preliminary groping by the intellect. The reason gathers together the facts bearing on a subject, and after a slow process of meditation, which is as a rule felt as a time of painful, or at least disquieting, emotion, the thought emerges new-born from the subconscious. The subconscious has dealt with it, brooded on it, modified and reshaped it, and finally returned it to the conscious self, incredibly transformed. This second birth may rise suddenly to the level of the consciousness and appear as a vision, a certainty, a glowing " inspiration " or realization of a truth. In science, it comes often as a hypothesis, to be tested by endless experiment ; a hypothesis such as the atom or the ion, which for a generation rings true and leads to wide application in the material world. When these

sudden visions of truth lead to the production of great music or other artistic masterpieces, or to a great discovery in science, we attribute genius to the individual who has had such extraordinary experience. Less important, less highly imaginative, but equally useful work in art and science is performed by the hundreds of individuals whom we call talented or clever.

In all such visitations, whether of genius or of talent, there is the same experience of a time of preparatory difficulty, of labouring thought, followed by a period of production which is accompanied and followed by an emotion of joy. This emotion of joy in certain cases amounts to ecstasy, and is indeed that "heavenly joy" which Beethoven expresses in his Ninth Symphony. In all mankind there lies the possibility of evoking such joy, but the preliminary spade work, the dull effort of the conscious reasoning which is necessary to reach the depths of the subconscious, is avoided by the majority for so many long years, if not indeed postponed indefinitely, that in time nothing remains in the average life beyond the ordinary and material routine of everyday existence. To such a degree is this true that only a privileged few, at rare intervals, retain to mature age a clear consciousness of this ineffable joy.

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come.
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light and whence it flows. . . .
> Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
> And custom lie upon thee with a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!"
>
> (Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality.")

Perhaps of no time is this truer than of to-day, when the mass of cheap books and papers and cinema

pictures fill up every minute of leisure and leave no time for individual thought. The average man becomes incapable of knowing an original thought, or of feeling a genuine emotion. His own experience is translated into novel or cinema language ; his emotions are second-hand effects modified and devitalized by the fancies and romances of other men's minds. The average brain becomes like a photographic plate, covered with layer upon layer of rapid and perishable impressions ; originality and reasoning power are stunted, and finally killed. Machinery likewise has destroyed the labourer's pleasure in work ; he has no opportunity for the expression of his original and personal gifts. To this numbing effect of routine, with its discouragement of individuality, and hence the impossibility of joyous interest in work, can be traced the undercurrent of discontent, envy and hatred which, uncorrected, lead along definitely recognized channels to social upheaval and revolution.

" La nature nous avertit par un signe précis que notre destination est atteinte. Ce signe est la joie. Je dis la joie, je ne dis pas le plaisir. . . . Le plaisir n'indique pas la direction où la vie est lancée. Mais la joie annonce toujours que la vie a réussi, qu'elle a gagné du terrain, qu'elle a remporté une victoire. . . . Prenez des joies exceptionelles, celle de l'artiste qui a realisé sa pensée, celle du savant qui a découvert ou inventé. . . . Celui qui est sûr d'avoir produit une œuvre viable et durable . . . se sent au-dessûs de la gloire . . . parceque la joie qu'il en éprouve est une joie divine."—Bergson, " L'Energie Spirituelle," 1920.*

* " Nature tells us by a definite sign when our destination is reached. That sign is joy. I say joy, not pleasure. . . . Pleasure does not point out to us the direction towards which life is

The joy experienced by sincere intellectual effort, and by manual work, performed conscientiously and with interest, is an unselfish, outgoing emotion, which leads to a healthy reaction on the part of the entire organism, physical, mental and spiritual. Routine, which conveys no personal emotional value, destroys the individual's power of spontaneous effort and interest. The energy which should, in normal conditions, find ample field for action in the day's work, is thus driven back upon itself, with intensified power for harm. Self-regarding emotions follow, injurious to both the individual and the community. It is the self-centred emotions which fret, tire and wear out the health of the body and the nervous system. Hence it is that the prevalent conditions of modern life tend to destroy the happiness of the individual and encourage a permanent state of misdirected energies. Everywhere there are visible the natural consequences —anxiety, fear, disease and unsettled social equilibrium.

The above considerations lead us naturally to inquire how, in modern times, can we rediscover the unselfish pleasure in work, the joy which can transform and renew our life : how, in other words, can average humanity find out how to set free and to utilize the force residing in—or reaching man through—the sub-conscious ? First, it is essential to seek for spheres of unselfish action, and to encourage all healthy sources of, and outlets for, the demonstration of sincere emotion. It may be taken as an axiom that emotion

travelling. But joy always announces that life has succeeded, that it has gained ground, that it has been victorious. . . . Consider the exceptional joys, that of the artist whose dreams have been realized, that of the scholar who has discovered or invented. . . . He who knows he has produced a worthy piece of work which will endure . . . feels himself above fame . . . because the joy it gives him is a divine joy."

which is truly unselfish and genuine is a healthy and a desirable state of mind. Fine emotion is a powerful driving force, which, when unhampered, tends naturally to seek outlet in useful activity. Without delving far into philosophy, it can be said that those who have most deeply considered psychology and metaphysics tell us that emotion cherished for its own sake, and emotion repressed and given no outlet, are equally inadvisable and injurious. Briefly expressed, emotion that is sterile, emotion that is neither translated into outward action nor utilized for intellectual production is capable of harming the individual. This agrees with the physiological facts described in the last chapter—emotion is the natural preparation for action.

This statement demands some explanation. A modern, and no doubt temporary school of medical psychology, teaches that repression of impulse is often harmful ; and certain of the extreme disciples of Freud apparently translate that so literally that they actually inculcate the doctrine that repression is wrong, that free expression for every impulse is natural, and therefore right. This theory is at variance with all the facts of civilization, as is soon detected by those who act in accordance with it. Free self-expression lands the individual in a very maelstrom of opposing forces ; in his search for pleasure and happiness, by avoiding all repression, he finds the very negation of the goal he sets out to seek. There is to be found, in the long run, no greater sufferer than the modern devotee of comfort gained by evasion of effort and self-denial. The misfortune of humanity is that too often youth is passed before this discovery is borne home ; and, when no sane philosophy has come within a man's early knowledge, cynicism and bitter disillusionment fill his maturer years. Humanity grows by the overcoming

of obstacles, by the repression, by the individual, of what is contrary to his own finer development and to the good of society as a whole.

Repression, considered by itself alone, is a valuable power, and ability to exercise it appears to be a distinguishing mark between the man of character and the man of impulse. Without the exercise of repression man would be deprived of much of the adventure of life, which is to be found in the heroic perseverance which gains victory over obstacles. It is worth while, even if we do not believe it, to act on the hypotheses of free-will and duty, because of the added zest they lend to life. There lurks, however, danger in the employment of repression when a healthy substitute is not found to replace the injurious impulse, temptation or desire. The individual must, for the preservation of sanity and health, find an outlet consistent with the higher aims, ideals, or work of his life. Where there is inconsistency of aims, there is harm. At all costs we must bring our aims in line, and keep a harmonious standard.

" Real ethical relations . . . would exist even in a moral solitude if the thinker had various ideals which took hold of him in turn. His self of one day would make demands on his self of another ; and some of the demands might be urgent and tyrannical, while others were gentle and easily put aside. We call the tyrannical demands imperatives. If we ignore these we do not hear the last of it. The good which we have wounded returns to plague us with interminable crops of consequential damages, compunctions and regrets. . . . Perfect peace can abide with him only so far as he lives according to some sort of casuistic scale which keeps his more imperative goods on the top. It is the nature

of these goods to be cruel to their rivals. Nothing shall avail when weighed in the balance against them. They call out all the mercilessness in our disposition, and do not easily forgive us if we are so soft-hearted as to shrink from sacrifice on their behalf."—William James, " Will to Believe."

Viewed from this standpoint, many of the temptations to " self-expression " are seen in a light which reveals them for what they are, and it is strange indeed how often the impulses then lose their former attraction, cease to tempt and therefore no longer demand the exercise of repression. The happiness thus attained, by the elimination of war within the self, permeates all the routine of daily life, tunes it to a higher level, bathes it, as it were, in a constant beam of sunshine. The facts of the day remain unaltered ; there is the same necessity to dress and eat and sleep. Only the spirit in which the daily tasks are undertaken is changed. What before seemed dull has become illuminated as by a lamp within ; all effort is lightened as if a heavy load had been removed.

How can we explain this transformation of the attitude which finds work, once fatiguing, become so light that twice the amount can be finished in the day ? Is it the absence of friction between the conscious and the subconscious, and the resultant harmony of all the conscious aims, which allow the unhampered exercise of the entire energy of the personality ? Or is it, perhaps, that the absence of disharmony leaves a free passage for the universal spirit, or the divine, to manifest itself through the individual form ? Whatever the explanation preferred, the fact remains that joy, a truly " heavenly joy," accompanies that condition of harmony of the various faculties of the self.

This exquisite happiness is frequently experienced by the man who is sincerely religious ; and it is widely believed that religion alone can produce it. This is by no means true. It is experienced by the creators—of genius and of talent—in art and in science. So also can it be felt by those of average intelligence who allow themselves to be uncritical, who train themselves to understand the great productions of man and who cultivate the capacity to admire with unselfish interest. In all departments of life is this true—the man who allows himself to sympathize with all genuine expressions of life, art or science will find himself more than rewarded by the happiness he experiences after the first toilsome effort to understand.

The question again presents itself : by what means can humanity reconcile the antagonism between the self and the surroundings, how compose the differences which lead to conflict within the self ? If happiness, which is desired by all, is present only when there is harmony, how is such a condition attained ? If by learning how to unharness the force latent in the subconscious man can achieve greater deeds, how best can he learn to utilize this power ?

These problems have intrigued mankind at recurrent periods during the centuries. A study of ancient Indian scripts shows that in these olden times men received systematic instruction in the art of self-mastery. Throughout history, following on the materialism and licence born of warfare, man has sought by many pathways the peace of the spirit. Each generation has a predominant feature which characterizes it : sometimes it is the heyday of discovery and novelty, sometimes a gay or embittered scepticism, again a widespread spiritual fervour, and

the wars born of religious fanaticism. Last century was marked by vast progress in science and the material prosperity following the introduction of machinery, steam and electricity. Towards the end of the nineteenth century man, wearying of all these gains which left unsatisfied his immortal spirit, turned once more to religion. Out-worn creeds shed no new light on his difficulties; hence arose cults such as Christian Science and the innumerable kindred sects. The thinking man throughout the ages evinces the same distrust of temporary pleasures, the same thirst for the eternal verities. This century offers him a large choice of systems, all claiming devoted disciples who have achieved happiness and manifested in their lives the faith by which they have conquered. To the student of philosophy, all these sects and "systems" contain grave defects and incompleteness, but all possess also the substratum of truth upon which depends entirely their success. All train man in the wise use of the subconscious. By dint of repeated suggestions of health, confidence, serenity and goodness they enable the average man to reconcile his differences and to make strenuous endeavour, with an undivided mind, in some sphere of action, however limited. They teach him how to abolish the paralysing effects of the inhibiting emotions, especially those of worry and fear which are so prevalent to-day. This teaching, and this effect, is all for the good. Harm arises only where the doctrine of any particular sect is narrow, breeding intolerance or fanaticism; the destructive consequences of such attitudes of mind, in all forms of religious communities, are writ large in history.

The various creeds, and the cults of the type of Christian Science, make appeal to a large section of humanity, but there remain many to whom such

answers to life's problems give neither help nor comfort. To the deeply reflective reasoner such beliefs appear to contain not merely inadequate, but quite ludicrously illogical dogmas. To the young mind, untrained in self-analysis, the demand for constant self-sacrifice and meditation over abstract themes causes merely a shrug of uncomprehending derision. Yet neither the philosophic mature mind nor the energetic young spirit can be left without the pale. The inexorable fact remains, that for the accomplishment of any good work or noble action, all strife within the self must be stilled. It is by the fusion to one purpose of the latent subconscious and the conscious forces that great action, great discovery, great thought, great art and great work of every nature has been performed. While there is division or conflict, there is dissipation of power; where there is harmony, there is conservation of energy. And, in addition, there exists the possibility of attaining the happiness and the joy so ardently desired, but sought in such mistaken directions by humanity. These considerations make it more readily understood why man, having the capacity to stretch to the infinite, can find no true rest or permanent happiness in the satisfaction of the physical and material aspects of his complex nature.

In this connection it is necessary, for the simplification of the problem, to pass under review several of the main sources of profound and sincere emotion which act as unifying forces in human life.

The all-powerful results of love on the individual experiencing it are well known, and the inspiring or the devastating effects, in especial of first love, on the making or marring of character and life, are universally

admitted. The meaning of the term, however, admits of so many interpretations in our complex civilization that one man's acceptance of its significance is often hotly disputed by another. As portrayed by many of the writers of present-day fiction it certainly justifies the cynical man of science who declared it was but Nature's way of tricking mankind for its own ultimate end, the propagation of the species. The " love " so widely depicted in the drama and the novel is, however ingeniously disguised, at bottom but a purely selfish desire to obtain pleasure at the expense of the loved one. It would be matter for surprise did the association springing from such an emotion terminate in other than discord. A certain school of fiction describes minutely the physical attraction of the sexes ; that the partners in such a physical affinity should separate with disillusionment, misery and degradation of the character is precisely what is seen to be inevitable by the disinterested spectator.

The love which is creative, which inspires to great deeds, reverences the personality of the beloved and holds to its vision throughout life. There are no limits to the influence for good of a great and unselfish love. Under its spell even the physical health is benefited ; pain is forgotten and finally banished ; the entire personality, mind and body, functions on a higher level. The love described by St. Paul is commonly supposed to refer only to the abstract love for the community which has no personal content :

" Love suffereth long and is kind : love envieth not . . . seeketh not its own, is not provoked . . . beareth all things, believeth all things ; hopeth all things, endureth all things."

This definition, however, contains nothing to which

the generous lover will not make ready response. The love which has survived a lifetime of shared joys and sorrows and the simple events of the daily dull routine remains the highest possession of humanity. The love enduring to mature age is the fairest gift of life, and worthy every effort to attain. There is in the early love of the young man and maiden a lyric quality; in its very ignorance of the physical and the material there is, as it were, a winged element of poetry. In its finest form it is entirely unselfish; its attitude is one of unquestioning desire to serve; character and conduct are refined, ennobled and strengthened by the all-pervading sacred emotion. Separated as the young lovers may be by continents and for years, this high form of love remains for both an enduring inspiration. It preserves the young man as by an invulnerable shield from all sordid temptation and, where the object of his love is worthy, his whole life is tuned to higher purposes. Love's proverbial blindness arises from its clear vision and insight into the potential virtues and beauty of the human soul. Where the surroundings are less kind, or when youth has been sullied by foolish or ignoble love, it may take long to discover the pathway illumined by the radiance of unselfish and profound affection. To many the experience of high romance has never come. The circumstances of their lives have usually rendered it impossible; and frequently the personality has been incapable either of attracting or of feeling so transcendent an emotion. The driving power of such an emotion, when genuinely pure and unselfish, is truly phenomenal; it has been the source of much of the greatest artistic and scientific work of the world. Of all periods of life this is true. I have known the lives of apparently humdrum individuals, well past middle

age, completely transformed by this influence; the character ennobled, the power for work intensified a hundredfold. Whatever life may hold in store of pain and disillusionment, the vision is never totally forgotten by those to whom even but a glimpse has been granted.

Leaving out of consideration the attitude of devotion towards impersonal objects and abstract causes, love, in the eyes of youth, is usually limited to signify but one relationship. As the years pass, its meaning broadens to include a myriad other aspects of close human ties. The love between parent and child, between brother and sister, between friends—all deepen and beautify life, fortify and dignify character, provide an aim and an inducement to unselfish labour. The richest fruits of friendship are frequently withheld from those who present a rare personal charm or a magnetic power of attracting admirers. The gift for friendship belongs to the possessor of the sympathetic heart; swift to recognize the good in their fellows, such men and women are equally prompt to make the advances and sacrifices necessary to win and to hold their friends by the firm bond of affection which colours as with a golden thread the whole tissue of their lives. The farther one proceeds along the path of life, the more evidence one finds of the immense influence for good which lies latent in the most simple human love. In its every form the giver is richly rewarded; whatever guise it assumes, sincere and unselfish love is a productive and a unifying power in life.

Perhaps the greatest and most overpowering of the unifying emotions is that which springs from a strong and true religious feeling. Throughout the centuries all history bears witness to the imperious driving force

of a genuine religious faith. None of the cults above referred to can claim the single-aimed purity and complete self-effacement of the religious convert. Some, it is true, have " found religion " by the pathway of one of these cults. Their existence and their profusion is evidence of the soreness of the need experienced by humanity. By the most devious routes man is impelled in his hungry search after the divine. Ever in quest of an ideal goal, man in truth thirsts after that divine union which brings him happiness, stimulates him to great effort and brings about his highest achievement. Where the religious consciousness is highly developed, it carries its possessor triumphantly through all trials and temptations with the serenity born of an undivided spirit. This absence of inner conflict enables the religious man to accomplish work and to overcome obstacles that would overwhelm another, however capable, whose mind was divided by doubts and anxieties. When the entire energy is concentrated on, and inspired by one aim, the whole life permeated by single-minded religious purpose, there is no dissipation of strength by friction within. Hence the daily difficulties, considered insurmountable by average humanity, appear to such men in the guise of merely unimportant details. The obstacles which appear so formidable, when encountered by a divided mind, dissolve away before the radiance of the religious spirit.

Man may argue as to the precise meaning of the word " religion." It is a term frequently and wrongly applied to an intellectual belief in some creed. The religion which carries man through life with a happy courage is not a creed, but an inner conviction, a realization or consciousness of an inpouring of spiritual force which lends wings to the halting personality.

Whatever the scientific explanation of the fact may be, no learned argument or objection can avail against the manifold world-wide and world-old personal testimony as to the existence of what is described usually as a " divine " visitation. Some experience it as a habitual quiet inner joy. Others realize it only at intervals, when they have a sense as of being lit up by a vivid illumination. The remembrance of that ecstasy never leaves them ; the whole life is consecrated and coloured by the marvel of its vision. The driving power of this spiritual emotion is of amazing strength. History abounds in examples of the extraordinary force revealed by individuals and by nations impelled by a religious fervour.

These two great examples—love and religion—exemplify the power residing in an emotion and faith sustained throughout long years of life. Single-minded devotion to art or science can produce similar types of what one may aptly term a " dedicated " life. There are various methods by which this form of out-going, creative or productive emotion, as distinguished from ingoing, selfish, or sterile emotion, can be induced rapidly, or by which the mind can suddenly acquire a faith or an object to which all its powers can be whole-heartedly harnessed. In other words, there are many means by which the condition of a harmonious blending of the whole personality, conscious and subconscious, can be achieved. A few examples may suffice to render clearer this by no means easy problem.

Under the spell of great oratory a mob can be swayed as one man to carry out the will of the leader. It is not only the young who can be inspired to noble deeds by a gifted speech, and fused to a white heat of enthusiasm which will tide them over incredible

obstacles and render them oblivious of pain and death. Men of all ages, of all ranks, of widely varying experiences and education, have been impelled by the swift and living words which fitted their mood to the vital moment.

The effect is produced by the persuasive appeal to the unselfish idealism of the crowd. Profound and unselfish emotion is aroused by the skilful presentation of painful facts together with the contrast of improved conditions to be achieved by the efforts of the audience. The intense feeling exhibited by the emphatic delivery of the orator is conveyed to the audience, whose minds are rendered receptive by the swift torrent of vivid phrases conveying in various guise similar and allied images until, by dint of elaborated reiteration with ever-increasing warmth and colour, there is reached a culminating climax. The listeners are worked up to a height of emotion which must find vent in action. Whilst drinking in the flood of oratory, the listener is incapable of cool reflection ; contradictory facts are excluded from consciousness whilst strong statements are enforced by association with impassioned appeal. Deliberate criticism is rendered powerless for the time. The image thus vividly prevented to the mind fuses the faculties of the entire personality ; deeds result which would be impossible of accomplishment by a divided self, coolly considering the facts. So remarkable are the achievements of man in these hours of zeal that in after days of quiet deliberation he stands amazed, and asks in wonder by what power he was inspired, from what mysterious source came such unaccustomed energy.

Oratory has been quoted as an example of one of the methods of bringing about a unification of the

individual, and its effects analysed at some length because it is a subject universally recognized, and its power is beyond dispute. Equally potent sometimes are less startling methods of unification, such as the emotions born in the silence of the heart, of experiences more private, and hence less widely recognized. A book, a poem, studied in a quiet room by a solitary thinker, can sway his whole life to higher ends. It is impossible to over-estimate the power of the theatre, of the painted canvas, of the written as of the spoken word, to awaken trains of thought charged with brief and sudden but intense emotion, which is destined to influence the condition of an individual's private consciousness so profoundly that the entire life is changed, and the lives of all with whom he comes in contact. The quiet perusal of a great man's biography has often inspired to a great life ; the patient enduring, for a cause, of poverty and pain, has brought to many a soul spiritual riches such as could never have been gained by material possessions. The unifying vision comes to some from service and sacrifice in daily acts of self-forgetfulness. Welfare, nursing, teaching and medical work—undertaken at first, perhaps, from pecuniary motives—often gradually become illuminated by the transforming light attained by sympathy and the desire to relieve the suffering of fellow-men. Some acquire this harmony of the personality from the suffering and the gladness of maternity ; others find it when death comes to claim their all. Tragedy can bring the realization to many a doubting spirit ; there were those whose first initiation into the divine meanings came from the grim horrors of the field of battle. Examples could be multiplied by reference to almost every activity of life. The main principle underlying each and every manifestation is, that strong and fine

emotion drives out the guerrilla warfare of opposing desires and fears ; the free channel created by the elimination of conflict assists concentration and leads to the accomplishment of work which is at once the best and the most cheerfully performed. The capacity to feel high and impersonal emotion is therefore a quality to be carefully guarded and seriously cultivated.

The satisfaction of the æsthetic sense provides mankind with another route by which an inner harmony may be attained. The æsthetic sense serves no apparent useful purpose, yet nature has provided means for its functioning in such lavish manner that it must perforce play an important part in the enrichment of the individual as well as the communal life. The town-weary worker knows well the refreshment and the renewed impetus for work which he gains by the sight of green trees and country fields. The dramatic beauty of sunrise and sunset, albeit of daily recurrence, never loses its power to call forth wonder and delight. Nature appeals in many ways to different men. The purple heights of harsh rugged mountains and the vast expanse of soft undulating plains ; the glint of sunlight through quivering leaves and the silver sheen of moonlit quiet lakes ; the dark shadows of pine forests and the majesty of moving water in river torrents or ocean waves—each and all convey their separate message to brighten the dusty path of routine. Equally potent is the appeal made by the beauty of man's creating—colour in picture and glass, grace and harmony of line in sculpture and architecture, the co-ordinated rhythm of movement in athletics and the dance, and the subtle influence of the beauty of measured musical cadences. Beauty of line, of colour and of sound convey repose to the distracted mind.

Hence it is that by these paths man also acquires that inner harmony which is necessary for creative work and happiness.

In diseased or unfortunate mental conditions, where the normal sources of energy are less readily accessible to the demands of the will, or when there is present no emotional driving force within the self, there remain available excellent substitutes. The conscious self can be taught to rest passive, allowing a free channel without opposition of the reason, and so permitting access to the subconscious of definite ideas selected by the adviser or the physician. Thus are stilled the conflicting crowd of half-formed desires, motives and fears, and the entire personality becomes as it were harmonized, by being suffused by one clear idea. The added force thus vicariously given to the single thought lends it the same power as would have been achieved by the concentration of a healthy normal will.

There are certain well-defined methods by which one can bring about the quieting of the conscious self which is essential for the success of this method of strengthening a mind bewildered with chaotic thoughts. The physician can achieve it by means of hypnotism or by suggestions repeated in a drowsy and monotonous tone of voice. The continuous reiteration of a gentle sound, such as the humming of a small motor or a wheel, the ticking of a clock or a metronome, will bring about a relaxation of the entire organism which in most persons leads to a drowsy repose, then sleep. Suggestions uttered during this stage of drowsy peacefulness enter uncriticized, and powerfully affect the subconscious. With the aid given by the repetition of appropriate suggestions difficult work can be transformed so as to appear simple ; many forms of physical

illness can be improved, even entirely banished. These facts have long been employed for beneficent purposes by the practitioners of medical suggestion. All forms of faith cure are efficacious in so far as the operator knows how to use these methods of suggestion. M. Coué has made widely known and popular the truth so long recognized by medical psychologists, that suggestions uttered by the patient himself, made without effort, are as potent for good as are suggestions made by another personality. These facts have already been dealt with in Chapter VII. They are mentioned here only to complete the review of the methods by which harmony can be restored in a divided mind.

In the lives of many, religion or other vivid idealism has ceased to function, and a great love has never come their way. For such individuals music is one of the factors by which the same result, a creative emotion, may be evoked. Of the several powerful influences capable of bringing about the desirable stilling of inner strife, music is one of the most potent. Great music unifies the personality ; it can inspire to action as can a noble religion, or a great love. Music can harmonize the warring faculties and guide into one channel the scattered aims and conflicting impulses of the undisciplined personality. More subtly, more rapidly, more completely than any other agent which produces intense or high emotion, music can bring about a complete change in the mental attitude. The change may be for the moment only ; it may, on the other hand, raise a whole lifetime to higher issues. The ancient leaders of the churches employed, perhaps in part unconsciously, the powerful influence of music to subdue the distracting warfare of the mind. Slow music accompanies the sacred services, music expressly

chosen to evoke the higher aspirations. To enhance the power of the music, brilliant lighting is avoided in the great cathedrals ; Milton's expressive description, a " dim religious light," has become a proverbial phrase. The æsthetic sense is at the same time held captive by the dignified beauty of line and colour. It is calculated that the combined appeal to eye, ear and mind must form a powerful suggestion which perforce reaches the subconscious and brings forth fruit in action at a subsequent date. All these varieties of appeal are vividly represented in the temple scene in " Parsifal," which calls forth an overwhelming response from all to whom the suggestive nature of sacred music makes appeal.

Approaching the subject from the standpoint of a study of religion, the late Sir Henry Jones, in the Gifford Lectures of 1921-22, attributes the same high function to the place of music in this world :

" The universe is wonderfully rich in meaning and beauty and spiritual worth, could we but escape from our littleness and let it inundate the soul. The poet helps us at times, and with his aid we catch a glimpse of the world's splendour. . . . Science comes, too, with its steady light. And the artist in colour and form. . . . Finally, the musician intervenes. He brings with him, perhaps, the most miraculous of all the benevolent intrusions into our commonplace life, and sets free an altogether new feature of the real.

" I have compared the soul of man to a city with many gates . . . besieged by the benevolent powers of this world. Both nature and spirit, both the world of things and the world of men, are perpetually proffering their gifts. If their truth and beauty and value cannot get in at one gate, they may by another. . . .

The æsthetic sense may give them entrance. He who is slow to hear the voice of truth speaking of morality and religion, and who is callous to all reasoning may hear them in music."

Under the spell of great music, a man finds that the obsession of sordid cares and anxiety fades into the background. Their true insignificance is revealed in the presence of the high emotion which raises him above his own limited personality. He loses his troubled individual self in a larger whole, and emerges strengthened, capable to cope with and to overcome what had previously threatened to engulf him. He reaches out to a greater and deeper consciousness ; the realization of the strength dormant within tides him over the present obstacles and infuses fresh energy for the future. The armour of cynicism drops from the hardened man of the world ; he knows, at last, that reality is as fair as the dream.

The mental effect of noble music may be aptly compared with that produced by poetry. The hall-mark of great poetry, as contrasted with simple rhyme or versification, is sincerity ; and hence its power to respond to exalted purpose and to give help in times of profound emotion. Ideals and aspirations, intimate or sacred thoughts and feelings of great joy or sorrow cannot be mentioned in polite social intercourse. Even between lovers and friends they are but rarely, and usually only with humorous apology, alluded to. The great poets deal with these deeper things of life so frequently and so naturally that man turns to them instinctively for solace and companionship when face to face with profound suffering and great joy. One may justifiably claim indeed that poetry is the natural form of expression of the soul in the depths and the

heights of life. The history of literature in all nations bears out the fact that language uttered in the rhythm of verse or chant comes more naturally than prose to the tongue which is inspired to speech by strong emotion. Music answers the same need of mankind.

To turn to the consideration of a few practical points in this connection. There are those to whom the patter of comic verse yields more pleasure than does great poetry. So also there are those to whom the tinkling of an idle song is more congenial than the most tremendous symphony. Although in some cases these tastes denote a shallow brain and insincere character, yet there are many in whom it indicates merely a defective education. Where there is already existent an appreciation of the simpler music which expresses genuine feeling, such as many of the old national or folk songs, there lies dormant a sense which can with certainty be educated to respond to the masterpieces of the world's great composers. It takes but little time to realize that music is in truth another language, the alphabet of which consists of notes of sound. Music, like poetry, can render to the inarticulate sufferer the truly divine comfort and aid which no human friend can adequately express. Just as sincere prayer refreshes the mind wearied by the sordid cares of daily life, so music can instil new energy into the toilworn worker. The degree of companionship and consolation which music affords to the lonely and the unhappy is incredible except by those who have either experienced it or witnessed its transforming action in the lives of others. When the spirit is one capable of responding to the higher values, music intensifies, deepens and calls into activity these nobler elements of the personality. Music stimulates the generous idealism and aids the higher faculties to

independent growth. For the time being the listener is freed from the inhibiting shackles which control, and too often completely stifle the myriad finer impulses of daily life. The resultant train of thought, set in motion by music and eventuating in action, must necessarily vary with the mental and moral equipment of the individual.

The emphasis laid upon the purifying and ennobling influence of music does not imply that other qualities cannot be stimulated, and other needs fulfilled by its invisible power. The language of musical sound can represent as vividly as the spoken word all the varied moods and demands of humanity. Man cannot dwell for ever in the rarefied air of the peaks ; in prose, in poetry and in music alike man requires expression and satisfaction of other aspects of his personality. The ascent to the heights is essential from time to time for the nourishment of his spirit and the renewal of the driving force of his being ; but after deep breaths of this invigorating atmosphere he must needs descend again and endeavour to harness the freshly gained energy to the accomplishment of the daily task.

The lover of purple hill and heather finds little joy in the quiet rolling green woodlands which arouse enthusiasm in other breasts. Just as different minds prefer different types of nature's beauty, so do they also find pleasure in widely different forms of musical composition. This is true not only of separate individuals, but also of the same man in various moods and the advancing stages of his life. The visions of youth find sympathetic response in the passionate glow of Shelley's revolt. When the buoyant confidence of early days has been dimmed by contact with disappointment and prosaic failure, a literature with another

message is required to compensate for the unattainable goal. Sometimes the man whose quiet tenor of daily life shows cold and calm exterior will find satisfaction in the highly emotional music of Tschaikovsky. Another's need demands the masculine sanity and intellectual riches of Bach. Yet another prefers music embodying the fiery and rebellious questions of the tortured soul and the divine response depicted in so much of the work of Beethoven, or finds consolation in the spiritual music of Cæsar Franck, with its noble reticence in suffering and the serene purity of its victorious conquest.

All moods, all states of mind, find their counterpart in the language of music, depicted there more adequately indeed than in the language of speech. The emotional value to the individual of every experience of life can be described in musical sound. The irresponsible gaiety of dance and play is as accurately reproduced as the solemnity of religious purpose and the serenity of the highest idealism. There is music, too, which represents the brutal in the universe—cruelty, madness, unrestrained licence and savagery. Such music should be avoided by all who are unhappy and bewildered. To the painful experience already too lavishly provided in life, it adds but another unnecessary burden. The music which portrays the moods of querulous doubt, chaos, morbid gloom, despair and unbridled sentiment is capable of affording interest and amusement to the healthy man, but to the nervous, sensitive and delicate individual such recapitulation, in musical sound, of states of mind already only too frequently felt, can be productive of nothing but evil. I attribute much of the justly adverse criticism of music to this undesirable and unlovely effect.

Somewhere I once read that the only emotion which

music is unable to produce is that of laughter-provoking mirth. This most certainly does not hold true of some of the modern music. It is kinder in this connection not to mention any names ; but I have seen the orchestral players, their leader and the majority of the audience excited to real attacks of laughter at the strange imitating sounds bleated out during some of the performances of modern music. On the whole, I am inclined to regard such sounds as of healthier origin than the decadent, morbid and querulous form of art which appears to despair of finding any solution to the problems of humanity. One is often then reminded of Carlyle's grim remark on being told that Margaret Fuller " accepted the Universe "—" Gad ! she'd better ! "

Those paragraphs in the last chapter which deal with some of the harmful and unpleasant results of irregular rhythm and discordance should here be recalled. It is found that, in the main, what is disturbing in the physical and physiological sphere is also disturbing in the domain of the emotions. Just as certainly as great music is wholesome for the body and the spirit, so a certain type of music promotes unhealthy functioning of the body and disturbance of the mind. On theoretical grounds it is highly probable that prolonged and frequent courses of such music can provoke a serious degree of mental instability. The great literature and the great music which stand the test of time are never of the type which produce fear, gloom and pessimism. The literature and the music which endure, which attract humanity throughout the centuries, belong to the variety which communicate the health-producing, expansive and aspiring emotions.

So far as the average audience is concerned, such fine shades as are described above need rarely be

considered. The train of thought aroused by music is in many cases as powerful in its influence as are the suggestions uttered by the physician during the treatment of his patient. It depends upon the man himself whether the suggestions aroused by music shall be turned to good or to evil uses. It is no argument to point to the lives of the great composers and artists and ask why so few shining examples are revealed. The composition and performance of music demand difficult effort of the intellect, in no way comparable with the passive relaxation required of the appreciative listener. If a man seeks from music nothing but the sensuous delight obtainable from its sounds, he will find its benefit limited ; he will declare that it has led him nowhere, that it has indeed wasted his time and done injury to his working capacity. If, however, he realizes that the emotion it engenders can be regarded as a rare source of energy which can be drawn upon for practical purposes, he will be astonished at the strength of this formerly untapped fund of reserve power in his life.

The length and complexity of this section is unavoidable, for it is of the highest importance to have a clear understanding of the relationship of music to the other main sources of emotional energy in man. Its enormous power for good in the education of youth has hardly yet begun to be realized by the psychologist and teacher. Without a survey of the sphere and method of action of the principal emotions which are capable of transforming and inspiring a life, it is impossible even to try to understand something of the effect of music upon the mind. Some of the practical points in connection with this action of music are considered in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX

Practical Considerations and Applications

Value and need of sincere and healthy forms of strong emotion; sources of such emotion absent in some lives; music can supply the need—Prayer and method of action; relationship of music with other sources of high emotion; state of mind induced at first receptive, then creative—Music and suggestion; music and character—Spiritual joy aroused by music—Music and youth; effect of music on formation of character; sterile and fruitful emotion; emotion and emotionalism; music and danger of excess—Music and the physician—Practical examples—Art for art's sake—Music and the community—Conclusion.

THIS chapter must needs contain some amount of repetition of the previous section. The practical value of music to the individual and to the community must now be briefly considered. Highly debatable ground is reached here, and although I am convinced of the truth of the conclusions, which have been borne in on me with gradually increasing strength, I cannot expect to receive the support of those who have not yet had similar experiences; nor of those whose mental conformation is such that it prevents them ever receiving from music the initial impetus which sets going the whole series of mental processes resulting from a pure emotion. For such a reaction there is required not only a minimum of musical feeling; a certain type of psychological equipment is also necessary before the spark can set the mind alight.

The hypothesis on which my arguments are based is one incapable of scientific proof ; hence many may be deterred from lending any credence to its superstructure. I shall therefore summon to my support, when required, several appropriate observations which were made by the psychologist whose writings command the respect of thinkers all over the world—William James, late Professor of Psychology at Harvard University.

Briefly expressed, my position may be stated thus : The evils and the difficulties of life under the conditions of modern civilization are so overwhelming, that to gain and to keep his health and happiness, man must turn to good account all the energy at his disposal. Emotion is the mainspring of useful life and work. Emotion is the driving power required for the production of the best. In the presence of deep emotion something is so altered in man's mind that he can then lay hold of the reserve fund of power in the universe. He can make use of this energy, *provided* he has learned how to recognize it, and how to bend it to his purpose. The chief powerful emotional stimulus is a man's religion, philosophy or guiding ideal of life. Prayer puts him in touch with the energy attached to that particular stimulus. A great love or a devotion to an inspiring life work, or to any great cause, can produce the same useful form of sincere emotion. Under the conditions of modern civilization, for many people every one of these sources of deep emotion is unobtainable. One source is open to all—music. Great music arouses a condition of reverence, wonder and joy, a state of mind similar to that which is produced by prayer, and hence it may be used to bring about the accomplishment ot the same high and unselfish ends.

To return to the train of evidence which has

gradually forced upon me this conclusion. Man appears to live surrounded by a material and an immaterial world. He knows the material world through the medium of the five senses ; these do not enable him to come in contact with the immaterial world. Mankind may be divided into two classes : those who are vividly, or only dimly conscious of the existence of the immaterial world, and those who are proud to declare that they have never had even a glimmering of its existence. So widespread is the vogue of spiritualism to-day that some may leap to the conclusion that by the immaterial world a world of spirits is intended—spirits of our dead friends, spirits of evil and good. It is true that many modern thinkers, even amongst scientific men, put a high estimate on the revelations they believe they have received from souls no longer living in the flesh. The means by which man places himself in communication with such spirits appear to be so questionable, and for the majority so dangerous, that it is unwise to take the responsibility of recommending their trial to strangers of whose mental balance one knows nothing. Those who are accustomed to weigh evidence can with safety, if they so desire, attend the public séances. For the emotional, unbalanced, or superficially educated, these are fraught with serious danger. This warning does not in any way imply that the paid medium is to be accused of insincerity ; it means only that the majority of those who have lost their dear ones are incapable of detecting fraud, or of estimating the psychological value of the utterances of the medium. To distinguish between that which emanates from the medium's subconsciousness, and that which may come from a disembodied spirit, demands the exercise of much cool judgment.

There are, however, more normal paths by which man can safely travel. Far less material is the " other world " to which allusion is made—the world referred to by the mystics, the poets and the great discoverers of earth's secrets. By reason of its formlessness, it eludes the efforts of those who endeavour to explain it in the terms of a precise definition. Rarely have those most convinced of its existence succeeded in describing it in such a way that any unbeliever can be guided to a similar experience. It appears to consist mainly of an altered attitude of mind ; a sensation as of heightened life, an " awareness " acquired by some faculty more subtle than the five senses. Under the spell of its mysterious influence the mental activities appear to move more rapidly, and to become, as it were, lit up by a radiant glow which suffuses the entire personality. Directions for the sceptic who desires to share this experience can only be summed up thus : " Suspend for a time the critical judgment ; hold the mind in a state of expectant sympathy." Bergson describes a condition akin, if not identical, when he speaks of intuition. The intellect, he holds, considers a subject from the outside, and deals with it as if it were inanimate matter ; by means of intuition, the mind passes deeper, to the very core of life, and understands its meaning and its goal. By the faculty of intuition comes sympathy with others and understanding of the multiform aspects of the world ; by the faculty of the intellect, the knowledge gained by this sympathy and understanding can be turned to practical use. The sphere of the intellect, he claims, is to act upon matter in such a way that it helps the creative force to overcome the obstacle which the material world opposes to its free passage.

The following quotations from William James

explain, with his gift of simple language, the conclusions which he found himself compelled to accept after his long and careful analysis of the lives of the mystics and of converted average men :—

" The further limits of our being plunge into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely understandable world. Name it the mystical region or the supernatural region, whichever you choose. So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region (and most of them do originate in it, for we find them possessing us in a way for which we cannot articulately account) we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world. . . . Yet the unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in the world. . . . When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality. . . . But that which produces effects within another reality must be termed a reality itself, so I feel as if we had no philosophic excuse for calling the unseen or mystical world unreal. . . . Our normal waking consciousness . . . is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence ; but apply the requisite stimulus, and at a touch they are there. . . . No account of the universe . . . can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded."

After a lengthy consideration of the subject of prayer, its varieties and its effects, he says :

" The appearance is that in this phenomenon

[prayer] something ideal, which in one sense is part of ourselves and in another sense is not ourselves, actually exerts an influence, raises our centre of personal energy, and produces regenerative effects unattainable in other ways. If, then, there be a wider world of being than that of our everyday consciousness, if in it there be forces whose effects on us are intermittent, if one facilitating condition of the effects be the openness of the ' subliminal ' door . . . at these places at least . . . it would seem as though transmundane energies of God, if you will, produced immediate effects within the natural world to which the rest of our experience belongs."

William James is no academic professor, dealing with abstractions comprehensible only to those acquainted with the technical terms of philosophy, but a practical man who tried to investigate commonplace, but real, experiences of everyday life. After his admirable summing up of the position, as above quoted, all that could be added by me as to the power of prayer would be but an anti-climax, and could afford no evidence more weighty than that which he has brought forward in his fascinating volume, " Varieties of Religious Experience." Speaking, however, from the knowledge gained by conversation on the subject with many various types of character and many grades of intelligence, I can say with confidence that the highest form of prayer involves much careful practice as well as the possession of fine aspirations and high ideals. Nor is it readily learned by many ; only a certain cast of mind can profit by its benefits. It is perhaps more in strict accordance with the truth to say that comparatively few will allow themselves to be convinced that the necessary preliminary effort will yield

results proportionate to the trouble involved. It is useless to speak to such men of the testimony of others.

The analogy of the accumulator will be more readily understood by a generation accustomed to deal with motor-cars. The accumulator is a cell which can draw upon the vast reserve of electrical energy. Merely by being placed in the correct position in an electrical circuit, it can receive the energy which is ready to flow into it from the power station, and thus it renews its declining strength. Man likewise can attach himself to the reserve power of the spiritual universe, and draw from it fresh energy for his own sustenance. Prayer is one of the means by which, to use an electrical term, man can " connect himself up." The correct adjustment of the receptive circuit is a comparatively simple matter in the case of the inanimate object. All the phenomena of wireless telegraphy and gramophone records form modern and truly startling examples of what can be obtained by correct adaptations for the transmission and reception of the invisible waves of sound.

Much more delicate is the adjustment required in the case of the living organism, as is evidenced by the difficulty met with in arranging the drug and diet suitable to the body of the individual in the treatment of disease. More delicate still is the adjustment necessary when the mind is concerned, as when man requires instruction as to the method of getting into touch with the " other world." More especially is this true in cases where half a lifetime has been passed without any habit of prayer other than the petitions of childhood. The mental physicians and the spiritual " healers " find their efforts baffled by this obstacle so frequently that they resort to all manner of ingenious devices by which the patient can be induced to hold

himself receptive, ready to assist, instead of resist, the passage of the vital forces.

The value of prayer has received recognition by a leading physician accustomed to deal with mental disease. Dr. T. B. Hyslop writes :

" As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the human mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer. Let the child be taught to believe in an anthropomorphic God the Father, or in an all-pervading medium of guidance and control, or in the integrity of a cosmic whole, with its transmutations, evolutions and indestructibility. It matters little, for they all lead in the same direction. Let there but be a habit of nightly communion, not as a mendicant, nor repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as a humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a habit does more to clean the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me."

In the chapter dealing with the psychic effects of music, examples were given of the main sources of profound emotion which could be used as driving forces in human life. Without such emotional experience, man too often leads an uneventful existence no richer in content than that of an animal. When man is privileged to have such emotional experience, and allows it to pass by without having turned it to practical use, he will find it leads to one of two

results : either it renders him capable only of shallow and readily excited feeling or it tends to the growth of introspection and the quest of emotion merely for the sake of enjoying the emotion itself. The character which develops along either of these directions is that of an individual who is not making progress, who is usually deteriorating.

The chief causes of strong emotion capable of bringing about a radical change of the outlook on life, and hence of the whole personality, were considered at length in the last chapter. Inspired by the feelings aroused by any one of these stimuli, the individual can achieve power which can be transformed into action. The problem for each individual is twofold : what method is available by which he can get in touch with the sources of pure emotion, and, secondly, how can the emotion, once experienced, be rendered expansive and productive, rather than introspective and barren ? It is beyond dispute that the health, the life and the character are enriched and improved when the emotions aroused by the three main sources already discussed are turned to useful purpose. When analysed, do not one and all of these three sources of emotion prove to have a much closer relationship than would on first thoughts be expected ? Does not the love which seeks to serve, and the beauty which holds its spectator in spellbound awe, give rise to an emotion and an attitude of mind which is not far removed from prayer ? Where the individual retains the balance between his feelings and his judgment, does he not find that love and beauty impel with equal force to fine and altruistic action ? And, in so doing, they reveal their kinship with religion.

Prayer, not creed, remains the essence of religion. That the contrary has been so often taught explains

the frequent unpopularity with youth of what they believe to be religion. Youth's generous idealism, unspoilt by contact with a chastened life experience, finds incompatible the cold, hard lines of creed and dogma. Just as life cannot be imprisoned in a definition, so religion, in which man clothes his highest aspirations, is seen to be ever growing, ever escaping from the iron bars of rules and definitions. Prayer, even of the wordless, formless type, expresses with more truth the religion of the individual, that turning towards the highest with sincere desire to embody in life the ideals which hold his imagination.

The state of mind described is at first receptive ; it becomes creative. The receptive condition allows the entrance of the power which, later, generates action. There are other methods by which this receptive attitude can be brought about. The methods previously alluded to—hypnotism or reiterated suggestion —are useful in cases of disease, or for a specific object, such as the alteration of an old habit, or the formation of a new one, to facilitate the acquirement of certain knowledge or dexterity involving manual effort. Normal man prefers, where possible, the normal means of progress. Exercise, fresh air and sunshine are more natural methods for the preservation of health than drugs and thick garments. So also the normal man prefers to use a more natural path than that of hypnotic or other form of suggestion, by which he can find the emotion which will provide him with the driving power desired. In music he has at hand a natural means of arousing a pure emotion of this kind.

Music induces a receptive mood in the listener. Music which has a definitely marked rhythm brings about this condition more rapidly, acting probably as

much upon the entire physiological system as upon the emotional or the ideational centres. Music of the type that appeals more to the intellect is not so effective in producing that condition of mental receptivity which is the same as that of the increased susceptibility to suggestion which is brought about by the physician. Once this is admitted—and I do not believe it can be contradicted—it is obvious that music falls into line with the other recognized agents which are used in order to bring about a receptive attitude of mind. This condition of the mind is one of increased susceptibility to suggestion, and is frequently induced for curative purposes. Amongst the many effective curative agents, suggestion, whether performed by the individual himself (as made so popular by M. Coué), or by another individual (as long taught by physicians), takes a prominent position. Music brings about a similar condition in a normal, healthy and therefore more desirable manner.

That the humour of the hour can be changed by music is admitted even by many of the so-called unmusical majority. Brief musical works can readily change the mood of the listener; harassing worries and sordid cares are pushed into the background and replaced by emotions of repose, peace, a pleasing sadness or even by cheerfulness and gaiety. The shorter compositions of Chopin, Schubert and Schumann probably owe their immense and widespread popularity to their possession of this most desirable quality. Such music is, however, totally inadequate to dispel the deeper troubles. The anguish caused by death, or worse, by bitter disillusionment, the shattering of the hopes of a lifetime, the failure of heroic enterprise—all these give rise to a depth of sorrow which pervades every activity of thought, and so

transforms the personality that with the slow passage of time there develops a lowered vitality of mind and body. Neurasthenia and physical illness can easily obtain firm hold on the victim whose life has been entered by tragedy. Nothing can then avail to help, or to console, except the experience of an equally profound emotion—but one which belongs to a different category. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fact, the power of the expansive type of emotion to dispel the contractile type—depression, worry and fear. Here is the true purpose, here the true place for the function of the great stimulating agents which have been already mentioned—the emotional driving force created by religion or other pervading life ideal. Here great music plays its inspiring part for the assistance of suffering humanity.

The man of strong character discovers during his lifetime a method by which he can get into touch with these powerful creative stimuli ; he learns also how to transform the emotional centre of his being. The facts which have caused his suffering cannot be altered ; the attitude of mind with which they are regarded can be radically changed. Finally, they become creative instead of paralysing factors in his life. Thus it happens that when a man has a sound philosophy of life, or a living religion, neurasthenia does not follow in the wake of grief or anxiety. Such was the observation of Déjérine, the great French physician who had enormous experience of that malady—the malady of civilization, which occurs when the goaded nervous system becomes wrongly adjusted to the demands made upon it by the environment. It would lead too far were we here to consider how communion with nature—the beauty of woods and hills, of sky and sea—can bring comfort to the

victims of defective mental adjustment. Here we are concerned only with the unifying effect of music upon the troubled nervous system.

Great music arouses the same spiritual enthusiasm as can be awakened by prayer, the same exhilaration as love. The mind, receptive to the music, becomes so modified, or tuned up, that it is rendered more aware of the immaterial world. Great music awakens the sleeping faculties of the individual, speeds up all the mental processes, and renders him intensely conscious of the existence of the spiritual world—call it what you will—from which he derives his moral strength.

The effect of music upon the normal youth of the nation must be briefly reviewed. I am bound to admit that careful scrutiny of this question is necessary on the part of those who are engaged in education. The immature adolescent ought not to be exposed to harmful or to over-exciting influences. The opponents of a musical education contend that music makes appeal solely to the emotions, and that already, during adolescence, the emotions are too inflammable. In later years, they maintain, when the emotions have been cooled by contact with discipline and disillusionment, music may well be encouraged, in the hope of reviving the lost glow of youth. This last consideration certainly does not err. Moreover, it cannot be denied that in youth the emotions are more readily called into being. To the usual deduction that these must be cooled by the cultivation of games and the absence from education of all sources likely to excite the feelings, I reply: If suitable material is not provided for the emotions of youth to work upon, is there not grave danger that fuel will be sought from sources

less worthy than music? An undergraduate, trying to describe to me the effect of a Bach Concerto, exclaimed, "I can't! I only know that no one could do or even think anything wrong for a fortnight after hearing it!"

What is the effect of the richer music—Wagner, for example? I hear his opponents repeat what a novelist once said to me: "Sex, nothing but sex." Another friend, a happily occupied professional woman, gave a very different verdict: "He banishes fatigue and stimulates one to do better work." Between these extremes there are many opinions, varying with the life experience of the individual. I can well imagine that for many young people such luxurious music may stimulate to too high a pitch the quivering senses, and may drown as in a bath of voluptuous sound the keen edge of the will to work and to endeavour. Unless severely curbed, the sensation as of being enveloped in sound can become an insidious temptation to idleness and day-dreaming, and to the neglect of the sterner duties of the daily routine. In adult life each day brings its inevitable round of necessary work; the harassing cares and the financial responsibilities entailed suffice to keep the attention fixed to the task. In youth, study may be avoided without any immediate punishment becoming evident; all material troubles can be evaded. Is it probable that the love of music will give rise to more idleness or lead to more danger than do other pleasures? An enthusiasm for even so high a delight as fine poetry, so pure an art as sculpture, has been known to lead to neglect of study in youth. And what about the pursuits which are admitted to be, in themselves, health-giving? What of the British ardent admiration for athletics? Have such apparently innocent forms of

amusement never been known to lead to failure on the part of the student when the examination time wears round ? Accusations must not be lightly thrown at music as if it alone were responsible for the failure of an individual youth. All forms of healthy pleasure, it must be honestly admitted, may lead to the postponement of work and duty. It is my belief that familiarity in youth with noble music, as with noble literature, is a potent means of building up an effective rampart against all forms of sordid temptation. Good music provides a healthy outlet for the emotions and a normal food for the mind. It influences the entire personality in such a manner that the young man seeks for his daily occupation and amusement a more hardy and a nobler fare than does the average man. Early acquaintance with fine literature and with great music tends to the formation of higher goals in the dazzling plans which youth maps out for the adventure of life.

Youth cannot escape the laws of life and progress, which at every stage present obstacles—obstacles which must be surrendered to if they are not overcome. From the very fact that youth has less of the armour of experience, it can more readily become a prey to the devastating effects of keenly felt disappointment, depression and hopeless despair ; and also of the war within the self which, more wisely faced, can be altered so that it becomes the finest stimulus to future success and growth. In the battle of life youth has need of every available aid to keep aloft the flag of pure idealism. In the training of the subconscious to the appreciation of rhythm, both in literature and music, lies the solution of the problem of how best to implant a distaste for the vulgar and superficial recreation and the debased branches of art which are so prevalent in the modern civilization of a crowded city life. Of all

the higher agencies which exclude the attraction of the petty and the commonplace, which aid the expansion of the soul, which decrease the inner conflict and incite to creative work—an inspiring love, a vital faith and the æsthetic appeal of art and nature—music is the most impersonal and the most mysterious in its action.

The sense of spiritual joy called forth by great music (p. 219) can be revelled in for its own sake, for the sheer delight evoked by the experience itself. But woe betide the mystic who stops short there, who lets the golden moment slip by unused, and who in consequence blames, by the next day, the dullness of his life. If the rapture conveyed by great music, by great beauty, by love or by prayer, is not at once adjusted so that it flows over, as it were, and fertilizes the channel of daily life—giving dignity, interest and meaning to its smallest happenings—it becomes a merely sterile, useless ecstasy which recoils with evil result upon the character. Such fruitless emotion degenerates to emotionalism, producing a type of personality which is held in scorn, and with good reason, by the successful and practical men of the world. In youth how many, deeply touched by the eloquent lecture or sermon of their most favoured idol, leave the hall tingling with enthusiasm, determined to put into practice the noble principles he has held up to them for imitation ; how many others, after a day on the moorland, their troubles swept away by the health-laden breezes, return home glowing with a sense of the glory of life, resolved to preserve thence-forward the fresh buoyancy of spirit ? A brief hour later, after their contact with the day's routine of school or office, the majority are to be seen with every stimulating vision and high resolve forgotten. The

groove of unillumined habit is resumed ; the moment of golden opportunity has been missed ; fate may not give again the chance of its renewal.

Similarly, many who hear music and find themselves deeply moved during its performance, will a brief time later discard as impracticable their dreams of the magic hour. There are those who leave the concert hall aglow with fine resolution ; by the time they are wrestling with the crowd on tube or train platform the vision has vanished, the enthusiasm evaporated. So many examples of this fact came to my notice in my student days that I then believed the love of music was found mainly in those who were recognized to be unstable of purpose and full of a facile, superficial emotionalism. Looking back, I realize now that the urgent need of these young people was wise direction from experienced minds, who could have taught them how to guide the excess of their emotion into useful channels. Owing to the absence of such discipline the emotion, at first profound and healthy, became dissipated along blind alleys until at length it degenerated into the erratic excitability which lies at the mercy of the impulse of the moment. This is the type of character so condemned by the man of common sense—the character in whom anger and passion are quickly aroused ; irritable, fussy, changeable of mood, inconsistent of will, and ready with excuse for easy surrender to the temptation of the hour. These possessors of an energy which could raise them to a great position in life become the sport of the blind impulses and chance excitements which lead to failure and folly, and often even to vice. Plato has described these men :

" And when a man allows music to play upon him

and to pour into his soul through the funnels of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs . . . and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song ; in the first stage of the process the passion of spirit which is in him is tempered like iron and made useful, instead of brittle and useless.

" But if he carries on the softening and soothing process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste, until he has wasted away his spirit and cut out the sinews of his soul ; and he becomes a feeble warrior. . . . Then the power of music weakening the spirit renders him excitable ; on the least provocation he flames up at once, and is speedily extinguished ; instead of having spirit he grows irritable and passionate and is quite impracticable."

That is a precise description of the effect of too great indulgence in emotion, aroused by music and left barren, divorced from all living content. To-day these failures are as common as they were two thousand years ago. Those are the individuals whom the successful workers mistakenly regard as typical of all artists. Their superficial and easily excitable emotionalism has given rise to the false theory that art flourishes best where such unlovely conditions of mind exist. The physiological facts described in Chapter VII. hold true also in the domain of the soul: in the healthy individual emotion stimulates to action. The young man in whose life music is not taken up as a profession should be taught that this art, like great literature, should be harnessed to the service of his ideals or guiding principles, that so it can become a bulwark against the assaults of evil and folly. Man should be taught in early youth how to capture, hold, and turn inward for the irradiation of the dark corners

of his being, those rare moments of high visitation which come with supreme music.

Here is the place to draw attention to another aspect of the finer forms of error into which the generous-hearted and unsuspecting spirit of youth is often led. One of the first lessons which has to be learnt, one which is most distasteful to the young and ardent, is the recognition of the fact that too frequent repetition of high emotion is fraught with danger. The ecstasy which, at first rare, becomes encouraged and deliberately sought for as a daily occurrence—no matter of what nature, physical, mental or spiritual—contains its own death warrant. Just as the glutton indulges till nausea and ill-health set in with nature's protest against excess, so also the mind and spirit, spurred on to seek frequent satisfaction, forced to aim at ever higher heights, at last drops back in exhaustion, benumbed, incapable of further effort, even of thought and feeling. Music followed to excess, in the search of ever-renewed, ever-increasing heights of glorious sensation, of ecstatic delirium, even of continually exalted states of mind, at length acts just like a dangerous drug. Ill-health and abnormal conditions of the nervous system follow ; the character loses its determination and consistency of purpose. Moderation is the key to success and enjoyment. The rapture and the vision should be sought with due regard to the laws of rhythm, which teach us that a return to daily duties and practical work is required for the maintenance of mental and physical balance.

The varied picture presented by life is viewed by each individual through the transforming medium of his own private consciousness. Our judgments are biased, being coloured, inevitably, by our personal

interests, occupation and experience. To the physician has been entrusted the health of the body ; his outlook upon the world is tinged by his desire to prevent disease by eliminating abnormal predisposing causes. So close and so intricate is the union of mind and body that modern medicine recognizes the necessity of right thinking and right conduct for the highest development of the body. Hence, from his unique corner of advantage, that of the sympathetic confidant of innumerable life tragedies, the physician views with dismay the ruin of individuals, and the disaster brought on families and entire communities by frequent contact with the morbid, even at times the depraved teaching which is embodied in many branches of art with light-hearted irresponsibility. More and more profoundly are the medical psychologists impressed by the creative and the destructive power of such intangible forces as ideas. More and more urgently, therefore, does modern medicine plead, in its capacity as guardian of the public health, for the improvement of mental and moral conditions. With wiser education people will demand that Art shall be pure, sincere and life-giving, and that artists shall value seriously their responsibility and their power to mould the character of the community. The true artist always aims high and discourages the association of art with all that is trivial, insincere and debasing.

Whilst realizing that the views of a physician are necessarily prejudiced, and may not meet with wide acceptance, I nevertheless remain convinced of the unique power of art to lead humanity towards defeat or victory. I am far from advocating the abolition of every unwholesome, sentimental or deleterious work of art ; in this strange world the fine character can transmute dross into gold, and from the most

unpromising material can weave a garment of use and beauty. I plead only that there should be wider recognition of the injurious in every department of art ; in the truest sense death and life lie in the hands of every artist. So far as music is concerned, I desire that the weak and ignorant shall be protected, and that even the strong shall have the opportunity of leaving every concert hall refreshed and inspired by at least one concluding work selected from the library of the acknowledged great musicians.

The physical explanation of the mental unrest occasioned by unhealthy forms of music was considered in Chapter VII. The music which calls forth an attitude of reverence, courage and serenity belongs to the healthy variety which is welcomed by all who have at heart the welfare of the race. Bound up with this question is the problem : how can we recognize what is great and enduring ? It is well known that in countless instances the judgment of contemporaries has been hopelessly at variance with the verdict of posterity. As genius is ever in advance, and speaks the language of the future, it is impossible for a contemporary to form a correct estimate of literary greatness. It would not be surprising were the physician able to distinguish good and bad music by their respective results—beneficial or deleterious—upon sensitive individuals, and thus to foretell the permanent and the evanescent.

The physician of the future cannot disclaim responsibility and hope to be absolved by sheltering under the plea that he is unmusical. In the not-far-distant future the subject may be forcibly brought to his attention by the effects of the far-travelling wireless. When he finds that his convalescent patients, night after night, have been unable to sleep ; when day after

day they fail to make normal progress towards recovery, the origin of the trouble may be traced eventually to the fact that every evening there has been music in the sickroom or ward. The most unmusical physician will soon detect the difference of the results produced —the peaceful slumber and happy outlook which follows the music of the truly divine masters, and the nightmare and disturbance after music coloured by emotions of suspense and agitation. Further acquaintance with such mental and physical effects will inevitably compel his admission, however reluctant, of the power of music both to irritate and to heal. Moreover, even amongst the healing works of music, he will find widely varying response. Just as one man benefits from an amount of exercise which fatigues another, so the hours of music exhilarating to one patient may exhaust his neighbour. So also at certain times, and for certain people, the loud and vivid contrasts of a large orchestra are required ; another day, or for other natures, the soft appealing intimacy of chamber music is preferable. The responsiveness of the nervous system to the sound waves, and its relationship with the regulatory mechanism of the blood vessels, varies not only with the individual, but also with the time of day and the condition of the mind and health. At no time, and for no weary sufferer, can the music of morbid gloom and restless suspense be helpful or advisable.

For the clearing of the unhealthy mental atmosphere following abnormal experience, for the calming of disordered and jangled nerves, what is more wholesome, natural and life-giving than the mighty symphonies of Beethoven, or the works of Franck and Mozart ? Indeed, one might go so far as to say that a systematic course of the music of any of the older masters—

Haydn, Handel, Mozart and Bach—will restore the jaded nerves and dispel the gloom of the nervous invalid. Their music has a sparkling purity, a crisp freshness reminiscent of the downs in the early morning sunshine, when the larks sing vigorously and joyfully overhead. After hearing any one of these works finely performed, man is not only freed from anxious cares, but longs to be in action, taking his due part in the world's work. Transient melancholy and depression can be certainly banished by a Bach Concerto and by the Scherzo movements of Beethoven's Third, Seventh and Eighth Symphonies. Even the unmusical, hearing frequently a wireless or a gramophone record of a great symphony, will derive from it more permanent pleasure than from the perpetual repetition of inferior and soulless musical patter.

A few quite simple illustrations of the practical value of music will conclude this section. One of my colleagues, a man distinguished for the originality and the thoroughness of his scientific research, told me that when music was played he found he could more easily eliminate extraneous ideas and concentrate more steadily on the train of thought required to arrive at the point of discovery. An officer told me that on an occasion when his foot was swollen and painful it was necessary to march a distance of nine miles. When he had made difficult progress about half-way and had reached the limit of his endurance, his regiment was joined by a military band. With an accompaniment of rousing military music he found to his astonishment that the remaining miles were covered with ease. The point of interest in connection with these two tales is that both my informants regarded themselves as belonging to the class of the " unmusical."

The able engineer who gave me the following instances of the practical value of music has vouched for their accuracy. In one of the great liners a small orchestra played slow and somewhat sentimental strains. Within hearing of its melodies a number of workmen were occupied in painting and carpentering. Surprised by the slow progress of the work, my informant watched the men. The explanation was then clear : the men were happily whistling and singing to the orchestral accompaniment ; every stroke of brush and tool was carried out, quite unconsciously, to the slow rhythm of the music ! Not a word was said to the workmen, but the musicians were requested to produce in future nothing but rapid or martial airs. The labourers, singing as happily as before, still all unconscious, kept time with the new music ; the work was accomplished at more than double the former rate.

Another true story. The managers of a large firm, employing hundreds of men, were perturbed by the behaviour of their hands during the luncheon hour. They provided a simple but comfortably furnished room adjacent to the restaurant and arranged that good music should be played at meal-times and when the men were off work. They awaited results. These were not slow in coming about. The men lingered, smoked and read quietly in the music room ; the drinking, which formerly had been ruining the firm's output, ceased from the first week of this novel plan.

I leave to the reader's imagination the vista of useful possibilities which are opened up by these two lessons, which illustrate so clearly the practical effects of music on work and character.

Since the first edition of this book I have received, from trustworthy observers, corroborative testimony

to the unique power of music, both vocal and instrumental, amongst criminal and drunken classes. The owners of all the bars in a district supplied by good concerts drew up a petition requesting that the music should cease at an earlier hour, on account of the serious depreciation of their business which was directly traceable to its influence. In a hard drinking Northern town, a band of earnest young people carried music into the most degraded and criminal slum areas. Six weeks later the usually over-worked magistrates, for the first time in their records, had not a single case to try, either of drunkenness or crime! This result tallies with the experience of Dr. Guibier, who, in his Paris thesis of 1904, "De la possibilité d'une action thérapeutique de la Musique," remarks that if temperance speakers added music to their lectures, they would gain for their cause easy and lasting conversions. There is not space here to dwell on the strong evidence as to the humanizing effect of music on the most stubborn criminals and on inmates of asylums.

"Art for art's sake! Music must not be looked upon as a side issue to a moral lesson!" I hear the protest of the musicians. I assure them, I am with them. But do they not realize that the two faculties of human nature cannot be separated and kept in watertight compartments? Already, they are mingled; music is an art which touches life at so many points. It is right that the musicians, in their daily work and study, should hold strictly to the view of art for art's sake alone; by this means they strive after and ultimately attain the higher standard of achievement which yields the best art. The public consider music from quite another standpoint. The outlook of the professional and the amateur can never really coincide.

The successful physician, whilst studying his patient from the scientific point of view, regarding him as an "interesting case," is wise enough to conceal that attitude from the invalid, and to meet him on a platform much more human. So also do the public like to believe that the musician who inspires them approaches the music from a standpoint which is far removed from that of technical notes and keys; that he, too, shares the mystic vision and the soaring ideal his work inspires in his audience. The higher his intellectual standard, the deeper his all-round wisdom, the finer his character—assuredly must all these things tell on his artistic conception and the rendering of his work.

Let no one imagine from the amount of space devoted to the "other world" that the title of this chapter—"Practical Considerations and Applications"—was chosen by inadvertence. What at first sight appears but an airy and unsubstantial dream is often found to be the garment clothing fundamental and most practical truths. By a man's beliefs you know him; by his guiding principles you can foretell his actions. The ideals which arouse enthusiasm in the youth of a nation are those which will eventually materialize in the history of its people.

Every advance in civilization brings new evils in its train. Malaria is conquered, infectious disease is held at bay—delicate weaklings survive and nervous disorders increase. With the growth of material prosperity come innumerable fresh temptations; so insidious and so gradual is their invasion that their victim lives in ignorance until he one day awakes to the fact that he can no longer escape from the now fully developed habits of gluttony, idleness, luxury

and defective concentration of the will. Worse still, the dependence upon material comfort has buried the adventurous idealism of his youth and has stifled in him the old capacity to be stimulated to experience high or sincere emotion.

The methods of overcoming the obstacles to health and to happiness in modern civilization are in comparison so few and so frail that it becomes essential to examine and to test them all. In music we have at our disposal a powerful agent for the improvement of the race which has received but scant attention, in proportion to its merits, at the hands of those entrusted with the public welfare—the medical, religious, educational and psychological advisers of the people. Yet well over two thousand years ago Plato, describing his Ideal Republic, bore witness to the value to the character, both of the individual and the community, of adequate education in music. I can conclude this chapter in no better way than by quoting the words written so many centuries ago by one of the wisest of human thinkers :

" To correct, then, these two exclusive temperaments, the spirited and the philosophic, some god, as I for my part shall maintain, has given to men two arts, music and gymnastic. . . . And therefore musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful. . . .

" Neither are the two arts of music and gymnastic really designed, as is often supposed, the one for the training of the soul, the other for the training of the body. . . . The teachers of both have in view chiefly

the improvement of the soul. . . . The mere athlete becomes too much of a savage, and the mere musician is melted and softened beyond what is good for him. . . . And who mingles music with gymnastic in the fairest proportions, and best attempers them to the soul, may be rightly called the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of strings."

I have pleaded the cause of the young, their need of music and their right to have the opportunity to satisfy that need. But most of all I like to think of those who, starved till middle or old age, have the world of music all to come, its rapturous delight awaiting them just at a time of life when most of the so-called reasonable people begin to be resigned to the absence of the bright halo which crowns so many of the adventures of youth. In my heart, indeed, I do not envy the educated youth of to-day nor the future generations who can have no such revelation in store to surprise them when the heyday and the glory of youth are gone.

The school of materialism which maintained that thought was a product of the brain cells has retired of late years before the searching criticism of the constructive philosopher, Bergson, who gives ample reasons in favour of the hypothesis that the brain serves as an instrument by which something from the invisible reality is transmitted to the nervous system and hence to the individual mind. When further discovery supports and confirms this point of view, we can readily believe that music will be found to be one form of language, a universal code by which the Infinite is in part translated for the consolation and the inspiration of humanity.

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